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CONTENTS OF VOL. I.

	Page
The Tempest	1
The Two Gentlemen of Verona	107
The Merry Wives of Windsor	207
Twelfth Night, or What You Will	335
Measure for Measure	5
Much Ado about Nothing	137
A Midsummer Night's Dream	255
Love's Labour's Lost	359

THE WORKS

OF

SHAKESPEARE:

THE TEXT CAREFULLY RESTORED ACCORDING TO
THE FIRST EDITIONS; WITH INTRODUCTIONS,
NOTES ORIGINAL AND SELECTED, AND
A LIFE OF THE POET;

BY THE

REV. H. N. HUDSON, A.M.

REVISED EDITION, WITH ADDITIONAL NOTES.

IN SIX VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

BOSTON:
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PREFACE

TO

THE REVISED EDITION.

It is now about twenty-one years since this edition of Shakespeare's Works was begun. The Editor had good reasons for this delay; for, besides that he was necessarily subject to divers interruptions, being compelled to do a good deal of other work, the task has proved a much longer and harder one than he had anticipated. But the edition is at length finished; and the editor dismisses his labours to the public with a mixture of pleasure and regret;—pleasure, that his obligation to the publishers is now discharged; regret, that the serene and tranquil delights of the task are to be no longer his save as a remembered experience.

As for the reasons which led to this edition of Shakespeare, perhaps it were as well to leave them to be gathered from the manner of the performance; but it is thought best to give a brief statement of them, as this may serve in some measure to unfold the plan of the work.

The celebrated Chiswick edition, on which this is partly modelled, was published in 1826, and has for some time been out of print. In size of volume, in

type, style of execution, and adaptedness to the wants of both the scholar and the general reader, it presented a combination of advantages possessed by no other edition at the time of its appearance. The text, however, abounds in corruptions introduced by preceding editors under the name of corrections Of the number and nature of these no adequate idea can be formed but on a close comparison, line by line, and word by word, with the original editions.

The Chiswick Shakespeare has never been reprinted in this country. For putting forth an American edition retaining the advantages of that without its defects, no apology, it is presumed, will be thought needful. How far those advantages are retained in this edition, will appear upon a very slight comparison: how far those defects have been removed, the Editor may be allowed to say that no little study and examination will be required to the forming of a right judgment.

Until the present, there has been no American edition of Shakespeare proceeding upon a fresh revisal and collation of the text with the original copies. So that, properly speaking, this is the first time the Poet's *text* has been edited in this country. Here it has been ascertained from the primitive sources; the Editor having, in this respect, taken nothing upon hearsay, nor rested with any thing short of a continual reference to the first editions. By this process, the Editor has detected and restored a few original readings which appear to have escaped all the other modern editors. But, notwithstanding all the care

and vigilance he could use, some things, as might be expected, escaped his eye in the original stereotyping of the text. Esteeming nothing unimportant on this score, however small and trivial it might appear, he has since made, with much care, a second collation of his text with the originals; and whatever oversights or inaccuracies he could detect have been rectified in the plates.

So that, if a thorough revisal of every line, every word, every letter, and every point, with a continual reference to the original copies, be a reasonable ground of confidence, then the reader may be confidently assured that he will here find the genuine text of Shakespeare.

The process of purification has been rendered much more difficult, and therefore much more necessary, by the mode in which it was for a long time customary to edit the Poet's works. This mode is well exemplified in the case of Steevens and Malone, who seem to have vied with each other which should most enrich his edition with textual emendations. Both of them had been very good editors, but for the unwarrantable liberty with which they reformed the Poet's text; and, even as it was, they undoubtedly rendered much valuable service. And the same work, though not always in so great a degree, has been carried on by many others: sometimes the alleged corrections of several editors have been brought together, that the advantages of them all might be combined and presented in one. Thus corruptions of the text have accumulated, each successive

editor adding his own to those of his predecessors. Nor were any decisive steps taken in the way of a return to the original text, till within a very limited period. The later editors, Knight, Collier, and Verplanck, to all of whom this Editor is under great obligations, have pretty effectually put a stop to the old mode of Shakespearian editing; nor is there much reason to apprehend that any one will now venture upon a revival of it.

Of the editions hitherto printed in this country, Verplanck's is believed to be the only one that is at all free from these accumulated corruptions. Adopting, for the most part, the text of Collier as published in 1842–4, he brought to the work, however, his own taste and judgment, wherein he as far surpasses the English editor as he necessarily falls short of him in such external advantages as the libraries, public and private, of England alone can supply. And Collier's text of 1842–4 is indeed remarkably accurate and pure: nor, perhaps, can any other man of modern times be named, to whom Shakespearian literature is, on the whole, so largely indebted. How much he has done need not be dwelt upon here, as the results thereof will be found scattered all through this edition. Yet it must be confessed that both he and Knight, revolting from the extreme liberty of preceding editors, have gone to the opposite extreme of rejecting many valuable, and some indispensable corrections of the text. This excessive, not to say slavish adherence to the old copies, often in probable, sometimes in palpable misprints, greatly reduces the

value of their editions for general use. In this particular, Mr. Verplanck has judiciously deviated from his English standard, and his good judgment appears equally in what he adopts and in what he rejects. Of the critical remarks that enrich his edition, it is enough at present to express the belief that in this department he has no rival in this country, and will not soon be beaten.

There is one class of restorations which the Editor hopes to be excused for mentioning, inasmuch as, while they are separately so small as to escape notice, the number of them is so great as to be a matter of considerable importance. Every one at all conversant with the old writers must be aware that in their use of verbs, participles, and participial adjectives, the termination *ed* generally made a syllable by itself. This class of words being very numerous, not a little variety and flexibility of language were gained by omitting or retaining the *e* at an author's discretion. In Shakespeare's verse the pronouncing of *ed* as a distinct syllable is very often required by the measure: yet all the current texts of the poet are utterly disordered in this respect, so that the reader's ear, if it be at all sensitive, is continually put at odds with his eye, and the silent pleasure of the verse is marred either by discords or by watchfulness against them. Both forms often occur in the same line; which makes the distinction still more important to be marked in the printing. Here is an instance:

> "For this they have engrossed and pil'd up
> The canker'd heaps of strange-achieved gold."

The same is to be said of verbs in the second person singular, and also of many adjectives, where the ending *est* makes a syllable by itself, or blends with the preceding syllable, according as the *e* is retained or omitted. In these respects, the original editions are printed with remarkable exactness; so that, for keeping the Poet's verse rightly in tune, there needs but a scrupulous adherence to them. And the same holds true, in an equal degree, of his prose, which has as much variety in this particular as his verse. Now, in all the modern editions since Capell's, the Poet's usage in this matter has been quite ignored, and the rhythm of his prose (for good prose, no less than verse, has a rhythm of its own) thereby greatly marred. The present Editor has spent a great deal of care and labour upon these small items of restoration, deeming it of consequence to preserve, as nearly as might be, the words and even the syllables exactly as Shakespeare wrote them.

It may be worth the while, indeed it seems rather needful, to remark that of the Poet's thirty-seven dramas seventeen were first printed, separately, in quarto form, — all of them but one, *Othello*, during his life. Several of these issues, however, were evidently stolen, and, withal, so mangled and mutilated in the stealing, as to be of little if any real authority; though all of them are of more or less value in ascertaining or completing the text. The remaining twenty plays were first printed in the folio of 1623; and in respect of these, that edition, and the reprint of it, under some revising hand, in 1632, are our only authorities for the text.

As to the folio of 1623, a great deal has been said on both sides respecting it. A long and minute acquaintance with its pages has satisfied the present Editor that no general statements can give any adequate impression of its character. In some of the plays the printing is shockingly bad; in others, it is nearly as good as need be desired; while in a portion of them it is neither so good nor so bad as has been sometimes represented. It is admitted on all hands that in several of the plays no text at all satisfactory can be had without resorting to the quartos, many of the best passages, and sometimes even whole scenes, being altogether wanting in the folio. Notwithstanding, it is maintained by some (and this is one of the rocks on which Knight's editorial vessel split) that the folio is throughout the better authority. Such is not the judgment of the present Editor: on the contrary, in some of the plays, as *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*, *The Merchant of Venice*, *King Richard II.*, *The First Part of King Henry IV.*, *Romeo and Juliet*, and *Hamlet*, he holds the quarto text as on the whole preferable to that of the folio. In these cases, accordingly, as is explained more at large in the Introductions, the older copies are treated as the chief standards of the text, in this edition.

For the use here made of what have become widely known of late as "The Collier Emendations," the reader is referred to what follows this Preface. The text of Shakespeare as given in the old copies leaves open a wide field for editorial judgment, and is in just the state most apt to be benefited by a

sober and legitimate exercise of that faculty. In cases of evident or probable misprint, the present Editor has availed himself of all the suggestions within his reach: where the error seemed unquestionable, the correction is sometimes made without remark; where there seemed any room for doubt on this score, the correction is generally pointed out in the notes.

The Chiswick edition, as things then stood, furnished in the main a pretty judicious and not very cumbrous eclecticism of previous annotation. Of course, the purifying of the text has necessitated many changes in the notes. Moreover, superfluous notes and superfluous parts of notes required vigorous pruning: sometimes additional notes, sometimes different ones, were demanded by the present state of Shakespearian literature: quotations and references, carelessly and inaccurately made, often needed to be verified and set right; while in not a few cases the notes were written so awkwardly or so diffusely as rather to darken what they were meant to illustrate. In the present edition all these points are carefully attended to, no pains being spared to render the notes as clear, brief, and pertinent, as practicable. For the matter of the notes the Editor has drawn with the utmost freedom from all the sources accessible to him; often bringing in illustrative passages that had occurred in his own reading, oftener those which had been quoted by others. It must be added that this work of annotation has been greatly facilitated by Mrs. Cowden Clarke's *Concordance to*

Shakespeare, unquestionably one of the most perfect and most useful books that have been written in connection with the Poet's name.

In his Introductions, the Editor has aimed, primarily, to gather up all the historical and bibliographical information that has been made accessible, concerning the times when the several plays were written and first acted, and the sources whence the plots and materials of them were derived. It will be seen that in the history of the Poet's plays the indefatigable labours of Mr. Collier and others, often resulting in important discoveries, have wrought changes amounting almost to a revolution, within the last fifty years. And there seems the more cause for dwelling on what the Poet took from preceding writers, in that it exhibits him, where a right-minded study should specially delight to contemplate him, as holding his unrivalled inventive powers subordinate to the higher principles of art. He cared little for the interest of novelty, which is but a short-lived thing at the best; much for the interest of truth and beauty, which is indeed immortal, and always grows upon acquaintance. And the novel-writing of our time shows that hardly any thing is easier than to get up new incidents or new combinations of incidents for a story; and as the interest of such things turns mainly on their novelty, so of course they become less interesting the more one knows them; which order (for "a thing of beauty is a joy for ever") is just reversed in genuine works of art. Besides, if Shakespeare is the most original of

writers, he is also one of the greatest of borrowers; and as few authors have appropriated so freely from others, so none can better afford to have his obligations in this kind made known.

Of the critical remarks in the Introductions, perhaps the less said, the better. The Editor, however, may be allowed to say, that in this part of his work he has held it as a sort of axiom, that the proper business of criticism is to translate truths of feeling into truths of intelligence; and that his aim has been rather to involve or imply the principles of criticism so deeply meditated and expounded by Coleridge and Schlegel than to give a distinct formal expression of them. For it may be aptly said that in studying works of art "he is oft the wisest man who is not wise at all." And the course here pursued seems the better, forasmuch as it holds out some hope of conducting the reader, by silent natural processes, to such a state and habit of mind, that he may contemplate the plays, perhaps without knowing it, as works of art, and see all the parts and elements of a given structure intertwining and coalescing and growing up together in vital, organic harmony and reciprocity. For if, without being drawn into an ugly conceit or vanity of criticism, the reader can be made to see and understand how in the Poet's delineations every thing is fitted to every other thing; how each requires and infers the others, and all hang together in orderly coherence and mutual support; it is plain that both the pleasure and the profit of the reading must be greatly increased

Ripe Shakespearians, it is true, may not need such help, and may even be impatient of it; nevertheless the Editor ventures to think that just analyses of the Poet's characters, bringing out into conscious recognition their individual forms and distinctive springs, may be of service to many readers, not only in making them more at home with his truth, but in helping them to realize more fully the vast wealth and compass of his multitudinous mind. Shakespeare interprets Nature: to interpret him, is a much humbler function indeed, but not altogether useless.

In the *Life* here given of Shakespeare, the Editor has aimed merely to set forth, in a simple and plain way, and without any flourish or fumigation, whatsoever lay within his reach, that seemed to illustrate, directly or remotely, the history and character of the subject as a poet and as a man; his aims in life, and his failures and successes in them; wherein he was helpful to others, and wherein he received help from them. The materials for this work are meagre enough at the best, and their meagreness is apt to induce an overworking of them. Besides, of the little matter there is, the greater part, being derived from legal documents and public records, is of so dry and hard a quality, that to make it interesting and attractive, save for the subject's sake, is nearly out of the question. If the present essay should be thought overcharged with the original sin of the matter, there is yet no law against holding that even such a fault is better than to offend good taste, as some of the Poet's biographers have done, by

elaborate impertinence and ornate and fanciful conjecture. The only kindling that seems desirable here is such as will throw real light on the Poet, not such as would smoke him into vastness.

Touching the *Historical Sketch of the English Drama*, the writer's main purpose therein was to show, what has not always been duly attended to, that the Drama, as we have it in Shakespeare, was a national growth, not an individual creation; and that we are probably indebted for it as much to the public taste and preparation of the time as to the genius of the man. The Shakespearian Drama came, not merely or mainly because Shakespeare was the greatest of human intellects, but rather because he was an Englishman, breathing, from the cradle upwards, the atmosphere of English life and thought, and concentrating in himself the whole spirit and efficacy of the English mind and character, as these had ripened up through centuries of development and progress. In his day, the Drama was and long had been an intense national passion; a passion which kept growing deeper and stronger, till at length an age of daring innovation and expansion set it free; while the further want of an omniloquent organ to give it voice and expression was met and answered in Shakespeare. Thus the time and the man were suited to each other; and it was in his direct, fearless, whole-hearted sympathy with the soul of the time that the man both lost himself and found his power: which is doubtless one reason why we see so little of him in his work; he being too

much kindled to think of himself or of the figure he was making. So that the work could not possibly have been done anywhere but in England, the England of Spenser and Raleigh and Bacon; nor could it have been done there and then by any man but Shakespeare. In his hand, what had long been a national passion became emphatically a National Institution; how full of life, is shown in that it has ever since refused to die. And it seems well worth the while to bring this clearly into view, inasmuch as it serves to remove the subject upon deeper and broader principles of criticism than have commonly stood uppermost in the minds of the Poet's critics. To impart anything like just and adequate ideas touching the origin and progress of the English Drama, the Editor knew no better, nor indeed any other way, than by giving analyses of various specimens in the several forms or stages through which that Drama passed. It is not unlikely that he may have overdone this part of the work; for the subject has a certain fascination for him, insomuch as to disqualify him perhaps for judging how far it might prove edifying or attractive to others.

Of his slender qualifications for the task, perhaps it is enough for the Editor to say that he is deeply sensible of them; that every step he has taken in the work has reminded him of them; and that none, it is hoped, will be more apt to charge him, than he is to charge himself, with presumption in undertaking it. It is but justice to add, that the work sought him, not he the work. Fortunately, by far

the most important part of the task, that of setting forth a pure and genuine text of the Poet, is one where patient industry and care may in some measure be made to supply the lack of other qualification.

In the course of his work the Editor has incurred many obligations; divers facilities having been kindly offered him before they were sought, and others as kindly granted upon his hinting a request. In fact, he has met with nothing but the most generous and hearty spirit of accommodation. To Mr. Charles Folsom, the late accomplished and gentlemanly librarian of the Boston Athenæum; to Mr. Henry T. Parker, formerly of Boston, now of London, England; to George C. Shattuck, M. D., Mr. Edwin P. Whipple, and Mr. Joseph Burnett, of Boston; also, to the learned and liberal Dr. Cogswell, of the Astor Library, the Hon. Gulian C. Verplanck. Mr. Evert A. Duyckinck, Mr. George L. Duyckinck, and Mr. Edward S. Gould, of New York; — to all these he has been and is indebted for important favours. Nor must the stereotypers of the Boston Foundry go unremembered; whom he has found as fine a set of fellows to work with as an author or editor ought to desire.

BOSTON, September, 1871.

ADDITIONAL NOTES

TO

THE REVISED EDITION.

Of these eleven volumes six were stereotyped and in print before the appearance of what have come to be known as "The Collier Emendations." In the five volumes stereotyped since, we have aimed, as our foot-notes will show, to make a cautious, but not illiberal use of them. The same is now done in the first six volumes, the requisite alterations of the text being made in the plates. Of course it is impracticable to supply foot-notes of these changes; and, as it were scarce allowable to adopt them without some notice, there is no way but to point them out in the manner here used.

This is not the place for canvassing at length the general subject of those emendations. But it seems very proper to add a few remarks, by way of intimating our judgment concerning them, and the use Mr. Collier saw fit to make of them. First, however, we must state a few items of history.

In the years 1842–4, Mr. Collier set forth a complete edition of Shakespeare's Works, restoring the text with great care and accuracy, and embodying a large fund of antiquarian and other lore in the form of introductions and notes. The edition has many points of excellence; but there is one fault running through it, which must ever keep it from passing into general use. This fault

is a vicious and absurd extreme of adherence to the original copies. Previous editors had licentiously tampered with the text, acting too much on the principle of giving what, in their judgment, Shakespeare ought to have written: Mr. Collier rightly acted on the principle of giving what Shakespeare did write, but made far too little allowance for the errors of transcribers and printers.

The first collected edition of Shakespeare's plays was printed in 1623, in folio form. Before this, seventeen of his plays had been separately issued, some of them several times, in quarto. The folio of 1623 was reprinted, with some corrections and some corruptions, in 1632. These several issues are our only *authorities* for ascertaining the text. All of them abound in palpable misprints; besides, they vary a good deal among themselves, and thus give large scope for criticism in a choice of readings.

In 1851, Mr. Collier lighted on a copy of the second folio containing a large number of manuscript alterations, amounting, in all, to some 20,000, though much the greater portion were mere changes in the punctuation. The source of them was unknown, the date uncertain. Mr. Collier at first supposed them to be nearly as old as the volume itself, and that the maker of them *might* have had access to the Poet's own manuscripts, or something about as good. In 1853, Mr. Collier published most of the *verbal* changes in a separate volume, with an Introduction, arguing strongly for their *authenticity*. He put forth a theory as to their genesis, which, if fully made out, would leave us no choice in regard to them. The theory, however, was mostly spun out of his own brain, and had no competent *facts* to rest upon. But, though maintaining those changes to be authentic in the mass, he nevertheless took the liberty of questioning and disallowing their authority in particular cases; as if he had

somehow got it fixed in his head, that they were to be authoritative on others, and the prerogative of overruling them limited to himself. This of course provoked a good deal of controversy. Dyce and Singer, both veteran Shakespearians, put forth each a volume stoutly repudiating the claim of those changes to be received as authentic, but admitting, in respect of some of them, whatever claim could grow from intrinsic fitness.

Not long afterwards, Mr. Collier set forth, evidently for popular use, a reprint of his text of 1842-4, incorporating therein those aforesaid verbal changes. Surely, in every right view of the matter, this was a very unwarrantable procedure. Shakespeare is the great English classic. As such, his text is a sacred thing, and ought to be so held. And no man must arrogate to himself the prerogative of making and circulating such a wholesale innovation. Moreover, Mr. Collier was in all justice precluded, by his own mode of treating those changes, from the liberty of thus giving them to the public as a part of the Poet's authentic text. In his first edition, he took extreme ground against textual changes, even going so far as to reject many valuable and some indispensable corrections. In his second, he vaulted plump into the opposite extreme, setting forth as authentic a huge mass of ignorant tampering, and thereby, so far as in him lay, corrupting the text more than all the other modern editors put together.

There is in literature, as in many other things, a sort of *common law* which, in so grave and delicate a matter as the text of Shakespeare, requires that changes, especially if at all numerous and important, should in some way be passed upon by the literary public or its representatives, before being admitted into popular use and circulation. Nor can any individual, however learned and sagacious, set up a peculiar, much less an exclusive, jurisdiction of

Shakespeare's text: there is a literary Senate to whose collective judgment questions of that nature must be referred. For men, and editors of Shakespeare as well as others, are naturally partial to their own notions and discoveries; and when these are on trial the case is so much their own that they can hardly be indifferent judges. They who, at least in a moral sense, are best qualified for such an office, will be most apt to distrust their own judgment, and to invoke a more disinterested verdict upon the points in issue.

That some of the emendations in question are exceedingly apt and valuable, is now commonly admitted; and our foot-notes in *Coriolanus* will furnish enough, we apprehend, to satisfy any fair-minded reader that such is the case. A portion of them, no doubt, will pass at once into the Poet's text, not to be disputed by future editors. But the number of such is not very large in comparison of the whole list. Of by far the larger portion, some are, to say the least, of very questionable merit, and many of very unquestionable demerit. To do the thing out somewhat in detail: The whole number of *verbal* changes found in Mr. Collier's folio of 1632 falls, in our counting, a little short of 3,500. Of these, only about 500, it seems to us, can be justly regarded as deserving of any consideration. Of these 500, again, about one-half had been adopted into the text, or proposed for adoption, long before any thing was heard of Mr. Collier's second folio; a portion of those so adopted being taken from the quarto copies of such plays as were first printed in that form. And of the remaining 250, more than 100 are of doubtful merit, plausibility being the best that can be affirmed of them. Which leaves us less than 150 desirable or admissible changes to be credited to the unknown manuscript corrector. This estimate proceeds, too, upon a pretty free and

liberal view of the matter: any thing like severity of criticism would considerably reduce the amount of obligation to the corrector aforesaid.

But, small, comparatively, as is the number of acceptable changes from this source, there are yet enough to deserve our grateful acknowledgment; and we freely confess that the cause of Shakespearian literature is in no slight measure indebted to Mr. Collier's discovery. It is indeed a very important addition to our means of arriving at a satisfactory text of the Poet. It does an old Shakespearian's heart good to light, for instance, upon such an item of relief as the substitution of *bisson multitude* for *bosom multiplied*, in *Coriolanus*, Act iii., Scene i., vol. viii., page 226:

> "How shall this bisson multitude digest
> The Senate's courtesy?"

Also, the substitution of *mirror'd* for *married* in *Troilus and Cressida*, Act iii., Scene iii., vol. vii., page 450:

> "For speculation turns not to itself,
> Till it hath travell'd, and is mirror'd there
> Where it may see itself."

Yet these changes are not more happy than that proposed by Singer, which substitutes *wearer's* for *weary* in *As You Like It*, Act ii., Scene vii., vol. iii., page 186:

> "Doth it not flow as hugely as the sea,
> Till that the wearer's very means do ebb?"

Still more delightful, perhaps, is Mr. Richard Grant White's restoration in *The Winter's Tale*, Act iii., Scene iii., vol. iv., page 74: "A god, or a child, I wonder?" where the old copy has *boy* instead of *god*.

Having said thus much, perhaps we ought to add that, highly as we prize some of the old corrector's work, we would nevertheless much rather part with it all than be obliged to accept it all. If he had not made six times as many bad changes as good ones, and in numerous instances marred the text merely because he did not understand it, we might perhaps be justified in accepting a few doubtful cases on account of the good company they were in. As to his having access to some authentic source, all we have to say is, that, if so, then he certainly mixed up with what he derived therefrom such a mass of clumsy and awkward conjecture as to deprive his work of all external support. Such, for example, is his turning of *mother* into *smother*, in *Cymbeline*, Act iii., Scene iv., vol. ix., page 91:

> "Some jay of Italy,
> Whose mother was her painting, hath betray'd him."

And again, his substitution of *boast* for *beast*, in *Macbeth*, Act i., Scene vii., vol. iv., page 264:

> "*Macbeth.* Pr'ythee, peace!
> I dare do all that may become a *man*;
> Who dares do more is none."
> "*Lady Macbeth.* What *beast* was't, then,
> That made you break this enterprise to me?
> When you durst do it, then you were a *man*."

All which infers, plainly enough, that we do not regard the changes in question as standing on any thing that can properly be termed authority. Any claim or pretence of that kind is simply absurd. We can discover no reasonable or even plausible ground for adopting any of them, but their intrinsic fitness; precisely the same as in case of any other editorial emendations. And the only argument worth considering that has been urged for

their authenticity rests upon this very fitness, and has no other basis; which of course concludes only such of them to be authentic as are judged to be fit, and so leaves us just where we were before. In fact, with the best study we could give them, which is somewhat more than a little, we have not been able to tie up in any general rules concerning them: we have still had to consider them severally, and to form a separate and independent judgment of each one of them, as it came before us; which, we are right well persuaded, is the only judicious or safe way of treating them. This is indeed a slow and tedious process, and by no means agreeable to one who aspires to the honour of despatching a great work all in a lump: nevertheless it stands within the scope of the old maxim, "Stay awhile, and make an end the sooner."

But indeed Mr. Collier himself has not been able to rest in his first conclusion upon the matter. In the Preface to his *Notes of Coleridge's Lectures*, published in 1856, he confesses to have fallen back upon his old common-sense principles in regard to Shakespeare's text. "I am more and more convinced," says he, "that the great majority of the corrections were made, not from better manuscripts, still less from unknown printed copies of the plays, but from the recitations of old actors while the performance was proceeding;" and he takes this as going far to explain what would else be "an anomalous instance of one and the same mind displaying a sagacity worthy of Bentley, and yet capable of sinking below the dullest pedant." It is a real pleasure to us to record such proofs of this old Shakespearian's happy return to reason and sobriety.

Well, the question has since been taken in hand by the most competent authorities; the character of the corrections has been sifted thoroughly; chemical science and paleographic skill have been brought to bear upon

it; and the result goes near to make out a pretty decided case of imposture and fraud. Yet we are far from being convinced that Mr. Collier has at any time acted or spoken otherwise than in perfect honesty and good faith in the matter. He surely could not afford to peril his well-earned reputation on the chances of so loose and bungling a device. The argument is much too long and intricate for any attempt to trace it here; and we must content ourselves with saying, that while it succeeds in proving a fraud somewhere, it does *not* succeed in fixing the fraud upon him. Call him the victim of a poor imposture, if you will, but not the author of it: we are satisfied that the worthy gentleman does not deserve that; and even if he did, he has already received exemplary punishment in the ugly exposure that followed. But indeed we frankly acquit him of any further blame in the matter than is implied in saying that "he was old enough, and big enough, and ought to have known better" than to rush upon the public such an undigested hodge-podge of reason and absurdity.

The learned Mr. Singer, the accomplished Mr. Dyce, and several others well qualified for the office, have spoken more or less touching these emendations. For ourselves, we have ventured to admit very few of them, relying solely on our own opinion: in most of our adoptions, and in many of our rejections, we have had the judgment of other and better men, to instruct or confirm our own. And among those which we do not accept, there are some, no doubt, that may justly stand as candidates for future adoption; nor is it anywise unlikely that a few of these may sooner or later make good their claim. On the other hand, it is probable enough that some of those which we have admitted may, on better consideration, need to be ruled out of the text. All we can say is, that we have aimed and endeavoured

to be both cautious and liberal respecting these proffered emendations; nor are we sensible of having, as indeed there is no reason why we should have, any bias one way or the other, to hinder a fair and candid treatment of them.

Remains but to add, that a few of our changes in the plates are derived from other sources than Mr. Collier's second folio; which few have also been proposed since the original stereotyping of the text.

Besides the textual changes, the present issue corrects whatever typographical errors were missed in the reading of the proofs, and have since been discovered.

VOLUME I.

THE TEMPEST

Page 22.

"I have with such *prevision* in mine art."

Instead of *prevision*, the original has *provision*. The sense of *prevision* just suits the context, and the misprint was of a kind apt to be made.

Page 64.

'But these sweet thoughts do even refresh my *labour;*
Most *busiest* when I do it."

The original has *labours* and *busy blest*. The present reading was proposed by Holt White, and is approved by Singer. The Poet as every reader of him knows, often uses the double superlative.

Of course the sense as here given is, "But these sweet thoughts, being busiest when I am at work for such a prize, turn my labour into delight."

Page 89.

"What do you mean,
To dote thus on such luggage? Let's *along*,
And do the murder first."

The old copy reads, "Let's *alone*." The change is proposed by Mr. Dyce, in his "Few Notes on Shakespeare," 1853.

THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

Page 118.

"'Tis true; *but* you are over boots in love."

The original has *for* instead of *but*. *For* does not suit the context, and probably got repeated from the preceding line.

Page 178.

"Come, go with us: we'll bring you to our *cave*."

The original reads *crews* instead of *cave*. It appears in Act v., Scene iii., that *cave* is right: "Come, I must bring you to our captain's cave."

Page 188.

"The other squirrel was stolen from me by the *hangman* boys."

The original has "*hangman's* boys." *Hangman* means *rascally*. The Poet elsewhere has "a *gallows* boy," in a similar sense.

Page 197.

"*These* shadowy, desert, unfrequented woods."

The old copies have *this* instead of *these*. The change ought not to have waited for Collier's discovery.

THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

Page 234.

"To steal at a *minim's* rest."

The old copies read, "*minute's* rest." The change is approved by Singer, who says it had been suggested by Mr. Bennet Langton.

Page 294.

"Master Slender is *get* the boys leave to play."

The old reading has *let* instead of *get*. The latter comes aptly from the mouth of Sir Hugh; the former could hardly come from any one.

Page 305.

"You *see*, he has been thrown into the rivers."

The old copies read, "You *say*;" which will hardly cohere either with the context or with the man.

Page 321.

"To Windsor chimneys *when thou'st* leapt."

The original reads, "To Windsor chimneys *shalt thou* leap." Some change like the one here given is evidently required both by the sense and the verse, as *leap* does not rhyme with *swept*.

Page 329.

"And this deceit loses the name of craft,
Of disobedience, and unduteous *guile*."

The old copies have *title* instead of *guile*. Truth and poetry unite in approving the change.

TWELFTH NIGHT, OR WHAT YOU WILL.

Page 376.

"*Vio.* She took *the* ring of me."

Mr. Collier's second folio reads, "She took *no* ring of me." The change is plausible, but misses the right sense. Viola divines at once the meaning of the ring, and will not expose the sender of it.

Page 443.

"Then he's a rogue, and a *passy-measures paynim*."

This is commonly printed "a passy-measures *pavin;* and explained to mean a slow, heavy dance; *passy-measures* being a corruption of *passamezzo*, an Italian name for a style of dancing not much unlike walking. The original has *panyn*, doubtless a misprint for *paynim*, an old word for *pagan* or *heathen*. So that *passy-measures paynim* is a Sir Tobyism for an unmitigated pagan, or a pagan passing measure; which just suits the context. Of course the foot-note on the passage is defeated by this reading and explanation, the credit of which belongs to Mr. R. G. White.

VOLUME II.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

Page 46.

"I'll rent the fairest house in it for three pence a *day*."

The original has *bay* instead of *day*. There can be little question that *day* is the right word. *Bay* has been very troublesome to explain.

Page 52.

"But, *ere* they live, to end."

The original has "*here* they live," which is clearly wrong, and is commonly changed to *where*. The present reading was suggested by Hanmer, and is adopted in Collier's folio. For a similar instance, see "All's Well that Ends Well," Act ii., Scene v., note 2.

Page 57.

"Showing, we would not *serve* Heaven as we love it."

"*Spare* Heaven" is the old reading, which is commonly ex-

plained, "spare to offend Heaven." Possibly *spare* may be right; but there can be little scruple of accepting the change from Collier's folio.

Page 82.

"He's a motion *ingenerative;* that's infallible."

So the sense evidently requires the passage to read, instead of "motion *generative,*" the reading of the old copies. The word *motion* here means a puppet; often so used.

Page 110.

"For my authority *here's* of a credent bulk."

The original has *bears,* instead of *here's.* Collier's folio has "bears *such* a credent bulk." The present reading, which is proposed by Singer, yields quite as good sense, and infers a much more probable misprint.

Page 111.

"He says, to '*vailful* purpose."

The old reading is, "to *veil full* purpose," which is sometimes explained, to conceal the full scope of his proceeding. Theobald would read "t' availful purpose." The change is made in Collier's folio.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

Page 161.

"There is no measure in the occasion that breeds *it,* therefore the sadness is without limit."

All the old copies are without *it,* which is plainly required by the sense. It was left for Collier's folio to supply the word.

Page 167.

"*Balth.* Well, I would you did like me."

The old copies assign this and the next two speeches of Balthazar to Benedict. The change is proposed, with evident propriety, by Mr. Dyce. Prefixes beginning with the same letter, like "*Bene.*" and "*Balth.*," were often thus confounded.

Page 186.

"Beats her heart, tears her hair, prays, *cries*."

Instead of *cries*, the old copies have *curses*. The change, supplied by Collier's folio, needs no voucher but itself.

A MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

Page 268.

"But *earthlier happy* is the rose distill'd."

This is the authentic reading, which some editors, following Capell, have changed to *earthly happier*. The old reading is certainly right, and means "happy in a more earthly kind," as antithetic to happy in a more heavenly kind. So that the new reading gives a wrong sense.

Page 319.

"O me! what *means* my love?"

The old copies have *news*, instead of *means*, which is found in Collier's folio.

Page 328.

"Fairies, begone, and be *a while* away."

The old copies read, "be *always* away," which is commonly changed to "be *all ways* away." Collier's folio supplies the present reading, which is unquestionably right.

Page 345.

"*No* lion fell, nor else no lion's dam."

The old reading is, "*A* lion fell," which is too bad a blunder for so sharp a critic as Bottom. *Fell* is *skin*, hair and all.

Page 352.

"And the owner of it blest
Ever shall in safety rest."

The old copies transpose these two lines, and have thus furnished

a standing puzzle to the critics. A good many changes have been proposed, none of which would go. The present reading meets every difficulty, and leaves no cause of doubt. It was proposed by a correspondent, "C. R. W.," of the London *Illustrated News*, in 1856. We thank him, whoever he is.

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

Page 376.

"That shallow *vessel*."

The old copies read *vassal*, which Collier's folio changes to *vessel*; rightly, no doubt.

Page 384.

"For your *armiger* is in love."

The old copies have *manager* for *armiger*. Why the former word should be used here, has never been explained. *Armiger*, meaning, of course, knight, suits both the sense of the passage and the style of the speaker. It is from Collier's folio.

Page 397.

"A *messager* well sympathiz'd."

The old copies have *message*, for which Collier's folio substitutes *messenger*. *Messager*, which is proposed by Singer, is an old word for *messenger*, and more likely to have been misprinted *message*.

Page 399.

"And stay'd the odds by *making* four."

The originals have *adding* instead of *making*, both here and in the sixth line below. The change, from Collier's folio, is necessary to the sense.

Page 403.

"A *witty* wanton with a velvet brow."

Collier's folio corrects *whitely*, of the original, to *witty*, which is the right epithet for Rosaline. *Whitely* would hardly have been applied to her, as she, it appears, was a brunette.

Page 428.

"Teaches such *learning* as a woman's eye."

Here, again, Collier's folio brings us relief, by changing *beauty* to *learning*, which the context shows to be unquestionably right.

Page 440.

"So *persantly* would I o'ersway his state."

The old copies have *pertaunt-like*, which the commentators have never been able to make any thing of. Changes, too numerous to mention, have been proposed, but none of them seem to go. Collier's folio gives *potently*, which is plausible, but does not suit the style and purpose of the speaker, who means to sway her lover by sharpness of wit, not by power. Mr. R. G. White reads *persaunt-like*, which comes much nearer both the sense and the old printing of the passage. *Piercingly* would express the thought well, but would be too great a modernizing of the text. *Persant*, sometimes spelled *persaunt*, is an old word used by Chaucer and Spenser, meaning much the same as *piercingly*. Thus, in the "Faerie Queene," Book iii., Canto ix., Stanza 20:

"Like sunny beames,
That in a cloud their light did long time stay,
Their vapour vaded, shewe their golden gleames,
And through the azure aire shoote forth their *persant* streames."

Page 458.

"*Lie* in the *fail* of them which it presents."

The old copies read, "*Dies* in the *zeal*," for which various corrections have been offered. The present reading is Singer's, who justly remarks that the Poet elsewhere uses *fail* for *failure*. The false concord of *them which* and *presents* is but an instance of what was common whenever the verse required it. The change is so clearly demanded by the sense of the passage, that there needs be no scruple of adopting it.

Page 466.

"A heavy heart bears not *a nimble* tongue."

The old reading is "*an humble* tongue." The change, first suggested by Theobald, is made in Collier's folio, and is fully approved by the context.

Ibid.

"The extreme *haste* of time extremely forms."

The originals have *parts* instead of *haste*. The correction is proposed by Singer, who rightly observes that the context requires it.

Ibid.

"I understand you not: my griefs are *dull*."

The old reading is *double* instead of *dull*. The change, from Collier's folio, is not quite so happy as Singer's *haste*, but will do. *Double* expresses nothing that fits the sense; *dull* aptly expresses the reason why the Princess could not understand the King.

VOLUME III.

AS YOU LIKE IT.

Page 186.

"Till that the *wearer's* very means do ebb."

The original has "*weary* very means," which has posed all the commentators, till Singer suggested the present reading, and removed all the difficulty at once. This is one of the happy instances where, the right change being at last proposed, everybody wonders it was not hit upon before.

Page 212.

"Are horns *given to* poor men alone?"

The original gives the passage thus: "'Tis none of his own getting; horns, even so poor men alone." Theobald undertook to mend this by punctuation, thus: "Horns? Even so:—Poor men alone?" which reading has been commonly accepted. Collier's folio furnishes the present reading, which, though rather bold, is the best that has been offered, while it does no more violence to the original than Theobald's.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

Page 271.

"*Count.* If the living be enemy to the grief, the excess soon makes it mortal."

This speech rightly belongs to the Countess, and not to Helena, as we supposed, being misled therein by Knight and Tieck. The meaning is, "If the living be enemy to the grief, the excess of grief soon make it (the grief) *fatal;*" the sense of *mortal* more common in Shakespeare than the one it now bears. To express the same thought, we should transpose *living* and *grief*. The speech of Lafeu, "How understand we that?" is addressed to the Countess, and not to Bertram. The foot-note *in loco* is hereby revoked.

Page 285.

"Was this fair face, quoth she, the cause
Why the Grecians sacked Troy?
Fond done, done fond, — good sooth it was,
Was this king Priam's joy."

In the original, the first of these lines is transposed, thus: "Was this fair face the cause, quoth she," in the third the words, *good sooth it was*, are wanting, and the whole song shockingly misprinted. The corrected form here given is from Collier's folio. The Clown is fond of "repeating ballads," and what he sings in this case reads like an old ballad, now lost, from which the correction may have been made. Warburton added the words, *for Paris he*, in the third line, and has been generally followed. *Fond done* is *foolishly done*, and *Was* at the beginning of the fourth line is merely a repetition of the same word at the end of the third.

Page 323.

"*Enter the* DUKE *of Florence, attended; French Envoy, French Gentleman, and Soldiers.*"

This stage-direction, and some of the prefixes in the scene following, are clearly wrong. The former should be, "*Enter the* DUKE *of Florence, attended; two French Lords, and Soldiers,*" and the prefixes to the second and fourth speeches should be, "1 *Lord*," and that of the sixth speech "2 *Lord*." In the original, the

entrances of these two persons, and their prefixes, are inextricably confused throughout the play, as may be seen from note 13, page 357. The same Lords reappear next in Act iii, Scene vi., where we learn that they are brothers; one of them reappears again in Act iv, Scene i.; and both again in Act iv., Scene iii., where it appears that their names are Dumain, and that they are serving as captains in the Florentine army. In the present scene, the person introduced as "*French Envoy*" speaks in a way wholly unsuited to any one bearing such a character, as Mr. R. G. White has clearly shown. On this point, the stage directions and prefixes went wrong by following Collier's edition of 1842–4, which distinguishes them as "*French Envoy*" and "*French Gentleman*," merely because the original introduces them as "the two Frenchmen," and gives them the prefixes "French E." and "French G." Probably the original designations "E." and "G." had no reference to the persons of the drama, and got into the text merely by transference from the theatrical prompter's book.

Page 382.

"Her *infinite cunning* with her modern grace."

The original reads, "Her *insuite comming*," which has found no adequate interpreter. In fact, none, we believe, pretend to see any meaning in it. The present reading was lately proposed by Mr. Sidney Walker, and is found in Collier's folio. It is generally accepted.

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

Page 412.

"As Stephen Sly, and old John Naps *o' the Green*."

The original has "John Naps *of Greece*," which has received no satisfactory or even plausible explanation. Blackstone is said to have proposed the present reading; and it ought to have been generally accepted before now.

Page 442.

"No such *load* as you, if me you mean."

The old copies have "No such *jade* as you." The present read-

ing is proposed by Singer, who justly remarks that "Petruchio's answer shows the word *load* is the true reading."

Page 456.

"His horse . . . possessed with the glanders, and likely to *mourn* in the chine."

The old reading is, "like to *mose* in the chine." No such word as *mose* has been met with elsewhere, and nobody can imagine what it means. Mr. R. G. White, in his "Supplementary Notes," proposes *mourn*, and sustains it with the following, from Urquhart's translation of Rabelais, Book i, Chap. 39: "In our Abbey we never study for fear of the mumps, which disease in horses is called *mourning in the chine*." This appears to settle the matter.

Page 473.

"'Would all the world but he had quite forsworn *her*."

The word *her* is added in Collier's folio, and is so evidently necessary to the sense, that there needs no scruple of adopting it.

Page 486.

"I thank you, sir. Where, then, do you *hold* best,
We be affied."

"Where, then, do you *know* best," is the reading of the old copies, which, to say the least, is very obscure. Collier's folio makes the change.

VOLUME IV.

THE WINTER'S TALE.

Page 28.

"From heartiness, from *bounty's* fertile bosom."

The original has "from *bounty*, fertile bosom." Malone was of opinion that the letter *s* had dropped out, and Collier's folio supplies it. Strange that so easy an explanation of a difficulty should have been missed so long!

Page 38.

—"when he,
Wafting his eyes to th' contrary, and falling
A lip of much contempt, speeds from me; and
So leaves me to consider what is breeding,
That changes thus his manners.
"*Camillo.* I dare not know, my lord."

Such is the common punctuation of this passage. Perhaps it should be thus:

"A lip of much contempt, speeds from me, and
So leaves me to consider. What is breeding,
That changes thus his manners?" &c.

Page 40.

"Swear *this* thought over."

The old reading is, "Swear *his* thought over;" which does not cohere at all with what goes before. The change ought to have been received at Theobald's suggestion, without waiting for Collier's discovery. We have frequent instances of *his* and *this* misprinted for each other. The present reading, though perhaps not altogether clear of objections, seems to us much better than another that has been proposed: "Swear *this, though*, over."

Page 71.

"Do not receive affliction,
At my petition, I beseech you, rather
Let me be punish'd."

Such is clearly the right punctuation of this passage. It is commonly given without any point after "affliction," and with a (;) after "I beseech you." "Do not receive affliction at my petition," is very strange English. Besides, Paulina has not petitioned, and does not petition, to have the King afflicted: she here merely begs that at her own request punishment may rather light on herself. The awkwardness of the text with the common punctuation has caused several changes to be proposed. Collier's folio alters *petition* to *repetition*, and Singer suggests *relation*. Surely no change is needed but the one here pointed out.

Page 74.

"Mercy on's, a barn; a very pretty barn! A *god*, or a child, I wonder?"

Instead of *god*, the original has *boy*, which has been a standing puzzle to the commentators; and their explanations even more puzzling than the reading itself. The change of *boy* to *god* was suggested, and is fully approved, by the corresponding passage of Greene's novel: "The sheepeheard, who before had never seene so faire a babe nor so riche jewels, thought assuredly that it was *some little god*, and began with great devocion to knock on his breast. The babe, who wrythed with the head to seek for the pap, began againe to cry afreshe, whereby the poore man knew it was a childe." This is strictly a *first-class* emendation, at once bold, legitimate, and unobvious; like Theobald's change of "a Table of green fields" to "'a babbled of green fields." Mr. R. G. White is the author of it; and we thank him for it; yes, heartily.

Page 94.

"And where some stretch-mouthed rascal would, as it were, mean mischief, and break a foul *jape* into the matter."

The original has *gap* here instead of *jape*, which is the reading of Collier's folio. *Jape* means *jest*, and exactly fits the sense. The emendation is a very happy one. Yet we need not suppose a misprint in the original; for in the Poet's time English spelling was to a great extent phonographic, and the sound of certain consonants, as *c*, *g*, and *th*, unsettled; so that *jape* may well have been spelt *gap*.

Page 119.

"*Leon.* Heirless it hath made my kingdom, and
Destroy'd the sweet'st companion that e'er man
Bred his hopes out of.
"*Paul.* *True*, too true, my lord."

Such, after all, is clearly the right ordering of the passage, the first *true* having in the original got misplaced from the beginning of Paulina's speech to the end of Leontes'. So the Editor fairly backs down from the foot-note *in loco*.

THE COMEDY OF ERRORS.

Page 162.

"Though gold 'bides still
The triers' touch, yet often touching will
Wear gold."

Instead of "*The triers'* touch," the original has, "*That others* touch." The whole passage is exceedingly difficult, being so shabbily printed in the old copies, that nothing can be made of it. See foot-note *in loco*. The present reading was lately proposed by Singer.

Page 174.

"Thou would'st have chang'd thy face for a name, or thy name for *a face*."

The original reads *an ass* instead of *a face*. Both sense and rhyme are all in favour of the change, which is made in Collier's folio

Page 179.

"And as a *bride* I'll take thee, and lie there."

Instead of *bride*, the original has *bed*, which has sometimes been changed to *bed*. The credit of the present reading belongs to Mr. Howard Staunton.

Page 209.

"To *scotch* your face, and to disfigure you."

The original has *scorch* instead of *scotch*. Mr. Dyce, who proposes the change, points out that the folio has the same misprint in "Macbeth," Act iii., Scene ii.: "We have *scotch'd* the snake, not kill'd it."

Page 216.

"And thereupon these errors *all* arose."

The old reading is, "These errors *are* arose." The change is made in Collier's folio, but had been hit upon before the discovery of that volume.

Page 217.

"After so long grief, such *festivity*."

Festivity is the apt suggestion of Singer, for *nativity*, of the old copies. The change is fully justified by the context, with which *nativity* cannot be made to fadge.

THE TRAGEDY OF MACBETH.

Page 243.

"And fortune, on his damned *quarrel* smiling."

The original reads *quarry*, which has commonly been retained, with an explanation which, after all, does not accord with the meaning of the passage. The present reading, which was proposed by Johnson, is sustained by the corresponding passage of Holinshed: "Out of the western isles there came to Macdowald a great multitude of people to assist him in that *rebellious quarrel*." *Quarrel* was sometimes used in the sense of *cause*. Thus, in Bacon's *Essay of Marriage and Single Life*: "A man may have a *quarrel* to marry, when he will."

Ibid.

"*And* ne'er shook hands, nor bade farewell to him."

Instead of *And*, the original has *Which*, the word having probably got repeated from the fourth line above. *And* accords perfectly with the thought of the passage; *which* does not. The former ought to have been generally adopted long ago.

Page 253.

"Give me your favour."

The arrangement of the verse in this and the four following lines ought to be thus:

"Give me your favour: my dull brain was wrought
With things forgotten. — Kind gentlemen, your pains
Are register'd where every day I turn
The leaf to read them. Let us toward the King. —"

Page 262.

"If it were done when 'tis done, then 'twere well
It were done quickly: if the," &c.

Such is the punctuation of the original, and also of most of the modern editions. A change has been proposed, thus:

"If it were done when 'tis done, then 'twere well.
It were done quickly if the assassination," &c.

This punctuation has received the sanction of so high an authority as Mr. R. G. White; nevertheless the Editor feels bound to protest against it; and he ventures to think that Mr. White got somewhat entangled in his own subtleties of thought. At all events, instead of saving or serving either the logic or the dignity of the passage, as he urges, it seems to the present Editor that the change only mars the former without helping the latter. The meaning of the passage as it stands, may be rendered something thus: "If the mere doing of the deed were to be the end of it, then the quicker it were done the better." The speaker then goes on to repeat, in other language, the concessive part of his proposition: "If the murder could stop with itself, could stand free from the entail of consequences, and find success in the mere fact of Duncan's decease." But now, instead of coming at once to the concluding part, he proceeds to intensify his thought still further by another variation of statement: "If only this one blow might be the last of it, and I could be assured its violence would not recoil upon the smiter, here, in this life." Here we have a natural, forcible, and every way dignified amplification of the thought; and the speaker now comes to the concluding part: "If all this could be, *then I* would *jump the life to come;*" that is, risk the future consequences of his act. At first, the advantages of *instant* action seem to be uppermost in Macbeth's thoughts; but then, no sooner has he said this, than, by a natural rebound, he starts off upon the reasons against acting at all; apprehensions, both moral and prudential, forthwith begin to swarm upon him; and his mind, gathering momentum as it proceeds, becomes more and more engrossed with these; till at last the thought with which he started is fairly beaten down by the natural and providential hazards of the undertaking. Thus the ethical sense of the passage lies much in this, that the very effort to clinch his resolution just excites

and stimulates his large imaginative discourse with arguments against it; so that his purpose dies for the present in the fires which itself has kindled. The received punctuation ought by no means to be disturbed.

Page 276.

"The night has been unruly."

This and the eight following lines are not rightly arranged in the text. They should be thus:

"The night has been unruly: where we lay,
Our chimneys were blown down, and, as they say,
Lamentings heard i'the air, strange screams of death:
And, prophesying with accents terrible
Of dire combustion and confus'd events,
New-hatch'd to th' woful time, the obscure bird
Clamour'd the livelong night: some say the earth
Was feverous, and did shake.
"*Mach.* 'Twas a rough night."

Page 284.

"*Lay* your highness'
Command upon me."

The original has *Let* instead of *Lay*. The change is from Collier's folio. It is more than "plausible," the passage being hardly English without it, or something like it.

Page 286.

"In our last conference pass'd in probation with you."

This and the four following lines are wrongly arranged in every text with which the Editor is acquainted. They should be thus:

"This I made good to you
In our last conference, pass'd in probation
With you, how you were borne in hand; how cross'd;
The instruments; who wrought with them;
And all things else, that might to half a soul,
And to a notion craz'd, say, 'Thus did Banquo.'"

Page 294.

"'Tis better thee without, than *him* within."

The original reads, "than *he* within;" which gives a wrong sense. Collier's folio makes the change.

Page 310.

"*Rebellion's* head rise never, till the wood
Of Birnam rise."

The original has *Rebellious dead* for *Rebellion's head*. The latter word was corrected long ago; the other change is from Collier's folio. Singer thinks "it is quite evident that we should read *Rebellion's head;*" and he justly remarks that "the personification adds much to the effect of the passage."

Page 332.

"This push
Will *chair* me ever, or disseat me now."

The original has *cheer* instead of *chair*. The apt correction is found in Collier's folio, and the use of *disseat* ought to have secured its adoption long ago, at the suggestion of Bishop Percy. Probably *cheer* is but a phonographic spelling of *chair*, which appears to have been pronounced *cheer* in the Poet's time.

Page 335.

"For where there is advantage to be *ta'en*."

The old reading is, "advantage to be *given*," the word having probably got repeated from the line below. Walker proposed the change.

KING JOHN.

Page 377.

"And then we shall repent each drop of blood
That hot rash haste so *indiscreetly* shed."

The old reading is, "*indirectly* shed." *Indiscreetly* is from Collier's folio. It does not well appear how "hot rash haste" should act *indirectly*.

Page 392.

"That daughter there of Spain, the lady Blanch,
Is *niece* to England."

Neere of the old copies, spelt *near* in modern editions, is with obvious propriety changed to *niece* in Collier's folio.

Page 398.

"Hath drawn him from his own determin'd *aim*."

The original misprints *aid* for *aim*. Set right in Collier's folio.

Page 406.

"In likeness of a new *untrimmed* bride."

Such is the original reading of this much disputed passage. Collier's folio changes *untrimmed* to *up-trimmed*, and Dyce says the change is right "beyond the possibility of a doubt." Notwithstanding this weight of authority, the old reading is certainly right. Mr. White retains it, but is wrong in his explanation of it. "An untrimmed bride," says he, "is a bride in dishabille; and in some such condition was *Blanche* on account of her unexpected nuptials, and the haste in which they were performed." The truth is, an untrimmed bride, in the language of the old dramatists, is simply a *virgin* bride, as the passage in hand was explained long ago. The meaning of *untrimmed*, as used in the text, is aptly shown in "Titus Andronicus," Act v., Scene i.:

"*Aar*. They cut thy sister's tongue, and *ravish'd* her,
And cut her hands, and *trimm'd* her as thou saw'st.
"*Luc*. O, detestable villain! call'st thou that trimming?
"*Aar*. Why, she was wash'd, and cut, and trimm'd; and 'twas
Trim sport for them that had the doing of it."

The word *trim* and its derivatives are repeatedly used by Beaumont and Fletcher in the same sense; and once, at least, by Massinger.

Page 414.

"Sound on into the drowsy *ear* of night."

The original has "*race* of night." That *race* was a misprint for *ear*, then spelt *eare*, seems probable in itself, and is rendered all but certain by the context. Collier's folio makes the change, and Dyce approves it.

Page 440.

"We will not line his *sin*-bestained cloak."

Sin-bestained is the happy substitution of Collier's folio for *thin bestained.*

Page 447.

"*Courage!* and run
To meet displeasure further from the doors."

Instead of *Courage*, the original has *Forage*, which can hardly be made to yield any appropriate sense; and the attempts that have been made to explain it in harmony with the context seem rather far-fetched.

Ibid.

"Send fair-play *offers*, and make compromise."

The old reading is "fair play *orders.*" *Offers* gives just the right sense, and might easily have been misprinted *orders.* Both of these changes are from Collier's folio; as is also the following:

Page 449.

"I must withdraw, and weep
Upon the *thought* of this enforced cause."

"Upon the *spot*" is the old reading; doubtless caused, as Mr. White suggests, by *thought*'s being written *tho't.* At all events, *spot* is all wrong, and *thought* all right, for the place.

VOLUME V.

KING RICHARD II.

Page 41.

"It boots thee not to be *so passionate.*"

The old copies all have *compassionate*, instead of *so passionate.*

Compassionate bore no such meaning in the Poet's time as is required by the context. The correction is Singer's. It has been proposed to read "*become* passionate."

Page 109.

"Lest *children's* children cry against you — woe!"

The reading of all the old copies is, "Lest *child*, *child's* children cry;" which it is not easy to believe Shakespeare could have written. The correction is White's, and is eminently judicious.

SECOND PART OF KING HENRY IV.

Page 329.

"And so both the *diseases* prevent my curses."

The old copies have *degrees* instead of *diseases*. The latter is so evidently required by the context, that we may well wonder the change should have waited for Collier's folio.

Page 354.

"Grant that, my *pure* virtue, grant that."

The old reading is "my *poor* virtue," which does not seem to smack rightly of Sir John in the premises. Both Collier's and Singer's copies of the second folio make the change.

Page 370.

"Then, happy *lowly clown!*
Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown."

Warburton's correction of *low lie down* to *lowly clown* is so strongly recommended by the sense of the passage, that there seems no good reason why it should not be accepted. As stated in the note *in loco*, the old spelling, *lowlie*, might easily be mistaken for *low lie*, and *cl* for *d*.

Page 388.

"Led on by bloody youth, guarded with *rags*."

The old copies have *rage*, which is quite at odds with the context. The change was proposed by Mr. Sidney Walker, and is found in both Collier's and Singer's folios.

Page 397.

"Under the counterfeited *seal* of God."

Such is the apt correction in Collier's folio of "*zeal* of God." The same speaker has before charged the Archbishop with abusing the "*seal* divine."

Page 420.

"And all *my* friends, which thou must make thy friends."

The old copies have "*thy* friends" in both parts of this line. The change, evidently right, of the first *thy* to *my*, is from Collier's folio. We have in these plays many instances of *my* and *thy* misprinted for each other.

VOLUME VI.

FIRST PART OF KING HENRY VI.

Page 27.

"The king from Eltham I intend to *steal*."

The old reading has *send* instead of *steal*. The latter, besides being found in Collier's folio, is in accordance with the facts of the case.

Page 83.

"*Let* heavens have glory for this victory."

The original has *Yet* instead of *Let*. The change is Dyce's, and is evidently right.

Page 107.

"But if I *fly*, they'll say it was for fear."

The original has *bow* instead of *fly*. The change is so clearly required by the context, that it ought not to have waited for Collier's folio.

Page 134.

"The hollow passage of my *prison'd* voice."

Prison'd is misprinted *poison'd* in the old copies. Strange the correction should have waited for Collier's folio!

SECOND PART OF KING HENRY VI.

Page 186.

"She's tickled now; her *fury* needs no spurs,
She'll gallop *fast* enough to her destruction."

The original has *fume* instead of *fury*, and *far* instead of *fast*. The former change is Dyce's, and is exceedingly happy; the latter is from Collier's folio.

Page 281.

"Or let a *rebel* lead you to your deaths."

So in both Collier's and Singer's copies of the second folio. The old reading is *rabble* instead of *rebel*. The reference is clearly to Cade, who leads the insurrection.

THIRD PART OF KING HENRY VI.

Page 334.

"Will *coast* my crown, and like an empty eagle
Tire on the flesh of me, and of my son!"

Singer shows by numerous instances that *to coast* was used for *to pursue* or *hover about* any thing. Thus, in the Poet's "Venus and Adonis:" "All in haste she *coasteth* to the cry." The word was after spelt *coste* or *cost;* and such is the spelling here, both in ancient and in modern editions; but the sense of *coast* as thus explained is clearly required by the context.

Page 361.

"And this soft *carriage* makes your followers faint."

Instead of *carriage*, the old copies have *courage*, out of which it is not easy to get any legitimate meaning. The change is from Collier's folio. The same misprint occurs in "Coriolanus," Act iii., Scene iii.

Page 438.

"Thou and thy brother both shall '*by* this treason
Even with the dearest blood your bodies bear."

The common reading has *buy* instead of '*by*, an error small in show but not in sense, which it was reserved for Mr. White to discover and correct. The word in the text is *aby*, with one syllable elided; and *aby* is an old form of *abide;* so that to *aby* or '*by* a thing is to suffer for it or rue it. For other instances of the word, see "A Midsummer-Night's Dream," Act iii., Scene ii., notes 14, 23, and 30.

VOLUME VII.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

Page 430.

"And, for thy vigour, *let*
Bull-bearing Milo his addition yield."

The word *let* is wanting in all the old copies. It was lately proposed by Mr. Sidney Walker, and both the sense and the verse approve it.

VOLUME VIII.

CORIOLANUS.

Page 214.

"Battles thrice six
I have seen, and heard of: for your voices,
Have done many things, some less, some more.
Your voices: indeed, I would be consul."

These lines, as Professor Craik has pointed out, are not rightly arranged in any of the editions. They should be thus:

"Battles thrice six
I have seen, and heard of: for your voices have
Done many things, some less, some more. Your voices:
Indeed, I would be consul."

Page 218.

"The apprehension of his present portance
Which most gibingly, ungravely, he did fashion."

Here, again, the arrangement should be thus:

"The apprehension of his present portance, which
Most gibingly, ungravely, he did fashion."

Page 267.

"We hear not of him, neither need we fear him;
His remedies are tame. The present peace
And quietness o' the people, which before
Were in wild hurry, here do make his friends
Blush that the world goes well."

This reading and punctuation are White's, and are evidently right. As given in the original, and in all other modern editions, the passage is full of obscurity, and indeed comes pretty near being nonsense.

Page 276.

"And power, unto itself most commendable,
Hath not a *tomb* so *evident* as a *hair*
T' extol what it hath done."

"Coriolanus" is specially trying to an editor, more so, perhaps, than any other play of the series; partly because it is so badly printed in the original, and partly because the versification is so irregular; while the general cast of the workmanship is in the Poet's highest style. Many editors have toiled over this passage, but without any tolerable result hitherto. The original has *chair* instead of *hair*, and *chair* probably ought to be retained till something better is hit upon than has yet been proposed. Mr. White keeps to the original text, but his explanation really does nothing towards making it satisfactory. The passage is, no doubt, corrupt, perhaps incurably so. The present Editor has no suggestion to offer, except that the corruption, whatever it be, may extend over *tomb*, as well as over *evident* and *chair*.

VOLUME IX.

CYMBELINE.

Page 27.

"Dear lady daughter, peace! — Sweet sovereign,
Leave us to ourselves; and make yourself some comfort
Out of your best advice."

The arrangement of this passage is wrong in every edition known to the Editor. It should be as follows:

"Dear lady daughter, peace! — Sweet sovereign, leave
Us to ourselves, and make yourself some comfort
Out of your best advice."

KING LEAR.

Page 525.

"Our means secure us, and our mere defects
Prove our commodities."

This passage is not rightly explained in the note *in loco*. *Secure* is here used in the Latin sense of *securus*. So that the meaning is, "Prosperity causes us to *feel secure;*" that is, makes us negligent or careless.

Page 533.

"You have seen
Sunshine and rain at once; her smiles and tears
Were like:—a better way; those happy smilets,
That play'd on her ripe lip, seem'd not to know
What guests were in her eyes."

A wrong punctuation of this passage hitherto has occasioned a good deal of needless tampering with it. Even Mr. White, whose ear is one of the truest, and whose judgment one of the clearest, adopts Malone's reading,—"Were like a better *May;*" which, besides rendering the passage more obscure, is a slight lapse towards the prosaic. "You have seen sunshine and rain at once, her smiles and tears were like." Here the expression of the thought is completed at *like:* her smiles and tears were like, not "a better day," as Theobald would have it, nor "a wetter May," as Warburton would have it; nor "a better May," as Malone and White would have it; but simply "like sunshine and rain at once." And the speaker then goes on to change the figure, expressing his idea in another and, as he thinks, *a better way*.

Page 534.

"There she shook
The holy water from her heavenly eyes,
And, clamour-moisten'd, then away she started
To deal with grief alone."

Here, again, we are indebted to Mr. White for a welcome item of

relief by a skilful use of punctuation. The passage is commonly printed with a (;) after *moisten'd;* which makes that word a predicate, and *clamour* the subject of it. By putting a (,) after *And*, and a (,) after *moisten'd*, "clamour-moisten'd" subsides into a mere qualifying epithet; not very elegant or happy indeed, but still much better than as commonly given.

Copy of the Title-Page to the Folio of 1623.

MR. WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE'S Comedies, Histories, and Tragedies: Published according to the True Original Copies. London: Printed by Isaac Jaggard and Ed. Blount. 1623.

In the centre of the same page is a head of Shakespeare, engraved by Droeshout; and on a fly-leaf next to this are the following lines by Ben Jonson.

TO THE READER.

This Figure, that thou here seest put,
It was for gentle Shakespeare cut;
Wherein the Graver had a strife
With Nature, to outdo the life.
O, could he but have drawn his wit
As well in brass, as he hath hit
His face! the Print would then surpass
All that was ever writ in brass.
But, since he cannot, Reader, look
Not on his Picture, but his Book.

B. I.

List of Actors prefixed to the same edition.

THE WORKS OF WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, CONTAINING ALL HIS COMEDIES, HISTORIES, AND TRAGEDIES: Truly set forth, according to their first Original.[1]

The Names of the Principal Actors in all these Plays.

William Shakespeare.	Samuel Gilburne.
Richard Burbadge.	Robert Armin.
John Hemmings.	William Ostler.
Augustine Phillips.	Nathan Field.
William Kempt.	John Underwood.
Thomas Poope.	Nicholas Tooley
George Bryan.	William Ecclestone.
Henry Condell.	Joseph Taylor.
William Slye.	Robert Benfield.
Richard Cowly.	Robert Goughe.
John Lowine.	Richard Robinson.
Samuell Crosse.	John Shancke.
Alexander Cooke.	John Rice.

[1] This heading precedes the list of the Actors in the first four folio editions. The names here, as in all the rest of this introductory matter, are spelt precisely as in the original. H

DEDICATION.

Prefixed to the folio of 1623.

To the most noble and incomparable pair of Brethren: William[2] Earl of Pembroke, &c. Lord Chamberlain to the King's most excellent Majesty:

[2] This was William Herbert, thought by some to be the "Mr. W. H." to whom the Poet's Sonnets were inscribed, as "the only begetter of these ensuing Sonnets." Of this nobleman Lord Clarendon writes,—"He was the most universally loved and esteemed of any man of that age. . . . . And as he had a great number of friends of the best men, so no man had ever the wickedness to avow himself to be his enemy. He was a man of excellent parts, and a graceful speaker upon any subject, having a good proportion of learning, and a ready wit to apply it, and enlarge upon it; of a pleasant and facetious humour, and a disposition affable, generous and magnificent. . . . . He lived many years about the court, before in it; and never by it. . . . . After the foul fall of Somerset, he was made lord chamberlain of the king's house, more for the court's sake than his own; and the court appeared with the more lustre, because he had the government of that province. As he lived upon his own fortune, so he stood upon his own feet, without any other support than of his proper virtue and merit. . . . . He was exceedingly beloved in the court, because he never desired to get that for himself, which others laboured for, but was still ready to promote the pretences of worthy men. . . . . As his conversation was most with men of the most pregnant parts and understanding, so towards any, who needed support or encouragement, though unknown, if fairly recommended to him, he was very liberal. . . . . He was master of a great fortune from his ancestors, and had a great addition by his wife, for which he paid much too dear, by taking her person into the bargain: but all served not his expense, which was only limited by his great mind, and occasions to use it nobly. . . . . Yet his virtues and good inclinations were clouded with great infirmities, which he had in too exorbitant a proportion. He indulged to himself the pleasures of all kinds, almost in all excesses. . . . . To these he sacrificed himself, his precious time, and much of his fortune; . . . . . and died of an apoplexy, after a full and cheerful supper."

And Philip[3] Earl of Montgomery, &c. Gentleman of his Majesty's Bed-chamber: Both Knights of the most noble Order of the Garter, and our singular good Lords.

Right-Honourable,—

Whilst we study to be thankful, in our particular, for the many favours we have received from your Lordships, we are fallen upon the ill fortune, to mingle two the most diverse things that can be, fear, and rashness; rashness in the enterprise, and fear of the success. For, when we value the places your Highnesses sustain, we cannot but know their dignity greater than to descend to the reading of these trifles; and, while we name them trifles, we have depriv'd ourselves of the defence of our Dedication. But, since your Lordships have been pleas'd to think these trifles something heretofore; and have prosecuted both them, and their Author living, with so much favour; we hope that — they outliving him, and he not having the fate, common with some, to be executor to his own writings — you will use the like indulgence toward them, you have done unto their parent. There is a great difference, whether any book choose his patrons, or find them: This hath done both. For, so much were your Lordships' likings of the several parts, when they were acted, as before

[3] This was Philip Herbert, a younger brother of William, and succeeded to him as Earl of Pembroke and Montgomery; though as different from him as darkness from light. Southey justly pronounces him "one of the meanest wretches that ever brought infamy upon an old and honourable name." He afterwards became one of Cromwell's vilest footlickers; and for his servility to that faction of the Commons which abolished all the government but themselves, and the great usurper who in turn abolished them, Mr. Hallam says: "The Earl of Pembroke, basest among the base, condescended to sit in the House of Commons as knight for the county of Berks; and was received, notwithstanding his proverbial meanness and stupidity, with such excessive honour as displayed the character of those low-minded upstarts." H

they were published the volume ask'd to be yours. We have but collected them, and done an office to the dead, to procure his Orphans Guardians, without ambition either of self-profit or fame; only to keep the memory of so worthy a Friend and Fellow alive, as was our SHAKESPEARE, by humble offer of his plays to your most noble patronage. Wherein, as we have justly observed no man to come near your Lordships, but with a kind of religious address, it hath been the height of our care, who are the Presenters, to make the present worthy of your Highnesses by the perfection. But there we must also crave our abilities to be consider'd, my Lords. We cannot go beyond our own powers. Country hands reach forth milk, cream, fruits, or what they have; and many Nations, we have heard, that had not gums and incense, obtained their requests with a leavened Cake. It was no fault to approach their Gods by what means they could: And the most, though meanest, of things are made more precious, when they are dedicated to Temples. In that name, therefore, we most humbly consecrate to your Highnesses these remains of your servant SHAKESPEARE; that what delight is in them may be ever your Lordships', the reputation his, and the faults ours, if any be committed by a pair so careful to show their gratitude both to the living, and the dead, as is

Your Lordships' most bounden,

JOHN HEMINGE.
HENRY CONDELL.

By way of preface to the edition of 1623 *was the following Address.*

TO THE GREAT VARIETY OF READERS,

From the most able to him that can but spell: There you are number'd. We had rather you were weigh'd: especially, when the fate of all books depends upon your capacities; and not of your heads alone, but of your purses. Well! it is now public, and will stand for your privileges, we know; to read, and censure. Do so, but buy it first: that doth best commend a book, the Stationer says. Then, how odd soever your brains be, or your wisdoms, make your license the same, and spare not. Judge your six-pen'orth, your shilling's worth, your five shillings' worth at a time, or higher, so you rise to the just rates, and welcome. But, whatever you do, buy. Censure will not drive a Trade, nor make the Jack go. And though you be a Magistrate of wit, and sit on the stage at Blackfriars, or the Cock-pit, to arraign plays daily, know, these plays have had their trial already, and stood out all appeals; and do now come forth quitted rather by a decree of court, than any purchas'd letters of commendation.

It had been a thing, we confess, worthy to have been wished, that the Author himself had liv'd to have set forth, and overseen his own writings: But since it hath been ordain'd otherwise, and he by death departed from that right, we pray you do not envy his Friends the office of their care and pain, to have collected and publish'd them; and so to have publish'd them, as where, before, you were abus'd with divers stolen and surreptitious copies, maimed and deformed by the frauds and stealths of in-

jurious impostors, that expos'd them; even those are now offer'd to your view cur'd, and perfect of their limbs; and all the rest absolute in their numbers, as he conceived them: Who, as he was a happy imitator of Nature, was a most gentle expresser of it. His mind and hand went together; and what he thought, he uttered with that easiness, that we have scarce received from him a blot in his papers. But it is not our province, who only gather his works, and give them you, to praise him: it is yours that read him. And there we hope, to your divers capacities you will find enough both to draw, and hold you: for his wit can no more lie hid, than it could be lost. Read him, therefore; and again, and again: and if then you do not like him, surely you are in some manifest danger not to understand him. And so we leave you to other of his Friends, whom if you need, can be your guides: if you need them not, you can lead yourselves and others. And such Readers we wish him.

JOHN HEMINGE.
HENRIE CONDELL.

COMMENDATORY VERSES.

Prefixed to the folio of 1623.

To the Memory of my beloved, the Author, Mr. WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, *and what he hath left us.*

To draw no envy, Shakespeare, on thy name,
Am I thus ample to thy book and fame;
While I confess thy writings to be such
As neither man, nor muse, can praise too much:
'Tis true, and all men's suffrage. But these ways
Were not the paths I meant unto thy praise:
For silliest ignorance on these may light,
Which, when it sounds at best, but echoes right;
Or blind affection, which doth ne'er advance
The truth, but gropes, and urgeth all by chance;
Or crafty malice might pretend this praise,
And think to ruin, where it seem'd to raise:
These are, as some infamous bawd, or whore
Should praise a matron: What could hurt her more?
But thou art proof against them; and, indeed,
Above the ill fortune of them, or the need.
I, therefore, will begin: — Soul of the age,
The applause, delight, the wonder of our stage,
My Shakespeare, rise! I will not lodge thee by
Chaucer, or Spenser; or bid Beaumont lie
A little further, to make thee a room:
Thou art a monument without a tomb;
And art alive still, while thy book doth live,
And we have wits to read, or praise to give.
That I not mix thee so, my brain excuses;
I mean, with great but disproportion'd muses:
For, if I thought my judgment were of years,
I should commit thee surely with thy peers;

And tell how far thou didst our Lily outshine,
Or sporting Kid, or Marlowe's mighty line:
And though thou hadst small Latin, and less Greek,
From thence to honour thee, I would not seek
For names; but call forth thundering Eschylus,
Euripides, and Sophocles, to us,
Pacuvius, Accius, him of Cordova dead,
To life again, to hear thy buskin tread,
And shake a stage: or, when thy socks were on,
Leave thee alone for the comparison
Of all that insolent Greece, or haughty Rome,
Sent forth, or since did from their ashes come.
Triumph, my Britain! thou hast one to show,
To whom all scenes of Europe homage owe
He was not of an age, but for all time!
And all the muses still were in their prime,
When like Apollo he came forth to warm
Our ears, or like a Mercury to charm.
Nature herself was proud of his designs,
And joy'd to wear the dressing of his lines;
Which were so richly spun, and woven so fit,
As since she will vouchsafe no other wit.
The merry Greek, tart Aristophanes,
Neat Terence, witty Plautus, now not please;
But antiquated and deserted lie,
As they were not of Nature's family.
Yet must I not give Nature all: thy art,
My gentle Shakespeare, must enjoy a part:
For though the poet's matter nature be,
His art doth give the fashion; and that he,
Who casts to write a living line, must sweat,
(Such as thine are,) and strike the second heat
Upon the muses' anvil; turn the same,
(And himself with it,) that he thinks to frame;

Or for the laurel he may gain a scorn,
For a good poet's made, as well as born:
And such wert thou. Look, how the father's face
Lives in his issue; even so the race
Of Shakespeare's mind, and manners, brightly shines
In his well-turned and true-filed lines;
In each of which he seems to shake a lance,
As brandish'd at the eyes of ignorance.
Sweet Swan of Avon, what a sight it were,
To see thee in our waters yet appear;
And make those flights upon the banks of Thames,
That so did take Eliza, and our James!
But stay; I see thee in the hemisphere
Advanc'd, and made a constellation there:
Shine forth, thou star of poets! and with rage,
Or influence, chide, or cheer, the drooping stage;
Which since thy flight from hence hath mourn'd like night,
And despairs day, but for thy volume's light!

BEN JONSON.

To the Memory of the deceased Author, MASTER WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

Shakespeare, at length thy pious fellows give
The world thy works; thy works, by which outlive
Thy tomb thy name must: when that stone is rent,
And time dissolves thy Stratford monument,
Here we alive shall view thee still: this book,
When brass and marble fade, shall make thee look
Fresh to all ages; when posterity
Shall loathe what's new, think all is prodigy
That is not Shakespeare's, every line, each verse,
Here shall revive, redeem thee from thy hearse.
Nor fire, nor cankering age, as Naso said
Of his, thy wit-fraught book shall once invade:

Nor shall I e'er believe or think thee dead,
Though miss'd, until our bankrout stage be sped
(Impossible) with some new strain t' outdo
Passions of Juliet, and her Romeo;
Or till I hear a scene more nobly take,
Than when thy half-sword parleying Romans spake:[4]
Till these, till any of thy volume's rest,
Shall with more fire, more feeling, be express'd,
Be sure, our Shakespeare, thou canst never die,
But, crown'd with laurel, live eternally.

L. DIGGES.

To the Memory of MR. W. SHAKESPEARE.

We wonder'd, Shakespeare, that thou went'st so soon
From the world's stage to the grave's tiring-room:
We thought thee dead; but this thy printed worth
Tells thy spectators, that thou went'st but forth
To enter with applause. An actor's art
Can die, and live to act a second part:
That's but an exit of mortality,
This a re-entrance to a plaudite.

I. M.[5]

Upon the Lines and Life of the famous Scenic Poet, MASTER WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

Those hands, which you so clapp'd, go now and wring,
You Britons brave; for done are Shakespeare's days:
His days are done, that made the dainty plays,
Which made the Globe of heaven and earth to ring.
Dried is that vein, dried is the Thespian spring,

[4] The sense of this line is more clearly expressed in some verses by the same author, prefixed to an edition of Shakespeare's Poems in 1640.

"So have I seen, when Cæsar would appear,
And on the stage at half-sword parley were
Brutus and Cassius, O, how the audience
Were ravish'd! with what wonder they went thence!"

H.

[5] Supposed to be the initials of John Marston. H.

Turn'd all to tears, and Phœbus clouds his rays;
That corpse, that coffin, now bestick those bays,
  Which crown'd him poet first, then poet's king.
If tragedies might any prologue have,
  All those he made would scarce make one to this
Where fame, now that he gone is to the grave,
  (Death's public tiring-house,) the Nuntius is:
For, though his line of life went soon about,
The life yet of his lines shall never out.

HUGH HOLLAND.

ADDITIONAL COMMENDATORY VERSES,

Prefixed to the folio of 1632.

Upon the Effigies of my worthy Friend, the Author, MASTER WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, *and his Works.*

Spectator, this life's shadow is: — to see
This truer image, and a livelier he,
Turn reader. But observe his comic vein,
Laugh; and proceed next to a tragic strain,
Then weep: so, — when thou find'st two contraries,
Two different passions from thy rapt soul rise, —
Say, (who alone effect such wonders could,)
Rare Shakespeare to the life thou dost behold.

An Epitaph on the admirable Dramatic Poet. W. SHAKESPEARE [6]

What needs my Shakespeare, for his honour'd bones
The labour of an age in piled stones;
Or that his hallow'd reliques should be hid
Under a star-ypointing pyramid?
Dear son of Memory, great heir of Fame,
What need'st thou such weak witness of thy name?

[6] The authorship of these lines was ascertained by their appearing in an edition of Milton's Poems, published in 1645. H.

Thou, in our wonder and astonishment,
Hast built thyself a live-long monument:
For whilst, to the shame of slow-endeavouring art,
Thy easy numbers flow; and that each heart
Hath, from the leaves of thy unvalued book,
Those Delphic lines with deep impression took;
Then thou, our fancy of itself bereaving,
Dost make us marble with too much conceiving;
And, so sepulcher'd, in such pomp dost lie,
That kings for such a tomb would wish to die.

On worthy Master Shakespeare, *And his Poems.*

A mind reflecting ages past, whose clear
And equal surface can make things appear, —
Distant a thousand years, — and represent
Them in their lively colours, just extent:
To outrun hasty time, retrieve the fates,
Roll back the heavens, blow ope the iron gates
Of Death and Lethe, where confused lie
Great heaps of ruinous mortality:
In that deep dusky dungeon to discern
A royal ghost from churls; by art to learn
The physiognomy of shades, and give
Them sudden birth, wondering how oft they live:
What story coldly tells, what poets feign
At second hand, and picture without brain,
Senseless and soul-less shows, to give a stage, —
Ample, and true with life, — voice, action, age,
As Plato's year, and new scene of the world,
Them unto us, or us to them had hurl'd:
To raise our ancient sovereigns from their hearse,
Make kings his subjects; by exchanging verse
Enlive their pale trunks, that the present age
Joys in their joy, and trembles at their rage;

Yet so to temper passion, that our ears
Take pleasure in their pain, and eyes in tears
Both weep and smile; fearful at plots so sad,
Then laughing at our fear; abus'd, and glad
To be abus'd; affected with that truth
Which we perceive is false, pleas'd in that ruth
At which we start, and, by elaborate play,
Tortur'd and tickled; by a crab-like way
Time past made pastime, and in ugly sort
Disgorging up his ravin for our sport: —
— While the plebeian imp, from lofty throne,
Creates and rules a world, and works upon
Mankind by secret engines; now to move
A chilling pity, then a rigorous love;
To strike up and stroke down both joy and ire
To steer the affections; and by heavenly fire
Mould us anew, stolen from ourselves: —
This, — and much more, which cannot be express'd
But by himself, his tongue, and his own breast, —
Was Shakespeare's freehold; which his cunning brain
Improv'd, by favour of the nine-fold train;
The buskin'd muse, the comic queen, the grand
And louder tone of Clio, nimble hand
And nimbler foot of the melodious pair,
The silver-voiced lady, the most fair
Calliope, whose speaking silence daunts,
And she whose praise the heavenly body chants.
These jointly woo'd him, envying one another, —
Obey'd by all as spouse, but lov'd as brother, —
And wrought a curious robe, of sable grave,
Fresh green, and pleasant yellow, red most brave,
And constant blue, rich purple, guiltless white,
The lowly russet, and the scarlet bright:
Branch'd and embroider'd like the painted spring;
Each leaf match'd with a flower, and each string

Of golden wire, each line of silk: there run
Italian works, whose thread the sisters spun;
And there did sing, or seem to sing, the choice
Birds of a foreign note and various voice:
Here hangs a mossy rock; their plays a fair
But chiding fountain, purled: not the air,
Nor clouds, nor thunder, but were living drawn;
Not out of common tiffany or lawn,
But fine materials, which the muses know,
And only know the countries where they grow.
Now, when they could no longer him enjoy,
In mortal garments pent, — death may destroy,
They say, his body; but his verse shall live,
And more than nature takes our hands shall give:
In a less volume, but more strongly bound,
Shakespeare shall breathe and speak; with laurel crown'd,
Which never fades; fed with ambrosian meat;
In a well-lined vesture, rich and neat: —
So with this robe they clothe him, bid him wear it;
For time shall never stain, nor envy tear it.

The friendly admirer of his endowments,

I. M. S.[7]

[7] What name these initials may stand for, has not been ascertained. So that the authorship of this great little poem, — perhaps the noblest tribute ever paid by one human being to another, — is still involved in mystery. Mr. Collier, a good authority, says, — and Mr. Verplanck, a better, endorses him, — "I. M. S. may possibly be John Milton, *Student*. We know of no other poet of the time capable of writing the lines. We feel morally certain that they are by Milton." And, sure enough, Milton is the only man of that time who has left any similar marks. And the initials may well enough be supposed to extend over this and the preceding piece. It may indeed be urged that if such were the case the latter would naturally have appeared among his Poems in 1645. But perhaps it is a sufficient answer to this, that in 1632 Milton was not too much a Puritan to write such lines; whereas in 1645 he was too far committed that way to put them forth as his. H.

LIST OF PLAYS

Prefixed to the folio of 1623.

A CATALOGUE of the several Comedies, Histories, and Tragedies contained in this Volume.

COMEDIES.

The Tempest.
The Two Gentlemen of Verona.
The Merry Wives of Windsor.
Measure for Measure.
The Comedy of Errors.
Much Ado about Nothing.
Love's Labour's Lost.
A Midsummer-Night's Dream.
The Merchant of Venice.
As You Like It.
The Taming of The Shrew.
All's Well That Ends Well.
Twelfth Night, or What You Will.
The Winter's Tale.

HISTORIES.

The Life and Death of King John.
The Life and Death of Richard the Second.
The First Part of King Henry the Fourth.
The Second Part of King Henry the Fourth.
The Life of King Henry the Fifth.

The First Part of King Henry the Sixth.
The Second Part of King Henry the Sixth
The Third Part of King Henry the Sixth.
The Life and Death of Richard the Third.
The Life of King Henry the Eighth.

TRAGEDIES.

Troilus and Cressida.[8]
The Tragedy of Coriolanus.
Titus Andronicus.
Romeo and Juliet.
Timon of Athens.
The Life and Death of Julius Cæsar.
The Tragedy of Macbeth.
The Tragedy of Hamlet.
King Lear.
Othello the Moor of Venice.
Anthony and Cleopatra.
Cymbeline King of Britain.

[8] Not set down in the Catalogue, though included in the edition. H.

INTRODUCTION

TO

THE TEMPEST.

THE TEMPEST was first printed in the folio of 1623, in which edition it stands the first of the series. As this play was undoubtedly written in the later years of the Poet's life, the reason of its standing first is not apparent. Nor is it much more apparent why the arrangement of that edition should be broken up, until more is known of the order in which Shakespeare's plays were written.

The play was originally printed with great accuracy for the time: the true reading is seldom doubtful; for which cause commentators have not often found it easy to mar the text under the notion of improving it.

It has been ascertained clearly enough that The Tempest was written somewhere between 1603 and 1612. That it was written after the former date, is rendered almost certain in that the leading features of Gonzalo's commonwealth were plainly taken from Florio's translation of Montaigne, which was printed that year. The passage of Montaigne is given in a note, from which the reader may see that the resemblance is too close to have been accidental. If any see fit to maintain, as some have done, that Shakespeare *might* have seen the passage in question before it was printed, we will not argue with them; our concern being with facts, not with possibilities.

The Tempest was performed at Court, "by the King's Players." Nov. 1, 1611. This fact was but lately discovered; and for the discovery we are indebted to "Extracts from the Accounts of the Revels at Court," edited by Mr. Cunningham for the Shakespeare Society; where the following memorandum occurs: "Hollowmas night was presented at Whitehall before the King's Majesty a play called The Tempest." Until this discovery the earliest known performance of the play was in "the beginning of the year 1613," when, as Malone proved from Vertue's MSS., it was acted

by "the King's company before Prince Charles, the Princess Elizabeth, and the Prince Palatine." So that the play must needs have been written before 1612.

As to any nearer fixing of the date we have nothing to go upon but probabilities. Some of these, however, are pretty strong. From the "Extracts" already quoted it appears that eleven other plays, Winter's Tale being one of them, were acted at Court within a year after the last of Oct. 1611, the oldest of which, so far as hath been ascertained, had not been written more than three years. From which it seems probable that The Tempest was not then an old play; and perhaps it was selected by the Master of the Revels for its novelty and its popularity on the public stage.

Ben Jonson's Bartholomew Fair was first acted in 1614, and written perhaps the year before; the Induction of which has an apparent, though not necessarily ill-natured glance at both The Tempest and Winter's Tale: "If there be never a *Servant-monster* i' the *Fair*, who can help it, he says; nor a nest of *Antiques!* He is loth to make Nature afraid in his *Plays*, like those that beget *Tales*, *Tempests*, and such like *Drolleries*." We agree with Mr. Collier that some of the words in Italic, which we give just as they stand in the original, are "so applicable to The Tempest, that they can hardly refer to any thing else." Which seems to warrant the inference that Bartholomew Fair was written while The Tempest and Winter's Tale were yet in the morn and bloom of popular favour.

It can hardly be questioned that Shakespeare drew some of his materials for The Tempest from the sources thus indicated by Malone: "Sir George Somers, Sir Thomas Gates, and Captain Newport, with nine ships and five hundred people, sailed from England in May, 1609, on board the Sea Venture, which was called *the Admiral's Ship;* and on the 25th of July she was parted from the rest by a *terrible tempest*, which lasted forty-eight hours, and scattered the whole fleet, wherein some of them lost their masts, and others were much distressed. Seven of the vessels, however, reached Virginia; and, after landing about three hundred and fifty persons, again set sail for England. During a great part of the year 1610 the fate of Somers and Gates was not known in England; but the latter, having been sent home by Lord Delaware, arrived in August or September." In 1610 "one Jourdan, who probably returned from Virginia in the same ship with Sir Thomas Gates, published a pamphlet, entitled 'A Discovery of the Bermudas, otherwise called The Isle of Devils.'" In this book, after relating the circumstances of their shipwreck, the author says: "But our delivery was not more strange in falling so opportunely and happily upon land, than our feeding and provision was, beyond our hopes and all men's expectations, most admirable. For the Islands of the Bermudas,

as every man knoweth, that hath heard or read of them, were *never inhabited* by any Christian or Heathen people, but ever esteemed and reputed a most prodigious and *inchanted place*, affording nothing but gusts, storms, and foul weather; which made every navigator and mariner to avoid them as Scylla and Charybdis, or as they would shun the Devil himself: and no man was ever heard to make for this place; but as, against their wills, they have, by storms and dangerousness of the rocks lying seven leagues into the sea, suffered shipwreck. Yet did we find there the *air so temperate*, and *the country so abundantly fruitful* of all fit necessaries for the sustentation and preservation of man's life, that notwithstanding we were there for the space of nine months, we were not only well refreshed, comforted, and with good satiety contented, but out of the abundance thereof provided us some reasonable quantity of provision to carry us for Virginia, and to maintain ourselves and that company we found there." Somewhat later the Council of Virginia put forth a narrative of "the disasters which had befallen the fleet, and of their miraculous escape," wherein they say: "These Islands of the Bermudas have ever been accounted an *inchanted* pile of rocks, and a *desert inhabitation for devils;* but all the *fairies* of the rocks were but flocks of birds, and all the devils that haunted the woods were but herds of swine."

The words in Italic may suggest a probable explanation of some points in the play. It is hardly needful to add, that the Poet's "still-vex'd Bermoothes" seems to link his work in some way with Jourdan's narrative. So that it is not easy to see how an earlier date can be assigned for The Tempest than 1610. The supernatural in the play was undoubtedly the Poet's own work; but it had been in strict keeping with his usual method to avail himself of whatsoever interest may have sprung from the popular notions touching the Bermudas. In his marvellous creations the people of course would see nothing but the distant marvels with which their fancies were prepossessed.

Concurrent with this external evidence is the internal evidence of the play itself. The style, language, and general tone of thought, the union of richness and severity, the grave, austere beauty of character that pervades it, and the organic compactness of its whole structure, all go to mark it as an issue of the Poet's ripest years. Mr. Collier says that Coleridge, in his lectures, "spoke of The Tempest as certainly one of Shakespeare's latest works, judging from the language only;" and Schlegel, probably for similar reasons, was of the same opinion. Campbell, the poet, supposes it to have been his very latest work: "The Tempest has a sort of sacredness, as the last work of a mighty workman. Shakespeare, as if conscious that it would be his last and as if inspired to typify himself, has made his hero a natural a dignified, and benevolent magician, who could conjure up

'spirits from the vasty deep,' and command supernatural agency by the most seemingly natural and simple means. Shakespeare himself is Prospero, or rather the superior genius who commands both Prospero and Ariel. But the time was approaching when the potent sorcerer was to break his staff, and bury it fathoms in the ocean, —

'Deeper than did ever plummet sound.'

That staff has never been and will never be recovered." But there is more of poetry than of truth in this statement; at least we have no warrant for it: whereas, besides the improbability that Shakespeare would pass the last six years of his life entirely aloof from the wonted play of his faculties, — besides this, there is good ground for believing that at least Coriolanus, Cymbeline, and perhaps Winter's Tale, were written after The Tempest. Mr. Verplanck, a critic of rare taste and judgment, rather than give up the notion so well put by Campbell, conjectures that the Poet may have *revised* The Tempest after all his other plays were written, and *inserted* the passage where Prospero abjures his "rough magic," and buries his staff, and drowns his book. But we cannot believe that Shakespeare had any reference to himself in that passage; for, besides that he evidently did not use to put his own feelings and purposes into the mouth of his characters, his doing so in this case would fairly infer such a degree of self-exultation as, it seems to us, his native and habitual modesty would hardly permit.

No play or novel has been discovered, to which Shakespeare could have been indebted for the plot or matter of The Tempest. Thomas Warton indeed tells a curious story, how Collins during his mental aberration said he had seen an Italian Romance, called Aurelio and Isabella, which contained the story of The Tempest. But Collins was afterwards found to be mistaken, there being no such matter in that Romance; and though the poor crazed poet may have put one name for another, it seems more likely that in the disorder of his mind his recollections of The Tempest itself got mixed up with other matter. Mr. Collier says: "We have turned over the pages of, we believe, every Italian novelist anterior to the age of Shakespeare, in hopes of finding some story containing traces of the incidents of The Tempest, but without success." So that the notion started by Collins probably may as well be given up.

What may be the issue of another notion started since, is not so clear. Mr. Thoms informs us through the New Monthly Magazine of Jan. 1841, that Jacob Ayrer, a notary of Nuremberg, was the author or translator of thirty plays, published in 1618. He is quite confident that Shakespeare derived his idea of The Tempest from a play of Ayrer's, called The Beautiful Sidea. But besides that the resemblances, even as stated by Mr. Thoms,

are so slight or of such a kind as hardly to infer any connection between them, there appears nothing to hinder that Ayrer's play may have been indebted to The Tempest, it being quite certain that some English dramas were known in Germany at that early period. The whole matter indeed is much too loose for us to build any conclusion upon.

There is an old ballad called The Inchanted Island, which was once thought to have contributed something towards The Tempest. But it is now generally allowed to be more modern than the play, and probably founded upon it; the names and some points of the story being varied, as if on purpose to hide its connection with a work that was popular on the stage. In the ballad no locality is given to the Island: on the contrary we are told:

> "From that daie forth the isle has beene
> By wandering sailors never seene:
> Some say, 'tis buryed deepe
> Beneath the sea, which breakes and rores
> Above its savage rocky shores,
> Nor e'er is known to sleepe."

Wherefore, we shall probably have to rest, for the present, in the belief that in the case of The Tempest Shakespeare drew from no external source but the one already mentioned.

There has been considerable discussion of late years as to the *scene* of The Tempest. A wide range of critics, from dull Mr. Chalmers to eloquent Mrs. Jameson, have taken for granted that the Poet fixed the scene of his drama in the Bermudas. For this they seem not to have had nor desired any authority but his mention of "the still-vex'd Bermoothes." Ariel's trip from "the deep nook to fetch dew from the still-vex'd Bermoothes" does indeed show that the Bermudas were in the Poet's mind: but then it also shows that his scene was not there; for it had been no feat at all worth mentioning for Ariel to fetch dew from one part of the island to another. On the other hand, Mr. Hunter is very positive that if we read the play with a map before us, (only think of it! reading The Tempest with a map!) we shall bring up at the island of Lampedusa, which "lies midway between Malta and the African coast." He will hardly tolerate any other notion: "What I contend for is the *absolute claim* of Lampedusa to have been the island in the Poet's mind when he drew the scenes of this drama." Mr. Hunter makes out a pretty strong case, nevertheless we must be excused; not so much that we positively reject his theory, as that we simply do not care whether it be right or not. But if we must have any supposal about it the most reasonable as well as most poetical one seems to be that the Poet, writing without a map, placed his scene upon an island of the mind, that his readers might not have to go away from

home to learn the truth of his representation; and that it suited his purpose to transfer to his ideal whereabout some of the wonders and marvels of trans-Atlantic discovery. We should as soon think of going to history for the characters of Ariel and Caliban, as of going to geography for the size, locality, or whatever else, of their dwelling-place.

"The Tempest," says Coleridge, "is a specimen of the purely romantic drama, in which the interest is not historical, or dependent upon fidelity of portraiture, or the natural connection of events, — but a birth of the imagination, and rests only on the coaptation and union of the elements granted to, or assumed by, the Poet. It is a species of drama which owes no allegiance to time or space, and in which, therefore, errors of geography and chronology, — no mortal sins in any species, — are venial faults, and count for nothing."

In these remarks of the great critic there is but one point from which we should at all dissent. We cannot quite agree that the drama is *purely* romantic. Highly romantic it certainly is, in its wide, free, bold variety of character and incident, in its many-shaded, richly-diversified perspective, in all the qualities indeed that enter into the picturesque; yet not romantic in such a sort, we think, but that it is at the same time equally classic; classic, not only in that the unities of time and place are strictly observed, but as having the other qualities which naturally follow and cleave to these laws of the classic form; in its solemn thought, its severe beauty, and majestic simplicity, its matchless interfusion of the lyrical and the ethical, and in the mellow atmosphere of serenity and composure which hovers over and envelops it: as if on purpose to show the Poet's mastery, not only of both the classic and the romantic drama, but of the common nature out of which both of them grew, and in which both are reconciled. This union of both kinds in one without any hindrance to the distinctive qualities of either, — this it is, we think, that chiefly distinguishes The Tempest from the Poet's other dramas. Some have thought that in this play Shakespeare studiously undertook to silence the pedantic cavillers of his time, by showing that he could keep to the rules of the Greek stage, if he chose to do so, without being any the less himself. But it seems more likely that he was here drawn into such a course by the workings of his wise spirit than by the cavils of contemporary critics; the form appearing too cognate and congenial with the matter to have been dictated by any thing accidental or external to the work itself.

There are some points that naturally suggest a comparison between The Tempest and A Midsummer-Night's Dream. In both the Poet has with equal or nearly equal success carried nature, as it were, beyond her established limits, and peopled a purely ideal region with the power and life of reality, so that the characters seem like substantive, personal beings, which he has but described

not created; but beyond this the resemblance ceases: indeed no two of his plays are more widely different in all other respects.

The Tempest presents a combination of elements apparently so incongruous that we cannot but marvel how they were brought and kept together; yet they blend so sweetly and work together so naturally that we at once feel at home with them, and see nothing to hinder their union in the world of which we are a part. For it seems hardly more than a truism to say, that in the mingling of the natural and the supernatural there is here no gap, no break; nothing disjointed or abrupt; the two being drawn into each other so smoothly, and so knit together by mutual participations, that each seems but a continuation of the other, and the place where they meet and join is marked by no distinguishable line.

Prospero, standing in the centre of the whole, acts as a kind of subordinate Providence, reconciling the diverse elements to himself, and in himself to one another. Though armed with supernatural might, so that the winds and waves obey him, his magical and mysterious powers are tied to truth and right; his "high charms work" only to just and beneficent ends; and whatsoever might be repulsive in the magician is softened and made attractive by the virtues of the man and the feelings of the father: Ariel links him with the world above us, Caliban with the world beneath us, and Miranda "(thee, my dear one! thee, my daughter!)" with the world around and within us. And the mind acquiesces in the miracles attributed to him, his thoughts and aims being so at one with nature's preëstablished harmonies as to leave it doubtful whether he controls her movements or falls in with them. His sorcery indeed is the sorcery of knowledge, his magic the magic of virtue; for what so marvellous as the inward, vital necromancy of good, which transmutes the wrongs that are done him into motives of beneficence, and is so far from being hurt by the powers of Evil that it turns their assaults into new sources of strength against them! And with what a smooth tranquillity of spirit he every where speaks and acts! as if the rough discipline of adversity had but served

> "to elevate the will,
> And lead him on to that transcendent rest
> Where every passion doth the sway attest
> Of reason, seated on her sovereign hill."

It is observable that the powers, which cleave to his thoughts and obey his "so potent art," before his coming were at perpetual war, the better being in subjection to the worse, and all turned from their several ends into a mad, brawling dissonance: but he teaches them to know their places, and, "weak masters though they be," under his ordering they become powerful, and work

together as if endowed with a rational soul; their insane gabble being turned to speech, their savage howling to music, so that

> "the isle is full of noises,
> Sounds, and sweet airs, that give delight, and hurt not."

Wherein is boldly figured the educating of nature up, so to speak, into intelligent ministries, she lending man hands because he lends her eyes; weaving her forces, as it were, into vital union with him, to the end that she may rise above herself and attain to a more excellent form.

This, to be sure, is making the work rather an allegory than a drama, and therein of course misrepresents its quality; for the connecting links in this strange intercourse of the natural and the supernatural are "beings individually determined," and affect us as persons, not as propositions.

Ariel and Caliban are equally preternatural, though in opposite directions. Ariel's very being is spun out of melody and fragrance; at least, if a feeling soul and an intelligent will be the warp, these are the woof of his exquisite texture. He has just enough of human-heartedness to know how he would feel were he human, and a proportionable sense of gratitude, which has been aptly called "the memory of the heart:" hence he needs to be often reminded of his obligations, but does all his spiriting gently while he holds the remembrance of them. Yet his delicacy of nature is nowhere more apparent than in his sympathy with right and good: the instant he comes within their touch he follows them without reserve; and he will suffer any tortures rather than "act the earthy and abhorred commands" that go against his moral grain. And what a merry little personage he is withal! as if his being were cast together in an impulse of play, and he would spend his whole life in one perpetual frolic. But the main ingredients of his zephyr-like constitution are shown in his leading inclinations; for he must needs have most affinity for that of which he is framed. Moral ties are irksome to him; they are not his proper element: when he enters their sphere he feels them to be holy indeed; but, were he free, he would keep out of their reach, and follow the circling seasons in their course, and always dwell merrily in the fringes of summer. He is indeed an arrant little epicure of perfume and sweet sounds, and gives forth several songs which "seem to sound in the air, and as if the person playing them were invisible;" and which, "without conveying any distinct images, seem to recall all the feelings connected with them, like snatches of half-forgotten music heard indistinctly and at intervals." *

Of Ariel's powers and functions as Prospero's prime minister

* Hazlitt.

so logical forms, nothing but art, and perhaps no art but the poet's, can give any sort of an idea. Gifted with the ubiquity and multiformity of the substance from which he is named, before we can catch and define him in any one shape he has passed into another. All we can say of him on this score is, that through his agency Prospero's thoughts forthwith become things, his volitions events. And yet, strangely and diversely as his nature is elemented and compacted, with touches akin to several orders of being, there is such a self-consistency about him, he is so cut out in individual distinctness and rounded in with personal attributes, that contemplation freely and easily rests upon him as an *object*.

If Caliban strike us as a more wonderful creation than Ariel, it is probably because he has more in common with us without being in any proper sense human. Perhaps we cannot hit him better than by saying he represents, both in soul and body, a sort of intermediate nature between man and brute, with an infusion of something that belongs to neither: as though one of the transformations, imagined by the author of "Vestiges of Creation," had stuck midway in its course, where a breath or vapour of essential Evil had knit itself vitally into his texture. If he have all the attributes of humanity from the moral downwards, so that his nature touches and borders upon the sphere of moral life; still the result but approves his exclusion from such life, in that it brings him to recognize moral law only as making for self. It is a most singular and significant stroke in the representation, that sleep seems to loosen the fetters of his soul and lift him above himself then indeed, and then only, the "muddy vesture of decay" doth not so "grossly close him in" but that

> "The clouds, methought, would open, and show riches
> Ready to drop upon me;"

as though in his passive state the voice of truth and good vibrated down *to* his soul, and stopped there, being unable to kindle any answering tones within; so that in his waking hours they are to him but as the memory of a dream.

Thus Caliban is part man, part demon, part brute, each being drawn somewhat out of itself by combination with the others, and the union of all preventing his being either; for which cause language has no generic term that fits him. Yet this strange, uncouth, but life-like confusion of natures Prospero has educated into a sort of poet. This, however, has nowise tamed, it has rather increased his innate malignity and crookedness of disposition; education having of course but *educed* what was in him. Even his poetry is for the most part made up of the fascinations of ugliness; a sort of inverted beauty; the poetry of dissonance and deformity the proper music of his nature being to curse, its proper laughter to snarl. Schlegel finely compares his mind to a dark cave into

which the light of knowledge falling neither illuminates nor warms it, but only serves to put in motion the poisonous vapours generated there.

Of course it is only by exhausting the resources of instruction on such a being that his innate and essential deficiency can be fully shown. For had he the germs of a human soul, they must needs have been drawn forth by the process that has made him a poet. The magical presence of spirits, it is true, hath cast into the caverns of his brain a faint reflection of a better world, but without calling up any answering emotions or aspirations; he having indeed no susceptibilities to catch and take in the epiphanies that throng his whereabout. So that, paradoxical as it may seem, he exemplifies the twofold triumph of art over nature, and of nature over art.

But what is most remarkable of all is the perfect originality of his thoughts and manners. Though framed of grossness and malignity, there is nothing vulgar or common-place about him. His whole character indeed is developed from within, not impressed from without; the effect of Prospero's instructions having been to make him all the more himself; and there being perhaps no soil in his nature for conventional vices and knaveries to take root and grow in. Hence the almost classic dignity of his behaviour compared with that of the drunken sailors, who are little else than a sort of low, vulgar conventionalities organized, and as such not less true to the life than consistent with themselves. In his simplicity indeed he at first mistakes them for gods who "bear celestial liquor," and they wax merry enough at the "credulous monster;" but in his vigour of thought and purpose he soon conceives such a scorn at their childish interest in whatever trinkets and gewgaws meet their eye, as fairly drives off his fit of intoxication; and the savage of the woods, half-human though he be, seems nobility itself beside the savages of the city.

In short, if Caliban be, as it were, the organized sediment and dregs of the place, from which all the finer spirit has been drawn off to fashion the delicate Ariel, yet having some parts of a human mind strangely interwoven with his structure; every thing about him, all that he does and says, is suitable and correspondent to such a constitution of nature: so that all the elements and attributes of his being stand and work together in living coherence, thus rendering him no less substantive and personal to our apprehension than original and peculiar in himself.

Such are the objects and influences amidst which the clear, placid nature of Miranda has been developed. Of the world whence her father was driven, its crimes and follies and sufferings, she knows nothing, he having studiously kept all such notices from her, to the end, apparently, that nothing might thwart or hinder the plastic efficacies that surround her. And here all the simple and original elements of her being, love, light, grace,

honour, and innocence, all pure feelings and tender sympathies whatsoever is sweet and gentle and holy in womanhood, seem to have sprung up in her nature as from celestial seed: "the contagion of the world's slow stain" hath not visited her; the chills and cankers of artificial wisdom have not touched nor come near her: if there were any fog or breath of evil in the place that might else dim or spot her soul, it has been sponged up by Caliban as being more congenial with his nature; while he is simply "a villain she does not love to look on." Nor is this all. The aerial music, beneath which her nature has expanded with answering sweetness, seems to rest visibly upon her, linking her, as it were, with some superior order of beings: the spirit and genius of the place, its magic and mystery, have breathed their power into her face; and out of them she has unconsciously woven herself a robe of supernatural grace, in which even her mortal nature seems half hidden, so that we hardly know whether she belongs more to heaven or to earth. Thus both her native virtues and the efficacies of the place seem to have crept and stolen into her unperceived, by mutual attraction and assimilation twining together in one growth, and each diffusing its life and beauty all over and through the other. It would seem as if the great poet of our age must have had Miranda in his eye, (or was he but working in the spirit of that nature which she so rarely exemplifies?) when he wrote the lines:

"The floating clouds their state shall lend
To her; for her the willow bend:
Nor shall she fail to see
Even in the motions of the storm
Grace that shall mould the maiden's form
By silent sympathy.

"The stars of midnight shall be dear
To her; and she shall lean her ear
In many a secret place
Where rivulets dance their wayward round,
And beauty born of murmuring sound
Shall pass into her face."

Yet for all this Miranda not a whit the less touches us as a creature of flesh and blood, "a being breathing thoughtful breath." Nay, she seems all the more so, forasmuch as the character thus coheres with the circumstances, the virtues and poetries of the place being expressed in her visibly; and she would be far less real to our feelings, were not the wonders of her whereabout thus vitally incorporated with her innate and original attributes. This matter has been put so well by Mrs. Jameson that it would be wronging the subject not to quote her words: "If we can

presuppose such a situation, do we not behold in the character of Miranda not only the credible, but the natural, the necessary result? She retains her woman's heart, for that is unalterable and inalienable, as a part of her being; but her deportment, her looks, her language, her thoughts, from the supernatural and poetical circumstances assume a cast of the pure ideal; and to us, who are in the secret of her human and pitying nature, nothing can be more charming and consistent than the effect which she produces upon others, who, never having beheld any thing resembling her, approach her as 'a wonder,' as something celestial."

It is observable that Miranda does not perceive the working of her father's art upon herself; as, when he puts her to sleep, she attributes it to the strangeness of his tale. And, on the other hand, he thinks she is not listening attentively to what he is saying, partly, perhaps, because he is not attending to it himself, his thoughts being about the approaching crisis in his fortunes while his speech is of the past, and partly because in her ecstasy of wonder at what he is relating she seems abstracted and self-withdrawn from the matter of his discourse. For indeed to her the supernatural stands in the place of nature, and nothing is so strange and wonderful as what actually passes in the life and heart of man: miracles have been her daily food, her father being the greatest miracle of all; which must needs make the common events and passions and perturbations of the world seem to her miraculous. All which the Poet has wrought out with so much art, and so little appearance of it, that Franz Horn is the only critic, so far as we know, that seems to have thought of it.

We may not dismiss Miranda without remarking upon the sweet union of womanly dignity and childlike simplicity in her character, she not knowing or not caring to disguise the innocent movements of her heart. This, too, is a natural result of her situation. Equally fine is the circumstance, that her father opens to her the story of her life, and lets her into the secret of her noble birth and ancestry, at a time when she is suffering with those that she saw suffer, and when her eyes are jewelled with pity, as if on purpose that the ideas of rank and dignity may sweetly blend and coalesce in her mind with the sympathies of the woman.

The strength and delicacy of imagination displayed in these characters are scarce more admirable than the truth and subtlety of observation shown in the others.

In the delineation of Antonio and Sebastian, short as it is, there is a volume of wise science, the leading points of which are thus set forth by Coleridge: "In the first scene of the second act Shakespeare has shown the tendency in bad men to indulge in scorn and contemptuous expressions as a mode of getting rid of their own uneasy feelings of inferiority to the good, and also of rendering the transition to wickedness easy, by making the good

ridiculous. Shakespeare never puts habitual scorn into the mouths of other than bad men, as here in the instances of Antonio and Sebastian. The scene of the intended assassination of Alonzo and Gonzalo is an exact counterpart of the scene between Macbeth and his lady, only pitched in a lower key throughout, as designed to be frustrated and concealed, and exhibiting the same profound management in the manner of familiarizing a mind, not immediately recipient, to the suggestion of guilt, by associating the proposed crime with something ludicrous or out of place,—something not habitually matter of reverence."

Nor is there less of sagacity in the means whereby Prospero seeks to make them better, provoking in them the purpose and taking away the performance of crime, that so he may bring them to a knowledge of themselves, and awe or shame down their evil by his demonstrations of good. For such is the proper effect of bad designs thus thwarted, showing the authors at once the wickedness of their hearts and the weakness of their hands; whereas, if successful in their plans, pride of power would forestall and prevent the natural shame and remorse of guilt. And we little know what evil it lieth and lurketh in our hearts to will or to do, until occasion permits or invites; and Prospero's art here stands in presenting the occasion until the wicked purpose is formed, and then removing it as soon as the hand is raised. It is noticeable that in the case of Antonio and Sebastian the workings of magic are so mixed up with those of nature that we cannot distinguish them: or rather, Prospero here causes the supernatural to pursue the methods of nature; thus, like the Poet himself, so concealing his art while using it that the result seems to spring from their own minds.

And the same deep skill is shown in case of the good old man, Gonzalo, whose sense of his own pains and perils seems lost in his care to minister comfort and diversion to others. Thus his virtue spontaneously opens the springs of wit and humour within him amid the terrors of the storm and shipwreck; and he is merry while others are suffering, even from sympathy with them: and afterwards his thoughtful spirit plays with Utopian fancies; and if "the latter end of his commonwealth forgets the beginning," it is all the same to him, his purpose being only to beguile the anguish of supposed bereavement. It hath been well said, that "Gonzalo is so occupied with duty, in which alone he finds pleasure, that he scarce notices the gnat-stings of wit with which his opponents pursue him; or, if he observes, firmly and easily repels them."

In Ferdinand is portrayed one of those happy natures, such as we sometimes meet with, who are built up all the more strongly in virtue and honour by contact with the vices and meannesses of the world. The meeting of him and Miranda is replete with

magic indeed; a magic higher and more potent even than Prospero's: all the riches that nestle in their bosoms at once leaping forth and running together into a stream of poetry which no words of ours can describe. So much of beauty in so few words, and those few so plain and homely,—"O, wondrous skill and sweet wit of the man!" Here, again, Prospero does but furnish occasions: his art has the effect of unsealing the choice founts of nature, but the waters gush from depths which even he cannot reach; so that his mighty magic bows before a still more wondrous potency. After seeing himself thus outdone by the nature he has been wont to control, and having witnessed such a "fair encounter of two most rare affections," no wonder that he longs to be a man again, like other men, and, with a heart "true to the kindred points of heaven and home," gladly returns to

> "The homely sympathy that heeds
> The common life; our nature breeds;
> A wisdom fitted to the needs
> Of hearts at leisure."

Some appear to have thought the presence of Trinculo and Stephano a blemish in the play. We cannot think so. Their follies give a zest and relish to the high poetries amidst which they grow. Such things go to make up the mysterious whole of human life; and they often help on our pleasure while seeming to hinder it: we may think they had better be away; yet, were they away, we should feel that something were wanting. Besides, if this part of the work do not directly yield a grateful fragrance, it is vitally related to the parts that do.

Such are the strangely-assorted characters that make up this charming play. And yet how they all concur in unity of effect! This harmonious working together of diverse and opposite elements,—this smooth concurrence of heterogeneous materials in one varied yet coherent impression,—by what subtle process this is brought about, must be left to keener and deeper wits. But how variously soever men may account for this, no one, surely, who has a proper sense of art, or of nature as addressed to the imaginative faculty, can well question, that all the parts are so vitally interwoven, that if any one be cut away the whole drama will be in danger of bleeding to death.

We cannot leave the subject without remarking what an atmosphere of wonder and mystery overhangs and pervades this singular structure, and how the whole seems steeped in glories invisible to the natural eye, yet made visible by the Poet's art; thus leading the thoughts insensibly upwards to other worlds and other forms of being. It were difficult indeed to name any thing else of human workmanship so thoroughly transfigured with

"the gleam,
The light that never was on sea or land,
The consecration and the poet's dream:"

the celestial and the earthly being so commingled, — commingled, but not confounded, — that we see not where the one begins and the other ends. so that in reading it we seem transported to a region where we are strangers, yet old acquaintances; where all things are at once new and familiar: the unearthly visions of the spot hardly touching us with surprise; because, though wonderful indeed, there is nothing about them but that somewhat within us owns and assimilates with more readily than is compatible with such an impression. That our thoughts and feelings are thus at home with such things and take pleasure in them, — is not this because of some innate aptitudes and affinities of our nature for a supernatural and celestial life?

"Point not these mysteries to an Art
Lodged above the starry pole?"

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

ALONZO, King of Naples.
SEBASTIAN, his Brother.
PROSPERO, the rightful Duke of Milan.
ANTONIO, his Brother, the usurping Duke of Milan.
FERDINAND, Son to the King of Naples.
GONZALO, an honest old Counsellor of Naples.
ADRIAN, } Lords.
FRANCISCO, }
CALIBAN, a savage and deformed Slave.
TRINCULO, a Jester.
STEPHANO, a drunken Butler.
Master of a Ship, Boatswain, and Mariners.

MIRANDA, Daughter to Prospero.

ARIEL, an airy Spirit.
IRIS, }
CERES, }
JUNO, } Spirits.
Nymphs, }
Reapers, }

Other Spirits attending on Prospero.

SCENE, the Sea, with a Ship; afterwards an uninhabited Island.

THE TEMPEST.

ACT I.

SCENE I. On a Ship at Sea.[1]

A Storm, with Thunder and Lightning.

Enter a Ship-master and a Boatswain.

Mast. BOATSWAIN!

Boats. Here, master: what cheer?

Mast. Good, speak to the mariners: fall to't yarely,[2] or we run ourselves aground: bestir, bestir. [*Exit.*

Enter Mariners.

Boats. Heigh, my hearts! cheerly, cheerly, my hearts! yare, yare: Take in the top-sail; tend to the master's whistle. — Blow till thou burst thy wind, if room enough!

Enter ALONZO, SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, FERDINAND, GONZALO, *and others.*

Alon. Good boatswain, have care. Where's the master? Play the men.[3]

[1] Upon this scene Coleridge finely remarks: "The romance opens with a busy scene admirably appropriate to the kind of drama, and giving, as it were, the key-note to the whole harmony. It is the bustle of a tempest, from which the real horrors are abstracted; — therefore it is poetical, though not in strictness natural — (the distinction to which I have so often alluded) — and is purposely restrained from concentering the interest on itself, but is used merely as an induction or tuning for what is to follow." H.

[2] That is, readily, nimbly.

[3] That is, act with spirit, behave like men. Thus Baret in his

Boats. I pray now, keep below.

Ant. Where is the master, boatswain?

Boats. Do you not hear him? You mar our labor: keep your cabins; you do assist the storm.

Gon. Nay, good, be patient.

Boats. When the sea is. Hence! What care these roarers for the name of king? To cabin: silence! trouble us not.

Gon. Good; yet remember whom thou hast aboard.

Boats. None that I more love than myself. You are a counsellor: if you can command these elements to silence, and work the peace of the present, we will not hand a rope more; use your authority: if you cannot, give thanks you have liv'd so long, and make yourself ready in your cabin for the mischance of the hour, if it so hap. — Cheerly, good hearts! — Out of our way, I say. [*Exit.*

Gon. I have great comfort from this fellow: methinks, he hath no drowning mark upon him; his complexion is perfect gallows. Stand fast, good fate, to his hanging! make the rope of his destiny our cable, for our own doth little advantage! If he be not born to be hang'd, our case is miserable.

[*Exeunt.*

Re-enter Boatswain.

Boats. Down with the top-mast:[4] yare; lower,

Alvearie: "*To play the man,* or to show himself a valiant man in any matter."

[4] Of this order Lord Mulgrave, a sailor critic, says: "The striking the topmast was a new invention in Shakespeare's time, which he here very properly introduces. Sir Henry Manwaring says: 'If you have sea-room it is never good to strike the topmast.' Shakespeare has placed his ship in the situation in which it was indisputably right to strike the topmast, — where he had not sea-room." H.

lower: Bring her to try with main-course.[5] [*A cry within.*] A plague upon this howling! they are louder than the weather, or our office.—

Re-enter SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, *and* GONZALO.

Yet again! what do you here? Shall we give o'er, and drown? Have you a mind to sink?

Seb. A pox o' your throat, you bawling, blasphemous, uncharitable dog!

Boats. Work you, then.

Ant. Hang, cur, hang! you whoreson, insolent noise-maker, we are less afraid to be drown'd than thou art.

Gon. I'll warrant him for[6] drowning; though the ship were no stronger than a nut-shell, and as leaky as an unstanched[7] wench.

Boats. Lay her a-hold, a-hold: set her two courses;[8] off to sea again; lay her off.

[5] This is a sea phrase. "As the gale increases the topmast is struck, to take the weight from aloft, make the ship drive less to leeward, and bear the mainsail, under which the ship is laid to." Smith, in his Sea Grammar, 1627, explains it: "To hale the tacke aboord, the sheate close aft, the boling set up, and the helme tied close aboord." H.

[6] *For* is here archaic, and used in the sense of *from;* so that Theobald's substitution of the latter word is needless. Of course Gonzalo has in mind the old proverb,—"He that is born to be hanged will never be drowned." H.

[7] In Beaumont and Fletcher's Mad Lover, Chilas says to the frightened priestess:

"Be quiet, and be *staunch* too; no *inundations.*"

[8] Stevens printed this, *set her two courses off,* which Captain Glascock objects to, and says: "The ship's head is to be put leeward, and the vessel to be drawn off the land under that canvass nautically denominated the two courses." The punctuation we have given is Lord Mulgrave's. Holt says: "The courses meant are two of the three lowest and largest sails of a ship, so called because they contribute most to give her way through the water, and thus enable her to feel the helm, and steer her *course* better than when they are not *set* or spread to the wind." *To lay a ship a-hold,* is to bring her to lie as near the wind as she can, in order to keep clear of the land, and get her out to sea. H.

Enter Mariners, wet.

Mar. All lost! to prayers, to prayers! all lost! [*Exeunt.*

Boats. What! must our mouths be cold?

Gon. The king and prince at prayers! let us assist them,
For our case is as theirs.

Seb. I am out of patience.

Ant. We are merely[9] cheated of our lives by drunkards. —
This wide-chapp'd rascal! —'would, thou might'st lie drowning,
The washing of ten tides.

Gon. He'll be hang'd yet;
Though every drop of water swear against it,
And gape at wid'st to glut[10] him.

[*A confused noise within. — Mercy on us! We split, we split! — Farewell, my wife and children! — Farewell, brother! — We split, we split, we split!*[11]]

Ant. Let's all sink with the king. [*Exit.*

Seb. Let's take leave of him. [*Exit.*

Gon. Now would I give a thousand furlongs of sea for an acre of barren ground; long heath, brown furze, any thing: The wills above be done! but I would fain die a dry death.[12] [*Exit.*

[9] *Merely*, absolutely, entirely; *Meré*, Lat.

[10] To *englut*, to *swallow* him.

[11] This passage is usually printed as a part of Gonzalo's speech; which is clearly wrong. Dr. Johnson suggested that the words here enclosed in brackets should be given as a part, or rather as the particulars of the *confused noise within*. Which is so obviously right that we should hardly hesitate to adopt it, even if we had not the great authority of Dyce and Halliwell for doing so. H.

[12] In Boswell's edition is a paper from Lord Mulgrave, showing that the Poet must either have drawn his technical knowledge of seamanship from accurate personal observation, or else have had a remarkable power of applying the information gained from others. And he thinks Shakespeare must have conversed with some of the best seamen of the time, as "no books had then

SCENE II.

The Island: before the Cell of PROSPERO.

Enter PROSPERO *and* MIRANDA.

Mira. If by your art, my dearest father, you have
Put the wild waters in this roar, allay them:
The sky, it seems, would pour down stinking pitch,
But that the sea, mounting to the welkin's cheek,
Dashes the fire out. O! I have suffered
With those that I saw suffer: a brave vessel,
Who had no doubt some noble creatures in her,
Dash'd all to pieces. O! the cry did knock
Against my very heart. Poor souls! they perish'd.
Had I been any god of power, I would
Have sunk the sea within the earth, or e'er [1]
It should the good ship so have swallow'd, and
The fraughting souls within her.

Pro. Be collected:
No more amazement: tell your piteous heart,
There's no harm done.

Mira. O, woe the day!

Pro. No harm.
I have done nothing but in care of thee,
(Of thee, my dear one! thee, my daughter!) who
Art ignorant of what thou art, nought knowing

been published on the subject." He then exhibits the ship in five positions, and shows how truly these are represented by the words of the dialogue, and says: "The succession of events is strictly observed in the natural progress of the distress described: the expedients adopted are the best that could have been devised for a chance of safety: the words of command are not only strictly proper, but are only such as point to the object to be attained, and no superfluous ones of detail." Captain Glascock says: "The Boatswain in The Tempest delivers himself in the true vernacular style of the forecastle." H.

[1] i. e. *Before, sooner than;* as in Ecclesiastes, "*or ever* the silver cord be loosed;" and again in Daniel, "*or ever* they came to the bottom of the den" H.

Of whence I am; nor that I am more better[2]
Than Prospero, master of a full poor cell,
And thy no greater father.

Mira. More to know
Did never meddle[3] with my thoughts.

Pro. 'Tis time
I should inform thee further. Lend thy hand,
And pluck my magic garment from me. — So:
[*Lays down his mantle.*
Lie there, my art.[4] — Wipe thou thine eyes; have comfort.
The direful spectacle of the wreck, which touch'd
The very virtue of compassion in thee,
I have with such prevision in mine art
So safely order'd, that there is no soul —
No, not so much perdition as an hair,
Betid to any creature in the vessel
Which thou heard'st cry, which thou saw'st sink. Sit down;
For thou must now know further.

Mira. You have often
Begun to tell me what I am; but stopp'd,
And left me to a bootless inquisition;
Concluding, "Stay, not yet." —

Pro. The hour's now come,
The very minute bids thee ope thine ear;
Obey, and be attentive. Canst thou remember
A time before we came unto this cell?
I do not think thou canst; for then thou wast not
Out[5] three years old.

[2] The double comparative is in frequent use among our elder writers.

[3] To *meddle*, is to *mix*, or *mingle* with.

[4] Lord Burleigh, when he put off his gown at night, used to say, "Lie there, Lord Treasurer." — *Fuller's Holy State.*

[5] *Out* is used for *entirely, quite.* Thus in Act iv.: "And be a boy righ *out.*"

Mira. Certainly, sir, I can.

Pro. By what? by any other house, or person?
Of any thing the image tell me, that
Hath kept with thy remembrance.

Mira. 'Tis far off;
And rather like a dream than an assurance
That my remembrance warrants: Had I not
Four or five women once, that tended me?

Pro. Thou hadst, and more, Miranda: But how is it,
That this lives in thy mind? What seest thou else
In the dark backward and abysm[6] of time?
If thou remember'st aught, ere thou cam'st here,
How thou cam'st here, thou may'st.

Mira. But that I do not.

Pro. Twelve year since, Miranda, twelve year since,
Thy father was the duke of Milan, and
A prince of power.

Mira. Sir, are not you my father?

Pro. Thy mother was a piece of virtue, and
She said — thou wast my daughter; and thy father
Was duke of Milan; and his only heir
And princess no worse issued.[7]

Mira. O, the heavens!
What foul play had we, that we came from thence?
Or blessed was't, we did?

Pro. Both, both, my girl.

[6] *Abysm* was the old mode of spelling *abyss*; from its French original *abisme*.

[7] This line is usually printed thus:

"A princess; — no worse issued:" —

which might indeed be admitted, but that there is no authority for it in the original; nor any need of the change, the sense being clear enough without it. H.

By foul play, as thou say'st, were we heav'd thence
But blessedly holp hither.

Mira. O, my heart bleeds
To think o' the teen[8] that I have turn'd you to,
Which is from my remembrance! Please you, fu
ther.

Pro. My brother, and thy uncle, call'd Antonio -
I pray thee, mark me, — that a brother should
Be so perfidious! — he whom, next thyself,
Of all the world I lov'd, and to him put
The manage of my state; as, at that time,
Through all the signiories it was the first,
And Prospero the prime duke, being so reputed
In dignity; and, for the liberal arts,
Without a parallel: those being all my study,
The government I cast upon my brother,
And to my state grew stranger, being transporte
And rapt in secret studies. Thy false uncle —
Dost thou attend me?

Mira. Sir, most heedfully.

Pro. Being once perfected how to grant suits,
How to deny them; whom to advance, and who
To trash[9] for overtopping; new created
The creatures that were mine, I say, or chang'd then
Or else new form'd them: having both the key
Of officer and office, set all hearts i' the state
To what tune pleas'd his ear; that now he was
The ivy, which had hid my princely trunk,

[8] *Teen* is grief, sorrow.

[9] *To trash* means to check the pace or progress of any on
The term is said to be still in use among sportsmen in the Nort
and signifies to correct a dog for misbehaviour in pursuing t
game; or *overtopping* or outrunning the rest of the pack. *Trash*
are clogs strapped round the neck of a dog to prevent his ove
speed. Todd has given four instances from Hammond's wor
of the word in this sense: "Clog and *trash*" — "encumber a
trash" — "to *trash* or overslow" — and "foreslowed and *trashed*

And suck'd my verdure out on't. — Thou attend'st not.

Mira. O good sir! I do.

Pro. I pray thee, mark me.
I thus neglecting worldly ends, all dedicated
To closeness, and the bettering of my mind
With that, which, but by being so retir'd,
O'er-priz'd all popular rate,[10] in my false brother
Awak'd an evil nature: and my trust,
Like a good parent,[11] did beget of him
A falsehood, in its contrary as great
As my trust was; which had, indeed, no limit,
A confidence sans bound. He being thus lorded,
Not only with what my revenue yielded,
But what my power might else exact, — like one,
Who having, unto truth, by telling of it,[12]
Made such a sinner of his memory,
To credit his own lie, — he did believe
He was indeed the duke; out o' the substitution,
And executing the outward face of royalty,
With all prerogative: — Hence his ambition
Growing, — Dost thou hear?

Mira. Your tale, sir, would cure deafness.

Pro. To have no screen between this part he play'd
And him he play'd it for, he needs will be

[10] The sense is here rendered somewhat obscure by the brevity of expression. The meaning seems to be: "Which would have exceeded all popular estimate, but that it withdrew me from my public duties;" as if he were sensible of his error in getting so "rapt in secret studies" as to leave the State a prey to violence and usurpation. H.

[11] Alluding to the observation that a father above the common rate of men has generally a son below it.

[12] *It* here refers to *lie* in the second line below. So that the meaning is: "Who, having made his memory such a sinner to truth by lying, that he came to believe his own lie." In like manner Tacitus says of certain men, *fingebant simul credebant que.* H.

Absolute Milan: Me, poor man! — my library
Was dukedom large enough: of temporal royalties
He thinks me now incapable; confederates
(So dry he was for sway) with the king of Naples,
To give him annual tribute, do him homage,
Subject his coronet to his crown, and bend
The dukedom, yet unbow'd, (alas, poor Milan!)
To most ignoble stooping.

Mira. O the heavens!

Pro. Mark his condition, and the event; then tell me,
If this might be a brother.

Mira. I should sin
To think but nobly of my grandmother:
Good wombs have borne bad sons.

Pro. Now the condition.
This king of Naples, being an enemy
To me inveterate, hearkens my brother's suit;
Which was, that he in lieu[13] o' the premises, —
Of homage, and I know not how much tribute, —
Should presently extirpate me and mine
Out of the dukedom; and confer fair Milan,
With all the honours, on my brother: Whereon,
A treacherous army levied, one midnight
Fated to the purpose, did Antonio open
The gates of Milan; and, i' the dead of darkness,
The ministers for the purpose hurried thence
Me, and thy crying self.

Mira. Alack, for pity!
I, not rememb'ring how I cried out then,
Will cry it o'er again: it is a hint,[14]
That wrings mine eyes to't.

[13] In *lieu* of the premises; that is, "in *consideration* of the premises," &c.

[14] *Hint* is here used for *cause* or *subject*. Thus in a future passage we have: "Our *hint* of woe."

Pro. Hear a little further,
And then I'll bring thee to the present business
Which now's upon us; without the which, this story
Were most impertinent.

Mira. Wherefore did they not
That hour destroy us?

Pro. Well demanded, wench:
My tale provokes that question. Dear, they durst not,
So dear the love my people bore me, nor set
A mark so bloody on the business; but
With colours fairer painted their foul ends.
In few, they hurried us aboard a bark;
Bore us some leagues to sea, where they prepar'd
A rotten carcass of a boat, not rigg'd,
Nor tackle, sail, nor mast; the very rats
Instinctively have quit[15] it: there they hoist us,
To cry to the sea that roar'd to us; to sigh
To the winds, whose pity, sighing back again,
Did us but loving wrong.

Mira. Alack! what trouble
Was I then to you!

Pro. O! a cherubin
Thou wast, that did preserve me! Thou didst smile,
Infused with a fortitude from heaven,
When I have deck'd[16] the sea with drops full salt;
Under my burden groan'd; which rais'd in me
An undergoing stomach,[17] to bear up
Against what should ensue.

[15] *Quit* was commonly used for *quitted.*

[16] There is a good deal of doubt as to what sense this word is here used in, — whether it be *to adorn*, or *to cover;* of which the former seems inappropriate, and the other altogether forced. Some good editors think it should be *degg'd;* a word still used in the north of England for *to sprinkle.* This sense is so much better than either of the others, that we cannot help thinking it the right one. H.

[17] *Stomach* is here used in its old sense of *courage.* H

Mira. How came we ashore?
Pro. By Providence divine.
Some food we had, and some fresh water, that
A noble Neapolitan, Gonzalo,
Out of his charity, (who being then appointed
Master of this design,) did give us; with
Rich garments, linens, stuffs, and necessaries,
Which since have steaded much: so, of his gentleness,
Knowing I lov'd my books, he furnish'd me,
From my own library, with volumes that
I prize above my dukedom.
Mira. 'Would I might
But ever see that man!
Pro. Now I arise:—
Sit still, and hear the last of our sea-sorrow.
Here in this island we arriv'd; and here
Have I, thy school-master, made thee more profit
Than other princes can, that have more time
For vainer hours, and tutors not so careful.
Mira. Heavens thank you for't! And now, I pray you, sir,
(For still 'tis beating in my mind,) your reason
For raising this sea-storm?
Pro. Know thus far forth.—
By accident most strange, bountiful fortune,
Now my dear lady, hath mine enemies
Brought to this shore: and by my prescience
I find my zenith doth depend upon
A most auspicious star; whose influence
If now I court not, but omit, my fortunes
Will ever after droop.—Here cease more questions:
Thou art inclin'd to sleep; 'tis a good dulness,
And give it way:—I know thou canst not choose.—
[MIRANDA *sleeps.*

Come away, servant, come: I am ready now;
Approach, my Ariel: come.

Enter ARIEL.

Ari. All hail, great master! grave sir, hail! I come
To answer thy best pleasure; be't to fly,
To swim, to dive into the fire, to ride
On the curl'd clouds:[18] to thy strong bidding, task
Ariel, and all his quality.[19]
Pro. Hast thou, spirit,
Perform'd to point[20] the tempest that I bade thee?
Ari. To every article.
I boarded the king's ship; now on the beak,
Now in the waist,[21] the deck, in every cabin,
I flam'd amazement: Sometimes, I'd divide,
And burn in many places; on the top-mast,
The yards, and bowsprit, would I flame distinctly,
Then meet, and join. Jove's lightnings, the precursors
O the dreadful thunder-claps, more momentary

[18] This is imitated in Fletcher's Faithful Shepherdess:

"tell me, sweetest,
What new service now is meetest
For the satyre; shall I stray
In the middle air, and stay
The sailing racke, or nimbly take
Hold by the moon, and gently make
Suit to the pale queen of night,
For a beame to give thee light?
Shall I dive into the sea,
And bring thee coral, making way
Through the rising waves," &c.

[19] Ariel's *quality* is not his confederates, but the *powers of his nature* as a spirit.

[20] i. e. to the minutest article; from the French *à point*.

[21] *Beak*, the prow of the ship: *waist*, the part between the quarter-deck and forecastle.

And sight-out-running were not: The fire, and cracks
Of sulphurous roaring, the most mighty Neptune
Seem to besiege, and make his bold waves tremble,
Yea, his dread trident shake.

Pro. My brave spirit!
Who was so firm, so constant, that this coil [22]
Would not infect his reason?

Ari. Not a soul
But felt a fever of the mad,[23] and play'd
Some tricks of desperation: All, but mariners,
Plung'd in the foaming brine, and quit the vessel,
Then all a-fire with me: the king's son, Ferdinand,
With hair up-staring, (then like reeds, not hair,)
Was the first man that leap'd; cried, "Hell is empty,
And all the devils are here."

Pro. Why, that's my spirit!
But was not this nigh shore?

Ari. Close by, my master.

Pro. But are they, Ariel, safe?

Ari. Not a hair perish'd;
On their sustaining garments not a blemish,
But fresher than before: and as thou bad'st me,
In troops I have dispers'd them 'bout the isle:
The king's son have I landed by himself;
Whom I left cooling of the air with sighs,
In an odd angle of the isle, and sitting,
His arms in this sad knot.

Pro. Of the king's ship,
The mariners, say, how thou hast dispos'd,
And all the rest o' the fleet?

[22] *Coil* is *bustle, tumult.*

[23] That is, such a fever as madmen feel when the frantic fit is on them.

Ari. Safely in harbour
Is the king's ship; in the deep nook, where once
Thou call'dst me up at midnight to fetch dew
From the still-vex'd Bermoothes,[24] there she's hid:
The mariners all under hatches stow'd;
Whom, with a charm join'd to their suffer'd labour,
I have left asleep: and for the rest o' the fleet,
Which I dispers'd, they all have met again;
And are upon the Mediterranean flote,[25]
Bound sadly home for Naples;
Supposing that they saw the king's ship wreck'd,
And his great person perish.

Pro. Ariel, thy charge
Exactly is perform'd; but there's more work:
What is the time o' the day?

Ari. Past the mid season.

Pro. At least two glasses: The time 'twixt six and now
Must by us both be spent most preciously.

Ari. Is there more toil? Since thou must give me pains,
Let me remember thee what thou hast promis'd,
Which is not yet perform'd me.

Pro. How now! moody?
What is't thou canst demand?

Ari. My liberty.

Pro. Before the time be out? no more.

Ari. I prithee,

[24] The epithet here applied to the Bermudas will be best understood by those who have seen the chafing of the sea over the rugged rocks by which they are surrounded, and which renders access to them so difficult. It was then the current opinion that the Bermudas were inhabited by *monsters* and *devils*.

[25] i. e. wave, or the sea. *Flot*, Fr.

Remember, I have done thee worthy service;
Told thee no lies, made thee no mistakings, serv'd
Without or grudge or grumblings: Thou didst promise
To bate me a full year.

Pro. Dost thou forget
From what a torment I did free thee?

Ari. No.

Pro. Thou dost; and think'st it much, to tread the ooze
Of the salt deep;
To run upon the sharp wind of the north;
To do me business in the veins o' the earth,
When it is bak'd with frost.

Ari. I do not, sir.

Pro. Thou liest, malignant thing! Hast thou forgot
The foul witch, Sycorax, who, with age and envy,
Was grown into a hoop? hast thou forgot her?

Ari. No, sir.

Pro. Thou hast: Where was she born? speak; tell me.

Ari. Sir, in Argier.[26]

Pro. O! was she so? I must,
Once in a month, recount what thou hast been,
Which thou forget'st. This damn'd witch, Sycorax,
For mischiefs manifold, and sorceries terrible
To enter human hearing, from Argier,
Thou know'st, was banish'd: for one thing she did,
They would not take her life: Is not this true?

Ari. Ay, sir.

Pro. This blue-ey'd hag was hither brought with child,
And here was left by the sailors: Thou, my slave,

[26] The old English name of *Algiers*

As thou report'st thyself, wast then her servant:
And, for thou wast a spirit too delicate
To act her earthy and abhorr'd commands,
Refusing her grand hests,[27] she did confine thee,
By help of her more potent ministers,
And in her most unmitigable rage,
Into a cloven pine; within which rift
Imprison'd, thou didst painfully remain
A dozen years; within which space she died,
And left thee there; where thou didst vent thy groans,
As fast as mill-wheels strike: Then was this island
(Save for the son that she did litter here,
A freckled whelp, hag-born) not honour'd with
A human shape.

Ari. Yes; Caliban her son.

Pro. Dull thing, I say so; he, that Caliban,
Whom now I keep in service. Thou best know'st
What torment I did find thee in: thy groans
Did make wolves howl, and penetrate the breasts
Of ever-angry bears: It was a torment
To lay upon the damn'd, which Sycorax
Could not again undo: it was mine art,
When I arriv'd, and heard thee, that made gape
The pine, and let thee out.

Ari. I thank thee, master.

Pro. If thou more murmur'st, I will rend an oak,
And peg thee in his knotty entrails, till
Thou hast howl'd away twelve winters.

Ari. Pardon, master:
I will be correspondent to command,
And do my spriting gently.

Pro. Do so; and after two days
I will discharge thee.

[27] *Behests, commands*

Ari. That's my noble master!
What shall I do? say what: what shall I do?
Pro. Go, make thyself like a nymph o' the sea be subject
To no sight but thine and mine; invisible
To every eyeball else. Go, take this shape,
And hither come in't: go; hence, with diligence.
[*Exit* ARIEL
Awake, dear heart, awake! thou hast slept well;
Awake!
Mira. The strangeness of your story put
Heaviness in me.
Pro. Shake it off: Come on:
We'll visit Caliban, my slave, who never
Yields us kind answer.
Mira. 'Tis a villain, sir,
I do not love to look on.
Pro. But, as 'tis,
We cannot miss[28] him: he does make our fire,
Fetch in our wood, and serves in offices
That profit us. What ho! slave! Caliban!
Thou earth, thou! speak.
Cal. [*Within.*] There's wood enough within.
Pro. Come forth, I say: there's other business for thee:
Come forth, thou tortoise! when?[29]

Re-enter ARIEL, *like a Water-nymph.*

Fine apparition! My quaint[30] Ariel,
Hark in thine ear.
Ari. My lord, it shall be done. [*Exit*

[28] i. e. we cannot *do without* him. The phrase is still common in the midland counties.
[29] This is a common expression of impatience.
[30] *Quaint* here means *brisk*, from the French *cointe*

Pro. Thou poisonous slave, got by the devil himself
Upon thy wicked dam, come forth!

Enter CALIBAN.

Cal. As wicked dew as e'er my mother brush'd
With raven's feather from unwholesome fen
Drop on you both! a south-west blow on ye,
And blister you all o'er!

Pro. For this, be sure, to-night thou shalt have cramps,
Side-stitches that shall pen thy breath up; urchins[31]
Shall, for that vast[32] of night that they may work,
All exercise on thee: thou shalt be pinch'd
As thick as honey-combs, each pinch more stinging
Than bees that made them.

Cal. I must eat my dinner.
This island's mine, by Sycorax my mother,
Which thou tak'st from me. When thou camest first,
Thou strok'dst me, and mad'st much of me; would'st give me
Water with berries in't; and teach me how
To name the bigger light, and how the less,
That burn by day and night: and then I lov'd thee,
And show'd thee all the qualities o' the isle,
The fresh springs, brine pits, barren place, and fertile:

[31] *Urchins* were fairies of a particular class. Hedgehogs were also called *urchins;* and it is probable that the sprites were so named, because they were of a mischievous kind, the *urchin* being anciently deemed a very noxious animal. In the phrase still current, "a little urchin," the idea of the fairy still remains.

[32] So in Hamlet, Act i. sc. 2, "in the dead *vast* and middle of the night;" meaning the silent void or vacancy of night, when spirits were anciently supposed to walk abroad on errands of ore, or sport, or mischief. H.

Cursed be I that did so! — All the charms
Of Sycorax, toads, beetles, bats, light on you!
For I am all the subjects that you have,
Which first was mine own king: and here you sty me
In this hard rock, whiles you do keep from me
The rest o' the island.

Pro. Thou most lying slave,
Whom stripes may move, not kindness, I have us'd thee,
Filth as thou art, with human care; and lodg'd thee
In mine own cell, till thou didst seek to violate
The honor of my child.

Cal. O ho, O ho! — 'would it had been done!
Thou didst prevent me; I had peopled else
This isle with Calibans.

Pro. Abhorred slave,
Which any print of goodness will not take,
Being capable of all ill! I pitied thee,
Took pains to make thee speak, taught thee each hour
One thing or other: when thou didst not, savage,
Know thine own meaning, but would'st gabble like
A thing most brutish, I endow'd thy purposes
With words that made them known: But thy vile race,
Though thou didst learn, had that in't which good natures
Could not abide to be with; therefore wast thou
Deservedly confin'd into this rock,
Who hadst deserv'd more than a prison.

Cal. You taught me language; and my profit on't
Is, I know how to curse: The red plague rid[33] you,
For learning me your language!

[33] Destroy.

Pro. Hag-seed, hence!
Fetch us in fuel; and be quick, thou wert best,
To answer other business. Shrug'st thou, malice?
If thou neglect'st, or dost unwillingly
What I command, I'll rack thee with old cramps;
Fill all thy bones with aches;[34] make thee roar,
That beasts shall tremble at thy din.

Cal. No, 'pray thee! —
[*Aside.*] I must obey: his art is of such power,
It would control my dam's god, Setebos,[35]
And make a vassal of him.

Pro. So, slave; hence!
[*Exit* CALIBAN.

Re-enter ARIEL *invisible, playing and singing:* FERDINAND *following him.*

ARIEL'S *Song.*

Come unto these yellow sands,
And then take hands:

[34] *Aches* was formerly a word of two syllables, and is required by the measure to be so here. Of this there are many examples in the old writers. Some of our readers may have heard of the clamour that was raised against Kemble for pronouncing the word thus on the stage; wherein some may still think he followed an old custom at the expense of good judgment. H.

[35] *Setebos* was the name of an American god, or rather devil, worshipped by the Patagonians. In Eden's "History of Travaile," printed in 1577, is an account of Magellan's voyage to the South Pole, containing a description of this god and his worshippers; wherein the author says. "When they felt the shackles fast about their legs, they began to doubt; but the captain did put them in comfort and bade them stand still. In fine, when they saw how they were deceived, they roared like bulls, and cryed upon their *great devil Setebos*, to help them." Sycorax, as we have seen, was from Algiers, where she doubtless learned to worship this god. So that here the Poet has but transferred into the neighbourhood of his scene the matter of some of the then recent discoveries in America. H

Court'sied when you have, and kiss'd
The wild waves whist,[36]
Foot it featly here and there;
And, sweet sprites, the burden bear.
Hark, hark!

Burden. [*Dispersedly.*] *Bowgh, wowgh.*
The watch-dogs bark:

Burden. [*Dispersedly.*] *Bowgh, wowgh.*
Hark, hark! I hear
The strain of strutting chanticlere
Cry, Cock-a-doodle-doo.

Fer. Where should this music be? i' the air, or the earth?
It sounds no more; — and sure, it waits upon
Some god o' the island. Sitting on a bank,
Weeping again the king my father's wreck,
This music crept by me upon the waters;
Allaying both their fury, and my passion,
With its sweet air: thence I have follow'd it,
Or it hath drawn me rather: — But 'tis gone.
No, it begins again.

ARIEL *sings.*

Full fathom five thy father lies;
Of his bones are coral made;
Those are pearls that were his eyes:
Nothing of him that doth fade,
But doth suffer a sea-change
Into something rich and strange.
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell:

Burden. *Ding-dong.*
Hark! now I hear them, — ding-dong, bell.

Fer. The ditty does remember my drown'd father. —

[36] i. e. "court'sied and kiss'd the wild waves" into silence; — a delicate touch of poetry that is quite lost, as the passage is usually printed; the line, *The wild waves whist*, being made

This is no mortal business, nor no sound
That the earth owes :[37]— I hear it now above me.

Pro. The fringed curtains of thine eye advance,
And say, what thou seest yond'.

Mira. What is't ? a spirit ?
Lord, how it looks about ! Believe me, sir,
It carries a brave form : — But 'tis a spirit.

Pro. No, wench : it eats and sleeps, and hath such senses
As we have, such. This gallant, which thou seest,
Was in the wreck ; and, but he's something stain'd
With grief, that's beauty's canker, thou might'st call him
A goodly person. He hath lost his fellows,
And strays about to find them.

Mira. I might call him
A thing divine ; for nothing natural
I ever saw so noble.

Pro. [*Aside.*] It goes on, I see,
As my soul prompts it : — Spirit, fine spirit ! I'll free thee
Within two days for this.

Fer. Most sure, the goddess
On whom these airs attend ! — Vouchsafe, my prayer
May know, if you remain upon this island ;
And that you will some good instruction give,
How I may bear me here : My prime request,
Which I do last pronounce, is, O you wonder !
If you be maid,[38] or no ?

parenthetical, and that too without any authority from the original. Such are the improvements sometimes foisted in by those who prefer grammar to poetry, and cannot read a song without thinking of Syntax. H.

[37] i. e. *owns.* To *owe* was to *possess* or *own*, in ancient language.

[38] Ferdinand has already spoken of Miranda as a goddess.

Mira. No wonder, sir;
But, certainly a maid.
Fer. My language! heavens! —
I am the best of them that speak this speech,
Were I but where 'tis spoken.
Pro. How! the best?
What wert thou, if the king of Naples heard thee?
Fer. A single thing,[39] as I am now, that wonders
To hear thee speak of Naples: He does hear me;
And, that he does, I weep: myself am Naples;
Who with mine eyes, ne'er since at ebb, beheld
The king my father wreck'd.
Mira. Alack, for mercy!
Fer. Yes, faith, and all his lords; the duke of Milan,
And his brave son, being twain.
Pro. The duke of Milan,
And his more braver daughter, could control[40] thee,
If now 'twere fit to do't. — [*Aside.*] At the first sight
They have chang'd eyes: — Delicate Ariel,
I'll set thee free for this! — [*To* FERD.] A word, good sir:
I fear, you have done yourself some wrong:[41] a word.
Mira. Why speaks my father so ungently? This
Is the third man that e'er I saw; the first
That e'er I sigh'd for: Pity move my father
To be inclin'd my way!

he now asks, if she be a mortal; not a celestial being, but a maiden. Of course her answer is to be taken in the same sense as his question. H.

[39] i. e. a *weak, feeble* thing. The Poet elsewhere uses *single* in this sense; as in Macbeth: "Shakes so my *single* state of man." H.

[40] To *control* here signifies to *confute*, to contradict unanswerably. The ancient meaning of *control* was to *check* or exhibit *a contrary account*, from the old French *contre-roller*.

[41] i. e. done wrong to your character, in claiming to be king of Naples.

Fer. O! if a virgin,
And your affection not gone forth, I'll make you
The queen of Naples.

Pro. Soft, sir: one word more. —
[*Aside.*] They are both in either's powers: but this swift business
I must uneasy make, lest too light winning
Make the prize light. — [*To* FERD.] One word more: I charge thee,
That thou attend me: thou dost here usurp
The name thou ow'st not; and hast put thyself
Upon this island, as a spy, to win it
From me, the lord on't.

Fer. No, as I am a man.

Mira. There's nothing ill can dwell in such a temple:
If the ill spirit have so fair a house,
Good things will strive to dwell with't.

Pro. [*To* FERD.] Follow me. —
Speak not you for him; he's a traitor. — Come:
I'll manacle thy neck and feet together;
Sea-water shalt thou drink, thy food shall be
The fresh-brook muscles, wither'd roots, and husks,
Wherein the acorn cradled: Follow.

Fer. No:
I will resist such entertainment, till
Mine enemy has more power.
[*He draws, and is charmed from moving.*

Mira. O dear father,
Make not too rash a trial of him, for
He's gentle, and not fearful.

Pro. What! I say:
My foot my tutor! — Put thy sword up, traitor;
Who mak'st a show, but dar'st not strike, thy conscience

Is so possess'd with guilt: come from thy ward;[42]
For I can here disarm thee with this stick,
And make thy weapon drop.

Mira. Beseech you, father!

Pro. Hence! hang not on my garments.

Mira. Sir, have pity:
I'll be his surety.

Pro. Silence! one word more
Shall make me chide thee, if not hate thee. What!
An advocate for an impostor? hush!
Thou think'st there are no more such shapes as he,
Having seen but him and Caliban: Foolish wench!
To the most of men this is a Caliban,
And they to him are angels.

Mira. My affections
Are then most humble: I have no ambition
To see a goodlier man.

Pro. [*To* FERD.] Come on; obey:
Thy nerves are in their infancy again,
And have no vigor in them.

Fer. So they are:
My spirits, as in a dream, are all bound up.
My father's loss, the weakness which I feel,
The wreck of all my friends, or this man's threats,
To whom I am subdued, are but light to me,
Might I but through my prison once a day
Behold this maid: all corners else o' the earth
Let liberty make use of; space enough
Have I in such a prison.

Pro. [*Aside.*] It works.—[*To* FERD. *and* MIRA
Come on.—
Thou hast done well, fine Ariel!—Follow me.—
[*To* ARIEL.] Hark, what thou else shalt do me.

Mira. Be of comfort:

[42] i. e. posture of defence.

My father's of a better nature, sir,
Than he appears by speech: this is unwonted,
Which now came from him.

Pro. Thou shalt be as free
As mountain winds: but then exactly do
All points of my command.

Ari. To the syllable.

Pro. Come, follow: Speak not for him. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. Another part of the Island.

Enter ALONZO, SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, GONZALO, ADRIAN, FRANCISCO, *and others.*

Gon. 'Beseech you, sir, be merry: you have cause
(So have we all) of joy; for our escape
Is much beyond our loss: Our hint of woe[1]
Is common: every day, some sailor's wife,
The masters of some merchant,[2] and the merchant,
Have just our theme of woe; but for the miracle,
I mean our preservation, few in millions
Can speak like us: then wisely, good sir, weigh
Our sorrow with our comfort.

Alon. Pr'ythee, peace

Seb. He receives comfort like cold porridge.

Ant. The visitor[3] will not give him o'er so.

Seb. Look; he's winding up the watch of his wit: by and by it will strike.

[1] i. e. cause of sorrow.

[2] It was usual to call a *merchant-vessel* a *merchant*, as we now say a *merchant-man.*

[3] He calls Gonzalo the *visitor*, in allusion to the office of one who visits the sick to give advice and consolation.

Gon. Sir, ——

Seb. One: —— Tell.

Gon. When every grief is entertain'd, that's offer'd,
Comes to the entertainer —

Seb. A dollar.

Gon. Dolour comes to him, indeed: you have spoken truer than you purposed.

Seb. You have taken it wiselier than I meant you should.

Gon. Therefore, my lord, —

Ant. Fie, what a spendthrift is he of his tongue!

Alon. I pr'ythee, spare.

Gon. Well, I have done: But yet —

Seb. He will be talking.

Ant. Which of them, he, or Adrian, for a good wager, first begins to crow?

Seb. The old cock.

Ant. The cockrel.

Seb. Done: The wager?

Ant. A laughter.

Seb. A match.

Adr. Though this island seem to be desert, —

Ant. Ha, ha, ha!

Seb. So, you're paid.

Adr. Uninhabitable, and almost inaccessible, —

Seb. Yet —

Adr. Yet —

Ant. He could not miss it.

Adr It must needs be of subtle, tender, and delicate temperance.[4]

Ant. Temperance was a delicate wench.

[4] By *temperance* Adrian means temperature, and Antonio plays upon the word; doubtless an allusion to the Puritan custom of bestowing the names of the cardinal virtues upon their children H.

Seb. Ay, and a subtle; as he most learnedly delivered.

Adr. The air breathes upon us here most sweetly.

Seb. As if it had lungs, and rotten ones.

Ant. Or as 'twere perfum'd by a fen.

Gon. Here is every thing advantageous to life.

Ant. True; save means to live.

Seb. Of that there's none, or little.

Gon. How lush[5] and lusty the grass looks! how green!

Ant. The ground, indeed, is tawny.

Seb. With an eye[6] of green in't.

Ant. He misses not much.

Seb. No; he doth but mistake the truth totally.

Gon. But the rarity of it is, which is indeed almost beyond credit, —

Seb. As many vouch'd rarities are.

Gon. —that our garments, being, as they were, drenched in the sea, hold, notwithstanding, their freshness, and glosses; being rather new dyed than stain'd with salt water.

Ant. If but one of his pockets could speak, would it not say, he lies?

Seb. Ay, or very falsely pocket up his report.

Gon. Methinks, our garments are now as fresh as when we put them on first in Afric, at the marriage of the king's fair daughter Claribel to the king of Tunis.

Seb. 'Twas a sweet marriage, and we prosper well in our return.

Adr. Tunis was never grac'd before with such a paragon to their queen.

[5] i. e. juicy, succulent.

[6] A *tint* or *tinge* of green. So in Sandy's Travels: "Cloth of silver, tissued with an *eye* of green;" and Bayle says: "Red with an *eye* of blue makes a purple."

Gon. Not since widow Dido's time.

Ant. Widow? a pox o' that! How came that widow in? Widow Dido!

Seb. What if he had said widower Æneas too? good lord, how you take it!

Adr. Widow Dido, said you? you make me study of that: she was of Carthage, not of Tunis.

Gon. This Tunis, sir, was Carthage.

Adr. Carthage?

Gon. I assure you, Carthage.

Ant. His word is more than the miraculous harp.[7]

Seb. He hath rais'd the wall, and houses too.

Ant. What impossible matter will he make easy next?

Seb. I think he will carry this island home in his pocket, and give it his son for an apple.

Ant. And sowing the kernels of it in the sea, bring forth more islands.

Gon. Ay?

Ant. Why, in good time.

Gon. Sir, we were talking, that our garments seem now as fresh as when we were at Tunis at the marriage of your daughter, who is now queen.

Ant. And the rarest that e'er came there.

Seb. 'Bate, I beseech you, widow Dido.

Ant. O! widow Dido; ay, widow Dido.

Gon. Is not, sir, my doublet as fresh as the first day I wore it? I mean, in a sort.

Ant. That sort was well fish'd for.

[7] Alluding to

> "The Gift to king Amphion
> That walled a city with its melody."

A lute was given to Amphion by Mercury, and with it he marshalled the stones of Thebes into their places.

Gon. When I wore it at your daughter's marriage?

Alon. You cram these words into mine ears, against
The stomach of my sense: 'Would I had never
Married my daughter there! for, coming thence,
My son is lost; and, in my rate, she too,
Who is so far from Italy remov'd,
I ne'er again shall see her. O thou mine heir
Of Naples and of Milan! what strange fish
Hath made his meal on thee?

Fran. Sir, he may live:
I saw him beat the surges under him,
And ride upon their backs: he trod the water,
Whose enmity he flung aside, and breasted
The surge most swoln that met him: his bold head
'Bove the contentious waves he kept, and oar'd
Himself with his good arms in lusty stroke
To the shore, that o'er his wave-worn basis bow'd,
As stooping to relieve him: I not doubt,
He came alive to land.

Alon. No, no; he's gone.

Seb. Sir, you may thank yourself for this great loss;
That would not bless our Europe with your daughter,
But rather lose her to an African;
Where she, at least, is banish'd from your eye,
Who hath cause to wet the grief on't.[8]

Alon. Pr'ythee, peace.

Seb. You were kneel'd to, and importun'd otherwise
By all of us; and the fair soul herself

[8] The meaning of this line will be clear enough, if *who* be understood as referring to *eye*. *Who* and *which* were often used indiscriminately. M.

Weigh'd, between loathness and obedience, at
Which end o' the beam she'd bow.[9] We have lost
your son,
I fear, for ever: Milan and Naples have
More widows in them of this business' making,
Than we bring men to comfort them: the fault's
Your own.

Alon. So is the dear'st o' the loss.

Gon. My lord Sebastian,
The truth you speak doth lack some gentleness,
And time to speak it in: you rub the sore,
When you should bring the plaster.

Seb. Very well.

Ant. And most chirurgeonly.

Gon. It is foul weather in us all, good sir,
When you are cloudy.

Seb. Foul weather?

Ant. Very foul.

Gon. Had I plantation of this isle, my lord,—

Ant. He'd sow't with nettle-seed.

Seb. Or docks, or mallows.

Gon. And were the king on't, what would I do?

Seb. 'Scape being drunk, for want of wine.

Gon. I' the commonwealth I would by contraries
Execute all things: for no kind of traffic
Would I admit; no name of magistrate;
Letters should not be known; riches, poverty,
And use of service, none; contract, succession
Bourn, bound of land, tilth, vineyard, none:
No use of metal, corn, or wine, or oil:
No occupation; all men idle, all;
And women too; but innocent and pure:
No sovereignty:—

[9] i. e. she was in doubt towards which scale of the balance she should incline.

Seb. Yet he would be king on't.

Ant. The latter end of his commonwealth forgets the beginning.

Gon. All things in common nature should produce
Without sweat or endeavour: treason, felony,
Sword, pike, knife, gun, or need of any engine,[10]
Would I not have; but nature should bring forth,
Of its own kind, all foison,[11] all abundance,
To feed my innocent people.

Seb. No marrying 'mong his subjects?

Ant. None, man; all idle; whores, and knaves.

Gon. I would with such perfection govern, sir,
To excel the golden age.[12]

Seb. 'Save his majesty!

Ant. Long live Gonzalo!

Gon. And, do you mark me, sir?—

Alon. Pr'ythee, no more: thou dost talk nothing to me.

Gon. I do well believe your highness; and did

[10] An *engine* was a term applied to any kind of *machine* in Shakespeare's age.

[11] *Foison* is only another word for *plenty* or *abundance* of provision, but chiefly of the fruits of the earth.

[12] In Montaigne's Essay "Of the Cannibals," translated by Florio in 1603, is the following: "Me seemeth that what in those nations we see by experience, doth not only exceed all the pictures wherewith licentious poesy hath proudly embellished the golden age, and all her quaint inventions to feign a happy condition of man, but also the conception and desire of philosophy. — It is a nation, would I answer Plato, that hath no kind of traffic, no knowledge of letters, no intelligence of numbers, no name of magistrate, nor of politic superiority; no use of service, of riches, or of poverty; no contracts, no successions, no dividences; no occupation, but idle; no respect of kindred, but common; no apparel, but natural; no manuring of lands; no use of wine, corn, or metal. The very words that import lying, falsehood, treason, dissimulation, covetousness, envy, detraction, and pardon, were never heard amongst them." From which it is plain enough, that Montaigne and Gonzalo must have been together, and "fed on one thought." H.

it to minister occasion to these gentlemen, who are of such sensible and nimble lungs, that they always use to laugh at nothing.

Ant. 'Twas you we laugh'd at.

Gon. Who, in this kind of merry fooling, am nothing to you: so you may continue, and laugh at nothing still.

Ant. What a blow was there given!

Seb. An it had not fallen flat-long.

Gon. You are gentlemen of brave mettle: you would lift the moon out of her sphere, if she would continue in it five weeks without changing.

Enter ARIEL *invisible, playing solemn music.*

Seb. We would so, and then go a bat-fowling.

Ant. Nay, good my lord, be not angry.

Gon. No, I warrant you; I will not adventure my discretion so weakly. Will you laugh me asleep, for I am very heavy?

Ant. Go sleep, and hear us.

[*All sleep but* ALON. SEB. *and* ANT.

Alon. What! all so soon asleep? I wish mine eyes
Would, with themselves, shut up my thoughts: I find,
They are inclin'd to do so.

Seb. Please you, sir,
Do not omit the heavy offer of it:
It seldom visits sorrow; when it doth,
It is a comforter.

Ant. We two, my lord,
Will guard your person, while you take your rest,
And watch your safety.

Alon. Thank you: Wondrous heavy

[ALONZO *sleeps. Exit* ARIEL.

Seb. What a strange drowsiness possesses them!
Ant. It is the quality o' the climate.
Seb. Why
Doth it not then our eye-lids sink? I find not
Myself dispos'd to sleep.
Ant. Nor I: my spirits are nimble.
They fell together all, as by consent;
They dropp'd, as by a thunder-stroke. What might
Worthy Sebastian! [13] — O, what might! — No more: —
And yet, methinks, I see it in thy face,
What thou should'st be: The occasion speaks thee; and
My strong imagination sees a crown
Dropping upon thy head.
Seb. What! art thou waking?
Ant. Do you not hear me speak?
Seb. I do; and, surely,
It is a sleepy language; and thou speak'st
Out of thy sleep: What is it thou didst say?
This is a strange repose, to be asleep
With eyes wide open; standing, speaking, moving,
And yet so fast asleep.
Ant. Noble Sebastian,
Thou let'st thy fortune sleep — die rather; wink'st
Whiles thou art waking.
Seb. Thou dost snore distinctly:
There's meaning in thy snores.
Ant. I am more serious than my custom: you
Must be so too, if heed me; which to do,
Trebles thee o'er.[14]
Seb. Well; I am standing water.
Ant. I'll teach you how to flow.

[13] Understand *be* after Sebastian. H
[14] i. e. makes thee three times what thou art now. H

Seb. Do so: to ebb,
Hereditary sloth instructs thee.
Ant. O!
If you but knew how you the purpose cherish,
Whiles thus you mock it! how, in stripping it,
You more invest it! Ebbing men, indeed,
Most often do so near the bottom run
By their own fear, or sloth.
Seb. Pr'ythee, say on:
The setting of thine eye, and cheek, proclaim
A matter from thee; and a birth, indeed,
Which throes thee much to yield.
Ant. Thus, sir:
Although this lord of weak remembrance, this,
(Who shall be of as little memory,
When he is earth'd,) hath here almost persuaded
(For he's a spirit of persuasion, only
Professes to persuade) the king his son's alive;
'Tis as impossible that he's undrown'd,
As he, that sleeps here, swims.
Seb. I have no hope
That he's undrown'd.
Ant. O! out of that no hope,
What great hope have you! no hope, that way, is
Another way so high a hope, that even
Ambition cannot pierce a wink beyond,
But doubts discovery there. Will you grant, with me,
That Ferdinand is drown'd?
Seb. He's gone.
Ant. Then tell me
Who's the next heir of Naples?
Seb. Claribel.
Ant. She that is queen of Tunis; she that dwells
Ten leagues beyond man's life; she that from Naples

Can have no note, unless the sun were post,
(The man i' the moon's too slow,) till new-born chins
Be rough and razorable: she, from whom
We all were sea-swallow'd, though some cast again;
And, by that destiny,[15] to perform an act,
Whereof what's past is prologue; what to come,
In yours and my discharge.[16]

Seb. What stuff is this! — How say you?
'Tis true, my brother's daughter's queen of Tunis;
So is she heir of Naples; 'twixt which regions
There is some space.

Ant. A space whose every cubit
Seems to cry out, "How shall that Claribel
Measure us back to Naples?" — Keep in Tunis,
And let Sebastian wake! — Say, this were death
That now hath seiz'd them; why they were no worse
Than now they are: There be, that can rule Naples
As well as he that sleeps; lords, that can prate
As amply, and unnecessarily,
As this Gonzalo; I myself could make
A chough[17] of as deep chat. O, that you bore
The mind that I do! what a sleep were this
For your advancement! Do you understand me?

Seb. Methinks, I do.

Ant. And how does your content
Tender your own good fortune?

[15] i. e. by their being cast ashore again. H.

[16] This passage has given commentators a fine opportunity of showing their superiority to the Poet in the knowledge of geography. But, besides that in Shakespeare's time a voyage from Milan to Tunis was not so easy as it has been since, could they not see that he purposely makes Antonio exaggerate the distance, to persuade Sebastian into his plans? So that in showing their knowledge of what the Poet did not aim at, they but showed their ignorance of his proper business. As usual. H.

[17] A *chough* is a bird of the jackdaw kind.

Seb. I remember,
You did supplant your brother Prospero.
Ant. True:
And look how well my garments sit upon me;
Much feater than before: My brother's servants
Were then my fellows, now they are my men.
Seb. But, for your conscience —
Ant. Ay, sir; where lies that? if it were a kybe
'Twould put me to my slipper; but I feel not
This deity in my bosom: twenty consciences,
That stand 'twixt me and Milan, candied be they,
And melt, ere they molest! Here lies your brother,
No better than the earth he lies upon,
If he were that which now he's like, that's dead;
Whom I, with this obedient steel, three inches of it,
Can lay to bed for ever: whiles you, doing thus,
To the perpetual wink for aye might put
This ancient morsel, this sir Prudence, who
Should not upbraid our course. For all the rest,
They'll take suggestion,[15] as a cat laps milk;
They'll tell the clock to any business that
We say befits the hour.
Seb. Thy case, dear friend,
Shall be my precedent: as thou got'st Milan,
I'll come by Naples. Draw thy sword: one stroke
Shall free thee from the tribute which thou pay'st;
And I the king shall love thee.
Ant. Draw together
And when I rear my hand, do you the like,
To fall it on Gonzalo.
Seb. O! but one word.
[*They converse apart*

[15] *Suggestion* is frequently used in the sense of *temptation*, or *seduction*, by Shakespeare and his contemporaries.

Music. Re-enter ARIEL, *invisible.*

Ari. My master through his art foresees the danger
That you, his friend, are in; and sends me forth
(For else his project dies,) to keep thee living.
[*Sings in* GONZALO'S *ear*

While you here do snoring lie,
Open-ey'd conspiracy
His time doth take:
If of life you keep a care,
Shake off slumber, and beware:
Awake! awake!

Ant. Then let us both be sudden.

Gon. Now, good angels, preserve the king!
[*They wake*

Alon. Why, how now, ho! awake! Why are you drawn?
Wherefore this ghastly looking?

Gon. What's the matter?

Seb. Whiles we stood here securing your repose,
Even now, we heard a hollow burst of bellowing
Like bulls, or rather lions: did it not wake you?
It struck mine ear most terribly.

Alon. I heard nothing.

Ant. O! 'twas a din to fright a monster's ear;
To make an earthquake: sure it was the roar
Of a whole herd of lions.

Alon. Heard you this, Gonzalo?

Gon. Upon mine honour, sir, I heard a humming,
And that a strange one too, which did awake me:
I shak'd you, sir, and cried; as mine eyes open'd,

[10] *Them* evidently refers to Gonzalo and the king, not to "projects," as the Chiswick edition has it, thus corrupting the text Of course but one of the persons referred to was meant in, *you, his friend.* M.

I saw their weapons drawn: — There was a noise.
That's verity: 'tis best we stand upon our guard,
Or that we quit this place: Let's draw our weapons.

Alon. Lead off this ground; and let's make further search
For my poor son.

Gon. Heavens keep him from these beasts!
For he is, sure, i' the island.

Alon. Lead away.

Ari. [*Aside.*] Prospero, my lord, shall know what I have done:
So, king, go safely on to seek thy son. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. Another part of the Island.

Enter CALIBAN, *with a burden of wood.*

A noise of Thunder heard.

Cal. All the infections that the sun sucks up
From bogs, fens, flats, on Prosper fall, and make him
By inch-meal a disease! His spirits hear me,
And yet I needs must curse. But they'll nor pinch,
Fright me with urchin-shows, pitch me i' the mire,
Nor lead me, like a fire-brand, in the dark
Out of my way, unless he bid them; but
For every trifle are they set upon me:
Sometime like apes, that moe[1] and chatter at me,
And after, bite me; then like hedge-hogs, which
Lie tumbling in my bare-foot way, and mount
Their pricks[2] at my foot-fall; sometime am I
All wound with adders, who, with cloven tongues,
Do hiss me into madness: — Lo, now! lo!

[1] To *moe* is to *make mouths.* "To make a *moe* like an ape. Distorquere os." — *Baret.* Sometimes spelt *mow;* as in Nash's 'Pierce Penniless:" "Nobody at home but an ape, that sat in the porch, and made *mops* and *mows* at him." H.

[2] *Pricks* is the ancient word for *prickles.*

Enter TRINCULO.

Here comes a spirit of his; and to torment me,
For bringing wood in slowly: I'll fall flat;
Perchance he will not mind me.

Trin. Here's neither bush nor shrub, to bear off any weather at all, and another storm brewing; I hear it sing i' the wind: yond' same black cloud, yond' huge one, looks like a foul bumbard[3] that would shed his liquor. If it should thunder, as it did before, I know not where to hide my head: yond' same cloud cannot choose but fall by pailfuls. — What have we here? a man or a fish? Dead or alive? A fish: he smells like a fish; a very ancient and fish-like smell: a kind of, not of the newest, Poor-John. A strange fish! Were I in England now, (as once I was,) and had but this fish painted, not a holiday fool there but would give a piece of silver: there would this monster make a man;[4] any strange beast there makes a man: when they will not give a doit to relieve a lame beggar, they will lay out ten to see a dead Indian. Legg'd like a man! and his fins like arms! Warm, o' my troth! I do now let loose my opinion, hold it no longer; this is no fish but an islander, that hath lately suffered by a thunderbolt. [*Thunder.*] Alas! the storm is come again: my best way is to creep under his gaberdine;[5] there is no other shelter hereabout: Misery acquaints a man with strange bed-fellows.

[3] A *bumbard* is a black jack of leather, to hold beer, &c.

[4] i. e. *make a man's fortune.* Thus in A Midsummer-Night's Dream: "We are all *made men;*" and in the old comedy of Ram Alley: "She's a wench was born to *make us all.*"

[5] A *gaberdine* was a coarse outer garment. "A shepherd's pelt, frock, or *gaberdine*, such a coarse long jacket as our porters wear over the rest of their garments," says Cotgrave. "A kind of rough cassock or frock like an Irish mantle," says Philips.

I will here shroud, till the dregs of the storm be past.

Enter STEPHANO, *singing; a bottle in his hand.*

Ste. I shall no more to sea, to sea,
Here shall I die ashore:—

This is a very scurvy tune to sing at a man's funeral: Well, here's my comfort. [*Drinks*

The master, the swabber, the boatswain, and I,
The gunner, and his mate,
Lov'd Mall, Meg, and Marian, and Margery,
But none of us car'd for Kate:
For she had a tongue with a tang,
Would cry to a sailor, "Go, hang:"
She lov'd not the savour of tar nor of pitch,
Yet a tailor might scratch her where'er she did itch:
Then to sea, boys, and let her go hang.

This is a scurvy tune too: But here's my comfort. [*Drinks.*

Cal. Do not torment me: O!

Ste. What's the matter? Have we devils here? Do you put tricks upon us with savages, and men of Inde? Ha! I have not scap'd drowning, to be afeard now of your four legs; for it hath been said, as proper a man as ever went on four legs cannot make him give ground: and it shall be said so again, while Stephano breathes at nostrils.

Cal. The spirit torments me: O!

Ste. This is some monster of the isle, with four legs; who hath got, as I take it, an ague: Where the devil should he learn our language? I will give him some relief, if it be but for that: If I can recover him, and keep him tame, and get to Naples with him, he's a present for any emperor that ever trod on neat's-leather.

Cal. Do not torment me, pr'ythee: I'll bring my wood home faster.

Ste. He's in his fit now, and does not talk after the wisest. He shall taste of my bottle: if he have never drunk wine afore, it will go near to remove his fit:[6] If I can recover him, and keep him tame, I will not take too much for him:[7] he shall pay for him that hath him, and that soundly.

Cal. Thou dost me yet but little hurt; thou wilt anon, I know it by thy trembling: now Prosper works upon thee.

Ste. Come on your ways; open your mouth: here is that which will give language to you, cat; open your mouth: this will shake your shaking, I can tell you, and that soundly: you cannot tell who's your friend: open your chaps again.

Trin. I should know that voice: It should be — but he is drown'd; and these are devils: O! defend me! —

Ste. Four legs, and two voices! a most delicate monster. His forward voice now is to speak well of his friend; his backward voice is to utter foul speeches, and to detract. If all the wine in my bottle will recover him, I will help his ague: Come, — Amen! I will pour some in thy other mouth.

Trin. Stephano!

Ste. Doth thy other mouth call me? Mercy! mercy! This is a devil, and no monster: I will leave him; I have no long spoon.[8]

[6] No impertinent hint to those who indulge in the constant use of wine. When it is necessary for them as a medicine, it produces no effect.

[7] A piece of vulgar irony, meaning, I'll take as much as I can get.

[8] Shakespeare gives his characters appropriate language: "They belch forth proverbs in their drink," "Good liquor will *make a cat speak*," and "He who eats with the devil had need

Trin. Stephano! — If thou beest Stephano, touch me, and speak to me; for I am Trinculo: — be not afeard, — thy good friend Trinculo.

Ste. If thou beest Trinculo, come forth; I'll pull thee by the lesser legs: If any be Trinculo's legs, these are they. Thou art very Trinculo, indeed! How cam'st thou to be the siege [9] of this moon-calf? Can he vent Trinculos?

Trin. I took him to be kill'd with a thunder-stroke. — But art thou not drown'd, Stephano? I hope now, thou art not drown'd. Is the storm overblown? I hid me under the dead moon-calf's [10] gaberdine for fear of the storm. And art thou living, Stephano? O Stephano! two Neapolitans 'scap'd?

Ste. Pr'ythee, do not turn me about: my stomach is not constant.

Cal. These be fine things, an if they be not sprites. That's a brave god, and bears celestial liquor: I will kneel to him.

Ste. How didst thou 'scape? How cam'st thou hither? swear by this bottle, how thou cam'st hither. I escap'd upon a butt of sack, which the sailors heaved over-board, by this bottle! which I made of the bark of a tree, with mine own hands, since I was cast a-shore.

Cal. I'll swear, upon that bottle, to be thy true subject; for the liquor is not earthly.

Ste. Here; swear then how thou escap'dst.

Trin. Swam a-shore, man, like a duck: I can swim like a duck, I'll be sworn.

of a *long spoon.*" The last is again used in The Comedy of Errors, Act iv. sc. 2.

[9] *Siege* for *stool*, and in the dirtiest sense of the word.

[10] The best account of the *moon-calf* may be found in Drayton's poem with that title.

Ste. Here, kiss the book: Though thou canst swim like a duck, thou art made like a goose.

Trin. O Stephano! hast any more of this?

Ste. The whole butt, man: my cellar is in a rock by the sea-side, where my wine is hid. How now, moon-calf! how does thine ague?

Cal. Hast thou not dropp'd from heaven?[11]

Ste. Out o' the moon, I do assure thee: I was the man i' the moon, when time was.

Cal. I have seen thee in her, and I do adore thee: my mistress show'd me thee, and thy dog, and thy bush.

Ste. Come, swear to that; kiss the book: I will furnish it anon with new contents: swear.

Trin. By this good light, this is a very shallow monster: — I afeard of him? — a very weak monster: — The man i' the moon! — a most poor credulous monster: — Well drawn, monster, in good sooth.

Cal. I'll show thee every fertile inch o' the island; and I will kiss thy foot: I pr'ythee, be my god.

Trin. By this light, a most perfidious and drunken monster! when his god's asleep, he'll rob his bottle.

Cal. I'll kiss thy foot: I'll swear myself thy subject.

Ste. Come on then; down, and swear.

Trin. I shall laugh myself to death at this puppy-headed monster: A most scurvy monster! I could find in my heart to beat him, —

Ste. Come, kiss.

Trin. — but that the poor monster's in drink: An abominable monster!

[11] The Indians of the Island of S. Salvador asked by signs whether Columbus and his companions were *not come down from heaven.*

Cal. I'll show thee the best springs; I'll pluck thee berries;
I'll fish for thee, and get thee wood enough.
A plague upon the tyrant that I serve!
I'll bear him no more sticks, but follow thee,
Thou wondrous man.

Trin. A most ridiculous monster! to make a wonder of a poor drunkard.

Cal. I pr'ythee, let me bring thee where crabs grow;
And I with my long nails will dig thee pig-nuts;
Show thee a jay's nest, and instruct thee how
To snare the nimble marmozet: I'll bring thee
To clustering filberds, and sometimes I'll get thee
Young sea-mells [12] from the rock: Wilt thou go with me?

Ste. I pr'ythee now, lead the way, without any more talking. — Trinculo, the king and all our company else being drown'd, we will inherit here. — Here; bear my bottle. Fellow Trinculo, we'll fill him by and by again.

Cal. [*Sings drunkenly.*] Farewell, master; farewell, farewell.

Trin. A howling monster; a drunken monster!

[12] The original has *scamels* in this place, — a word that has not been found any where else; though Holt, writing in 1749, says impets are called *scams* in some parts of England, and Mr. Halliwell says he has the authority of Mr. Crofton Croker for asserting, that the term is still used in that sense in Ireland. Theobald altered *scamels* into *sea-mells;* wherein he has been followed by some of the best editions, the Chiswick among others. The sea-mell, or sea-mall, is a species of gull, which builds its nest in the rock, and which, when young, was accounted a good dish at the best tables. Dyce, than whom we have no better authority in such matters, thinks *staniel,* now spelt *stannyel,* to be the right word. Stannyel is a species of mountain hawk, and the word is so used in Twelfth Night, Act ii. sc. 5. M.

Cal. No more dams I'll make for fish;
Nor fetch in firing
At requiring,
Nor scrape trencher,[12] nor wash dish:
'Ban, 'Ban, Ca — Caliban,
Has a new master — Get a new man.

Freedom, hey-day! hey-day, freedom! freedom! hey-day, freedom!

Ste. O brave monster! lead the way. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. Before PROSPERO's Cell.

Enter FERDINAND, *bearing a log.*

Fer. There be some sports are painful; and[1] their labour
Delight in them sets off:[2] some kinds of baseness
Are nobly undergone; and most poor matters
Point to rich ends. This my mean task
Would be as heavy to me, as odious; but
The mistress, which I serve, quickens what's dead,
And makes my labours pleasures: O! she is
Ten times more gentle than her father's crabbed;
And he's compos'd of harshness. I must remove
Some thousands of these logs, and pile them up,
Upon a sore injunction: My sweet mistress

[12] The original has *trenchering* here. This was corrected by Dryden and Theobald, yet several later editions hold on to it. Mr. Dyce says: "That *trenchering* is an error of the printer (or transcriber), occasioned by the preceding words fir*ing* and requir*ing*, is beyond a doubt." —— Caliban's words, *get a new man*, are to be understood as referring to Prospero. H

[1] *And* in the sense of *and yet.*

[2] *Molliter austerum studio fallente laborem.* — *Hor.* Sat. ii. l. 2. So, in Macbeth: "The labour we delight in physics pain."

Weeps when she sees me work; and says, such baseness
Had never like executor. I forget:
But these sweet thoughts do even refresh my labour,
Most busiest, when I do it.

Enter MIRANDA, *and* PROSPERO *at a distance.*

Mira. Alas! now, pray you,
Work not so hard: I would, the lightning had
Burnt up those logs, that you are enjoin'd to pile.
Pray, set it down, and rest you: when this burns,
'Twill weep for having wearied you: My father
Is hard at study; pray now, rest yourself;
He's safe for these three hours.

Fer. O, most dear mistress!
The sun will set, before I shall discharge
What I must strive to do.

Mira. If you'll sit down,
I'll bear your logs the while: Pray, give me that;
I'll carry it to the pile.

Fer. No, precious creature:
I'd rather crack my sinews, break my back,
Than you should such dishonour undergo,
While I sit lazy by.

Mira. It would become me
As well as it does you: and I should do it
With much more ease; for my good will is to it,
And yours it is against.

Pro. Poor worm! thou art infected;
This visitation shows it.

Mira. You look wearily.

Fer. No, noble mistress; 'tis fresh morning with me,
When you are by at night. I do beseech you,
(Chiefly, that I might set it in my prayers,)
What is your name?

Mira. Miranda: — O my father!
I have broke your hest[3] to say so.

Fer. Admir'd Miranda!
Indeed the top of admiration; worth
What's dearest to the world! Full many a lady
I have ey'd with best regard; and many a time
The harmony of their tongues hath into bondage
Brought my too diligent ear: for several virtues
Have I lik'd several women; never any
With so full soul, but some defect in her
Did quarrel with the noblest grace she ow'd,[4]
And put it to the foil: But you, O you!
So perfect, and so peerless, are created
Of every creature's best.[5]

Mira. I do not know
One of my sex; no woman's face remember,
Save, from my glass, mine own; nor have I seen
More that I may call men, than you, good friend,
And my dear father: how features are abroad,
I am skill-less of; but, by my modesty,
(The jewel in my dower,) I would not wish
Any companion in the world but you;
Nor can imagination form a shape,
Besides yourself, to like of: But I prattle
Something too wildly, and my father's precepts
I therein do forget.

Fer. I am, in my condition,
A prince, Miranda; I do think, a king;
(I would, not so!) and would no more endure
This wooden slavery, than to suffer

[3] Behest.
[4] Owned.
[5] In the first book of Sidney's Arcadia, a lover says of his mistress: "She is herself of *best things the collection.*" In the third book there is a fable which may have been in Shakespeare's mind.

The flesh-fly blow my mouth. — Hear my soul speak: —
The very instant that I saw you, did
My heart fly to your service; there resides,
To make me slave to it; and, for your sake,
Am I this patient log-man.

Mira. Do you love me?

Fer. O heaven! O earth! bear witness to this sound,
And crown what I profess with kind event,
If I speak true; if hollowly, invert
What best is boded me to mischief! I,
Beyond all limit of what else[6] i' the world,
Do love, prize, honour you.

Mira. I am a fool,
To weep at what I am glad of.

Pro. Fair encounter
Of two most rare affections! Heavens rain grace
On that which breeds between them!

Fer. Wherefore weep you?

Mira. At mine unworthiness, that dare not offer
What I desire to give; and much less take
What I shall die to want: But this is trifling;
And all the more it seeks to hide itself,
The bigger bulk it shows. Hence, bashful cunning
And prompt me, plain and holy innocence!
I am your wife, if you will marry me;
If not, I'll die your maid: to be your fellow[7]
You may deny me; but I'll be your servant,
Whether you will or no.

Fer. My mistress, dearest,
And I thus humble ever.

Mira. My husband then?

[6] *What* else, for *whatsoever* else.
[7] i. e. your companion.

Fer. Ay, with a heart as willing
As bondage e'er of freedom: here's my hand.
Mira. And mine, with my heart in't: And now farewell,
Till half an hour hence.
Fer. A thousand, thousand![8]
[*Exeunt* FER. *and* MIR.
Pro. So glad of this as they, I cannot be,
Who are surpris'd with all; but my rejoicing
At nothing can be more. I'll to my book;
For yet, ere supper time, must I perform
Much business appertaining. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. Another part of the Island.

Enter STEPHANO *and* TRINCULO; CALIBAN *following with a bottle.*

Ste. Tell not me: — when the butt is out, we will drink water; not a drop before: therefore bear up, and board 'em: Servant-monster, drink to me.

Trin. Servant-monster? the folly of this island! They say, there's but five upon this isle: we are three of them; if the other two be brain'd like us, the state totters.

Ste. Drink, servant-monster, when I bid thee: thy eyes are almost set in thy head.

Trin. Where should they be set else? he were a brave monster indeed, if they were set in his tail.

Ste. My man-monster hath drown'd his tongue in sack: for my part, the sea cannot drown me: I swam, ere I could recover the shore, five-and-thirty leagues, off and on, by this light. — Thou shalt be my lieutenant, monster, or my standard.[1]

[8] i. e. a thousand, thousand times farewell.
[1] i. e. ensign.

Trin. Your lieutenant, if you list; he's no standard.

Ste. We'll not run, monsieur monster.

Trin. Nor go neither: but you'll lie like dogs, and yet say nothing neither.

Ste. Moon-calf, speak once in thy life, if thou beest a good moon-calf.

Cal. How does thy honour? Let me lick thy shoe: I'll not serve him, he is not valiant.

Trin. Thou liest, most ignorant monster: I am in case to justle a constable: Why, thou debosh'd[2] fish thou, was there ever man a coward, that hath drunk so much sack as I to-day? Wilt thou tell a monstrous lie, being but half a fish, and half a monster?

Cal. Lo, how he mocks me! wilt thou let him, my lord?

Trin. Lord, quoth he! — that a monster should be such a natural!

Cal. Lo, lo, again! bite him to death, I pr'ythee.

Ste. Trinculo, keep a good tongue in your head: if you prove a mutineer, the next tree — The poor monster's my subject, and he shall not suffer indignity.

Cal. I thank my noble lord. Wilt thou be pleas'd to hearken once again to the suit I made thee?

Ste. Marry, will I: kneel, and repeat it: I will stand, and so shall Trinculo.

Enter ARIEL, *invisible.*

Cal. As I told thee before, I am subject to a tyrant; a sorcerer, that by his cunning hath cheated me of the island.

[2] *Deboshed* is the old orthography of *debauched;* following the sound of the French original. In altering the spelling we have departed from the proper pronunciation of the word

Ari. Thou liest.

Cal. Thou liest, thou jesting monkey, thou!
I would, my valiant master would destroy thee:
I do not lie.

Ste. Trinculo, if you trouble him any more in his tale, by this hand, I will supplant some of your teeth.

Trin. Why, I said nothing.

Ste. Mum then, and no more. — [*To* CAL.] Proceed.

Cal. I say, by sorcery he got this isle;
From me he got it: If thy greatness will
Revenge it on him, — for, I know, thou dar'st;
But this thing dare not, —

Ste. That's most certain.

Cal. — thou shalt be lord of it, and I'll serve thee.

Ste. How now shall this be compass'd? Canst thou bring me to the party?

Cal. Yea, yea, my lord: I'll yield him thee asleep,
Where thou mayst knock a nail into his head.

Ari. Thou liest; thou canst not.

Cal. What a pied ninny's this![3] Thou scurvy patch! —
I do beseech thy greatness, give him blows,
And take his bottle from him: when that's gone,
He shall drink nought but brine; for I'll not show him
Where the quick freshes[4] are.

Ste. Trinculo, run into no further danger: interrupt the monster one word further, and, by this hand, I'll turn my mercy out of doors, and make a stock fish of thee.

[3] He calls him a *pied ninny*, alluding to Trinculo's motley dress: he was a licensed fool or jester.

[4] *Quick freshes* are *living springs*.

Trin. Why, what did I? I did nothing: I'll go further off.

Ste. Didst thou not say, he lied?

Ari. Thou liest.

Ste. Do I so? take thou that. [*Strikes him.*] As you like this, give me the lie another time.

Trin. I did not give the lie:—Out o' your wits and hearing too?—A pox o' your bottle! this can sack and drinking do.—A murrain on your monster, and the devil take your fingers!

Cal. Ha, ha, ha!

Ste. Now, forward with your tale. Pr'ythee stand further off.

Cal. Beat him enough: after a little time, I'll beat him too.

Ste. Stand further.—Come, proceed.

Cal. Why, as I told thee, 'tis a custom with him
I' the afternoon to sleep: there thou mayst brain him,
Having first seiz'd his books; or with a log
Batter his skull, or paunch him with a stake,
Or cut his wezand[5] with thy knife. Remember,
First to possess his books; for without them
He's but a sot,[6] as I am, nor hath not
One spirit to command: they all do hate him,
As rootedly as I: Burn but his books.
He has brave utensils, (for so he calls them,)
Which, when he has a house, he'll deck withal:
And that most deeply to consider, is
The beauty of his daughter; he himself
Calls her a nonpareil: I never saw a woman,
But only Sycorax my dam, and she;
But she as far surpasseth Sycorax,
As great'st does least.

Ste. Is it so brave a lass?

[5] i. e. throat or windpipe.
[6] *Sot* here means *fool;* from the French.

Cal. Ay, lord; she will become thy bed, I warrant,
And bring thee forth brave brood.

Ste. Monster, I will kill this man: his daughter and I will be king and queen; (save our graces!) and Trinculo and thyself shall be viceroys: — Dost thou like the plot, Trinculo?

Trin. Excellent.

Ste. Give me thy hand; I am sorry I beat thee: but, while thou livest, keep a good tongue in thy head.

Cal. Within this half hour will he be asleep:
Wilt thou destroy him then?

Ste. Ay, on mine honour.

Ari. This will I tell my master.

Cal. Thou mak'st me merry: I am full of pleasure.
Let us be jocund: Will you troll the catch
You taught me but while-ere?

Ste. At thy request, monster, I will do reason, any reason: Come on, Trinculo, let us sing. [*Sings.*

Flout 'em, and skout 'em; and skout 'em, and flout 'em;
Thought is free.

Cal. That's not the tune.

[ARIEL *plays the tune on a tabor and pipe.*

Ste. What is this same?

Trin. This is the tune of our catch, play'd by the picture of Nobody.[7]

Ste. If thou beest a man, show thyself in thy likeness: if thou beest a devil, take't as thou list.

Trin. O, forgive me my sins!

Ste. He that dies, pays all debts: I defy thee: — Mercy upon us!

[7] *The picture of Nobody* was a common sign, and consisted of a head upon two legs, with arms. There was also a wood-cut prefixed to an old play of Nobody and Somebody, which represented this personage. H.

Cal. Art thou afeard?

Ste. No, monster, not I.

Cal. Be not afeard; the isle is full of noises,
Sounds, and sweet airs, that give delight, and hurt not.
Sometimes a thousand twangling instruments
Will hum about mine ears; and sometimes voices,
That, if I then had wak'd after long sleep,
Will make me sleep again: and then, in dreaming,
The clouds, methought, would open, and show riches
Ready to drop upon me; that, when I wak'd,
I cry'd to dream again.

Ste. This will prove a brave kingdom to me,
Where I shall have my music for nothing.

Cal. When Prospero is destroy'd.

Ste. That shall be by and by: I remember the story.

Trin. The sound is going away: let's follow it, and after do our work.

Ste. Lead, monster; we'll follow.—I would I could see this taborer:[8] he lays it on.

Trin. Wilt come? I'll follow, Stephano. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. Another part of the Island.

Enter ALONZO, SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, GONZALO, ADRIAN, FRANCISCO, *and others.*

Gon. By'r lakin,[1] I can go no further, sir;
My old bones ache: here's a maze trod, indeed,

[8] "You shall heare in the ayre the sound of *tabers and other instruments*, to put the travellers in feare, by evill spirites that makes these soundes, and also do call diverse of the travellers by their names." *Travels of Marcus Paulus, by John Frampton*, 4to. 1579. To some of these circumstances Milton also alludes:

"calling shapes, and beckoning shadows dire;
And aery tongues that syllable men's names
On sands, and shores, and desert wildernesses."

[1] *By'r lakin* is a contraction of *By our ladykin*, the diminutive of *our lady*.

Through forth-rights, and meanders![2] by your patience,
I needs must rest me.

Alon. Old lord, I cannot blame thee,
Who am myself attach'd with weariness,
To the dulling of my spirits: sit down, and rest.
Even here I will put off my hope, and keep it
No longer for my flatterer: he is drown'd,
Whom thus we stray to find; and the sea mocks
Our frustrate search on land: Well, let him go.

Ant. [*Aside to* SEB.] I am right glad that he's so out of hope.
Do not, for one repulse, forego the purpose
That you resolv'd to effect.

Seb. The next advantage
Will we take throughly.

Ant. Let it be to-night:
For, now they are oppress'd with travel, they
Will not, nor cannot, use such vigilance,
As when they are fresh.

Seb. I say, to-night: no more.

Solemn and strange music; and PROSPERO *above, invisible. Enter several strange Shapes, bringing in a banquet: they dance about it with gentle actions of salutation; and inviting the King, &c. to eat, they depart.*

Alon. What harmony is this? my good friends, hark!

Gon. Marvellous sweet music!

Alon. Give us kind keepers, heavens! What were these?

[2] *Forth-rights* means straight lines; *meanders*, crooked ones. H.

Seb. A living drollery:[3] Now I will believe
That there are unicorns; that in Arabia
There is one tree, the phœnix' throne;[4] one phœnix
At this hour reigning there.

Ant. I'll believe both;
And what does else want credit, come to me,
And I'll be sworn 'tis true: Travellers ne'er did lie,
Though fools at home condemn them.

Gon. If in Naples
I should report this now, would they believe me?
If I should say I saw such islanders,
(For, certes,[5] these are people of the island,)
Who, though they are of monstrous shape, yet note,
Their manners are more gentle, kind, than of
Our human generation you shall find
Many, nay, almost any.

Pro. [*Aside.*] Honest lord,
Thou hast said well; for some of you there present
Are worse than devils.

Alon. I cannot too much muse,[6]
Such shapes, such gesture, and such sound, expressing
(Although they want the use of tongue) a kind
Of excellent dumb discourse.

Pro. [*Aside.*] Praise in departing.[7]

[3] Shows, called *Drolleries*, were in Shakespeare's time performed by puppets only. From these our modern *drolls* exhibited at fairs, &c. took their name. "A living drollery" is therefore a drollery not by wooden but by living personages.

[4] "I myself have heard strange things of this kind of tree; namely, in regard of the bird Phœnix, which is supposed to have taken that name of this date tree (called in Greek φοινιξ); for it was assured unto me, that the said bird died with that tree, and revived of itselfe as the tree sprung againe." — *Holland's Translation of Pliny*, B. xiii. C. 4.

[5] Certainly. [6] Wonder.

[7] "*Praise in departing*," is a proverbial phrase signifying, Do not praise your entertainment too soon, lest you should have reason to retract your commendation.

Fran. They vanish'd strangely.
Seb. No matter, since
They have left their viands behind; for we have stomachs. —
Will't please you taste of what is here?
Alon. Not I.
Gon. Faith, sir, you need not fear. — When we were boys,
Who would believe that there were mountaineers
Dew-lapp'd like bulls, whose throats had hanging at them
Wallets of flesh? or that there were such men,
Whose heads stood in their breasts? which now we find,
Each putter-out on five for one[8] will bring us
Good warrant of.
Alon. I will stand to and feed,
Although my last: no matter, since I feel
The best is past. — Brother, my lord the duke,
Stand to, and do as we.

[8] A sort of inverted life-insurance was practised by travellers in Shakespeare's time. Before going abroad they *put out* a sum of money, for which they were to receive two, three, four, or even five times the amount upon their return; the rate being according to the supposed danger of the expedition. Of course the sum put out fell to the depositary, in case the *putter-out* did not return. Davies has an epigram of some point on this practice:

> "Lycus, which lately is to Venice gone,
> Shall, if he do return, gain three for one;
> But, ten to one, his knowledge and his wit
> Will not be better'd or increas'd a whit."

The men, "whose heads stood in their breasts," were probably the same that Othello speaks of:

> "The Anthropophagi, and men whose heads
> Do grow beneath their shoulders."

Knight suggests that the report of "mountaineers dew-lapp'd like bulls" may have sprung from some remarkable cases of *goitre*, seen by travellers, but not understood H.

Thunder and lightning. Enter ARIEL *like a harpy; claps his wings upon the table, and, by a quaint device, the banquet vanishes.*

Ari. You are three men of sin, whom destiny
(That hath to instrument this lower world,
And what is in't) the never-surfeited sea
Hath caused to belch up, and on this island
Where man doth not inhabit; you 'mongst men
Being most unfit to live. I have made you mad;
[*Seeing* ALON. SEB. *&c. draw their swords.*
And even with such like valour, men hang and drown
Their proper selves. You fools! I and my fellows
Are ministers of fate: the Elements,
Of whom your swords are temper'd, may as well
Wound the loud winds, or with bemock'd-at stabs
Kill the still-closing waters, as diminish
One dowle [9] that's in my plume: my fellow ministers
Are like invulnerable: If you could hurt,
Your swords are now too massy for your strengths,
And will not be uplifted. But, remember,
(For that's my business to you,) that you three
From Milan did supplant good Prospero;
Expos'd unto the sea, which hath requit it,
Him, and his innocent child: for which foul deed
The powers, delaying, not forgetting, have
Incens'd the seas and shores, yea all the creatures,
Against your peace: Thee, of thy son, Alonzo,
They have bereft; and do pronounce by me,
Lingering perdition (worse than any death
Can be at once) shall step by step attend
You, and your ways; whose wraths to guard you from,
(Which here, in this most desolate isle, else fall

[9] Bailey, in his Dictionary, says that *dowle* is a feather, or rather the single particles of the down.

Upon your heads,) is nothing, but heart's sorrow,
And a clear life ensuing.

He vanishes in thunder: then, to soft music, enter the Shapes again, and dance with mops and mows, and carry out the table.

Pro. [*Aside.*] Bravely the figure of this harpy hast thou
Perform'd, my Ariel; a grace it had, devouring:
Of my instruction hast thou nothing 'bated,
In what thou hadst to say: so, with good life,[10]
And observation strange, my meaner ministers
Their several kinds have done. My high charms work,
And these, mine enemies, are all knit up
In their distractions: they now are in my power;
And in these fits I leave them, whilst I visit
Young Ferdinand, (whom they suppose is drown'd,)
And his and my lov'd darling.
[*Exit* PROSPERO *from above.*

Gon. I' the name of something holy, sir, why stand you
In this strange stare?

Alon. O, it is monstrous! monstrous!
Methought, the billows spoke, and told me of it;
The winds did sing it to me; and the thunder,
That deep and dreadful organ-pipe, pronounc'd
The name of Prosper: it did bass my trespass.
Therefore my son i' the ooze is bedded; and
I'll seek him deeper than e'er plummet sounded,
And with him there lie mudded. [*Exit.*

[10] With good *life*, i. e. with full bent and energy of mind Mr. Henley says that the expression is still in use in the west of England.

Seb. But one fiend at a time,
I'll fight their legions o'er.

Ant. I'll be thy second.
[*Exeunt* SEB. *and* ANT.

Gon. All three of them are desperate: their great guilt,
Like poison given to work a great time after,[11]
Now 'gins to bite the spirits. I do beseech you,
That are of suppler joints, follow them swiftly,
And hinder them from what this ecstasy[12]
May now provoke them to.

Adr. Follow, I pray you.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. Before PROSPERO's Cell.

Enter PROSPERO, FERDINAND, *and* MIRANDA.

Pro. If I have too austerely punish'd you,
Your compensation makes amends; for I
Have given you here a thread of mine own life,
Or that for which I live; whom once again
I tender to thy hand: all thy vexations
Were but my trials of thy love, and thou

[11] The natives of Africa have been supposed to possess the secret how to temper poisons with such art as not to operate till several years after they were administered. Their drugs were then as certain in their effect as subtle in their preparation.

[12] Shakespeare uses *ecstasy* for any temporary alienation of mind, a fit, or madness; as in Hamlet:

> "That unmatch'd form and feature of blown youth,
> Blasted with *ecstasy;*"

and again:

> "This bodiless creation *ecstasy*
> Is very cunning in." M.

Hast strangely stood the test: here, afore Heaven,
I ratify this my rich gift. O Ferdinand!
Do not smile at me, that I boast her off,
For thou shalt find she will outstrip all praise,
And make it halt behind her.

Fer. I do believe it,
Against an oracle.

Pro. Then, as my gift, and thine own acquisition
Worthily purchas'd, take my daughter: But
If thou dost break her virgin knot [1] before
All sanctimonious ceremonies may
With full and holy rite be minister'd,
No sweet aspersion [2] shall the heavens let fall
To make this contract grow; but barren hate,
Sour-ey'd disdain, and discord, shall bestrew
The union of your bed with weeds so loathly,
That you shall hate it both: therefore, take heed,
As Hymen's lamps shall light you.

Fer. As I hope
For quiet days, fair issue, and long life,
With such love as 'tis now; the murkiest den,
The most oppórtune place, the strong'st suggestion [3]
Our worser Genius can, shall never melt
Mine honour into lust; to take away
The edge of that day's celebration,
When I shall think, or Phœbus' steeds are founder'd,
Or night kept chain'd below.

Pro. Fairly spoke;

The same expression occurs in Pericles. Mr. Henley says that it is a manifest allusion to the zones of the ancients, which were worn as guardians of chastity before marriage.

[2] *Aspersion* is here used in its primitive sense of *sprinkling*: at present it is used in its figurative sense of throwing out hints of calumny and detraction.

[3] *Suggestion* here means *temptation* or wicked prompting.

Sit then, and talk with her; she is thine own. —
What, Ariel! my industrious servant Ariel!

Enter ARIEL.

Ari. What would my potent master? here I am
Pro. Thou and thy meaner fellows your last service
Did worthily perform; and I must use you
In such another trick: Go, bring the rabble,
O'er whom I give thee power, here, to this place:
Incite them to quick motion; for I must
Bestow upon the eyes of this young couple
Some vanity[4] of mine art: it is my promise,
And they expect it from me.
Ari. Presently?
Pro. Ay, with a twink.
Ari. Before you can say, "Come," and "go,"
And breathe twice; and cry, "so, so;"
Each one, tripping on his toe,
Will be here with mop and mowe:
Do you love me, master? no?
Pro. Dearly, my delicate Ariel: Do not approach,
Till thou dost hear me call.
Ari. Well; I conceive. [*Exit*
Pro. Look, thou be true: do not give dalliance
Too much the rein; the strongest oaths are straw
To the fire i' the blood: Be more abstemious,
Or else, good night your vow!
Fer. I warrant you, sir:
The white-cold virgin snow upon my heart
Abates the ardour of my liver.[5]
Pro. Well. —

[4] i. e. show or exhibition.
[5] The liver was anciently supposed to be the seat of the passions; hence often put for the passions themselves. M.

Now come, my Ariel! bring a corollary,[6]
Rather than want a spirit: appear, and pertly. —
No tongue, all eyes; be silent. [*Soft music.*

A Masque. Enter IRIS.

Iris. Ceres, most bounteous lady, thy rich leas
Of wheat, rye, barley, vetches, oats, and peas;
Thy turfy mountains, where live nibbling sheep,
And flat meads thatch'd with stover,[7] them to keep;
Thy banks with peonied and lilied brims,[8]
Which spongy April at thy hest betrims,
To make cold nymphs chaste crowns; and thy broom groves,
Whose shadow the dismissed bachelor loves,

[6] i. e. bring more than enough; *corollary* meaning a surplus number. H.

[7] *Stover* is fodder for cattle, as hay, straw, and such like; still used thus in the north of England. H.

[8] The original has "*pioned* and *twilled* brims;" which reading some late editors have retained, taking *pioned* to mean *dug*, a sense in which it is used by Spenser, and *twilled* to mean *ridged*, or made into ridges, a sense which it yet bears in reference to some kinds of linen. Knight says: "Any one who has seen the operation of banking and ditching in early spring, so essential to the proper drainage of land, must recognize the propriety of Shakespeare's epithets." Still this strikes us as so discordant a note, it so untunes the harmony of the passage, that we cannot but think the original reading a misprint for the one proposed by Steevens and Warton. Milton, whose poetical language is so much formed upon Shakespeare's as often to afford the best comment upon him, has in his Arcades the line:

"By sandy Ladon's lilied banks;"

which, as Warton says, is "an authority for reading *lilied* instead of *twilled* in a verse of The Tempest;" and he adds, "*lilied* seems to have been no uncommon epithet for the banks of a river." Henley urges in behalf of the old reading, that pionies and lilies never bloom in April; which is refuted by a passage in Lord Bacon's Essay "Of Gardens:" "In April follow the double white violet, the wall-flower, the stock-gilly-flower, the cowslip, flower-de-luces, and *lilies of all natures;* rose-mary flowers, the tulip, the double *piony*, the pale daffodil," &c. But the main

Being lass-lorn; [9] thy pole-clipt vineyard;
And thy sea-marge, steril, and rocky-hard,
Where thou thyself dost air; — the queen o' the sky,
Whose watery arch, and messenger, am I,
Bids thee leave these, and with her sovereign grace,
Here on this grass-plot, in this very place.
To come and sport: Her peacocks fly amain:
Approach, rich Ceres, her to entertain.

Enter CERES.

Cer. Hail, many-colour'd messenger, that ne'er
Dost disobey the wife of Jupiter;
Who, with thy saffron wings upon my flowers
Diffusest honey-drops, refreshing showers; [10]
And with each end of thy blue bow dost crown
My bosky [11] acres, and my unshrubb'd down,
Rich scarf to my proud earth; — why hath thy queen
Summon'd me hither, to this short-grass'd green?

Iris. A contract of true love to celebrate;
And some donation freely to estate
On the bless'd lovers.

objection to the old reading lies in the words, "to make cold nymphs chaste crowns," which apparently refer to the popular belief touching the flowers in question. Lyte, in his Herbal, says, "One kind of *peonie* is called by some, *maiden* or *virgin* peonie." And Pliny mentions the water-lily as a preserver of chastity; and Edward Fenton, in his Secret Wonders of Nature, 1569, says, "The water-lily mortifieth altogether the appetite of sensuality, and defends from unchaste thoughts." H.

[9] i. e. forsaken by his lass. *Pole-clipt vineyard* refers to vines that *clip, clasp* the poles that support them. H.

[10] Mr. Douce remarks that this is an elegant expansion of the following lines in Phaer's Virgil, Æneid, Lib. iv.

"Dame Rainbow down therefore with safron wings of dropping showres,
Whose face a thousand sundry hues against the sun devoures,
From heaven descending came."

[11] *Bosky acres* are woody acres, fields intersected by luxurian hedge-rows and copses.

Cer. Tell me, heavenly bow,
If Venus, or her son, as thou dost know,
Do now attend the queen? since they did plot
The means, that dusky Dis my daughter got,
Her and her blind boy's scandal'd company
I have forsworn.

Iris. Of her society
Be not afraid: I met her deity
Cutting the clouds towards Paphos; and her son
Dove-drawn with her: Here thought they to have done
Some wanton charm upon this man and maid,
Whose vows are, that no bed-rite shall be paid
Till Hymen's torch be lighted; but in vain:
Mars's hot minion is return'd again;
Her waspish-headed son has broke his arrows,
Swears he will shoot no more, but play with sparrows,
And be a boy right out.

Cer. Highest queen of state,
Great Juno comes: I know her by her gait.

Enter JUNO.

Juno. How does my bounteous sister? Go with me,
To bless this twain, that they may prosperous be.
And honour'd in their issue.

Song.

Juno. Honour, riches, marriage-blessing,
Long continuance, and increasing,
Hourly joys be still upon you!
Juno sings her blessings on you.

Cer. Earth's increase, foison plenty,
Barns and garners never empty;
Vines, with clust'ring branches growing;
Plants, with goodly burden bowing;

Spring come to you, at the farthest,
In the very end of harvest!
Scarcity and want shall shun you;
Ceres' blessing so is on you.

Fer. This is a most majestic vision, and
Harmonious charmingly: [12] May I be bold
To think these spirits?

Pro. Spirits, which by mine art
I have from their confines call'd, to enact
My present fancies.

Fer. Let me live here ever;
So rare a wonder'd [13] father, and a wise,
Makes this place Paradise.

[JUNO *and* CERES *whisper, and send* IRIS *on employment.*

Pro. Sweet now, silence:
Juno and Ceres whisper seriously;
There's something else to do: hush, and be mute,
Or else our spell is marr'd.

Iris. You nymphs, call'd Naiads, of the winding brooks,
With your sedg'd crowns, and ever harmless looks,
Leave your crisp [14] channels, and on this green land
Answer your summons: Juno does command.
Come, temperate nymphs, and help to celebrate
A contract of true love; be not too late.

Enter certain Nymphs.

You sun-burn'd sicklemen, of August weary,
Come hither from the furrow, and be merry;

[12] i. e. charmingly harmonious.

[13] i. e. a father able to produce such wonders.

[14] *Crisp channels;* i. e. curled, from the curl raised by a breeze on the surface of the water. So in 1 K. Hen. IV. Act i. sc. 3:

"hid his *crisp* head in the hollow bank."

Make holiday: your rye-straw hats put on,
And these fresh nymphs encounter every one
In country footing.

Enter certain Reapers, properly habited: they join with the Nymphs in a graceful dance; towards the end whereof PROSPERO *starts suddenly, and speaks; after which, to a strange, hollow, and confused noise, they heavily vanish.*

Pro. [*Aside.*] I had forgot that foul conspiracy
Of the beast Caliban, and his confederates,
Against my life; the minute of their plot
Is almost come. — [*To the Spirits.*] Well done: — avoid; — no more.

Fer. This is strange: your father's in some passion
That works him strongly.

Mira. Never till this day,
Saw I him touch'd with anger so distemper'd.

Pro. You do look, my son, in a mov'd sort,
As if you were dismay'd: be cheerful, sir.
Our revels now are ended: These our actors,
As I foretold you, were all spirits, and
Are melted into air, into thin air:
And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,
The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve;
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,[15]
Leave not a rack behind.[16] We are such stuff

[15] i. e. *vanished*, from the Latin *vado*. The ancient English *pageants* were shows, on the reception of princes or other festive occasions; they were exhibited on stages in the open air.

[16] *Rack*, according to Horne Tooke, is vapour, from *reek*. It here means, apparently, the highest and therefore lightest clouds. Lord Bacon says: "The winds which rave the clouds above, which we call the *rack*, are not perceived below, pass without noise."

As dreams are made on, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep.[17] — Sir, I am vex'd:
Bear with my weakness; my old brain is troubled
Be not disturb'd with my infirmity.
If you be pleas'd, retire into my cell,
And there repose: a turn or two I'll walk,
To still my beating mind.

Fer. Mira. We wish your peace.
[*Exeunt.*

Pro. Come with a thought: — I thank thee: —
Ariel, come!

Enter ARIEL.

Ari. Thy thoughts I cleave to: What's thy pleasure?
Pro. Spirit,
We must prepare to meet with Caliban.[18]

[17] In the tragedy of Darius, by Lord Sterline, printed in 1603, is a passage that has something of the same train of thought with Shakespeare:

"And when the eclipse comes of our glory's light,
Then what avails the adoring of a name?
A mere illusion made to mock the sight,
Whose best was but the shadow of a dream.
Let greatness of her glassy sceptres vaunt, —
Not sceptres, no, but reeds, soon bruis'd, soon broken;
And let this worldly pomp our wits enchant, —
All fades, and scarcely leaves behind a token.
Those golden palaces, those gorgeous halls,
With furniture superfluously fair,
Those stately courts, those sky-encountering walls,
Evanish all, like vapours in the air."

It is evident that one poet wrote somewhat from the other, and Shakespeare was doubtless the borrower; it being far more credible that he should thus glorify what he took, than that any one could thus deflower in taking. Besides, The Tempest was written *after* 1603. H.

[18] *To meet with* was anciently the same as to *counteract*, or *oppose*. So in Herbert's "Country Parson:" "He knows the temper and pulse of every one in his house, and accordingly either *meets with* their vices, or advanceth their virtues." H.

Ari. Ay, my commander: when I presented Ceres,
I thought to have told thee of it; but I fear'd,
Lest I might anger thee.

Pro. Say again, where didst thou leave these varlets?

Ari. I told you, sir, they were red-hot with drinking;
So full of valour, that they smote the air
For breathing in their faces; beat the ground
For kissing of their feet; yet always bending
Towards their project: Then I beat my tabor,
At which, like unback'd colts, they prick'd their ears,
Advanc'd their eye-lids, lifted up their noses,
As they smelt music:[19] so I charm'd their ears,
That, calf-like, they my lowing follow'd, through
Tooth'd briers, sharp furzes, pricking gorse, and thorns,
Which enter'd their frail shins: at last I left them
I' the filthy mantled pool beyond your cell,
There dancing up to the chins, that the foul lake
O'er-stunk their feet.

Pro. This was well done, my bird:
Thy shape invisible retain thou still:
The trumpery in my house, go, bring it hither,
For stale[20] to catch these thieves.

Ari. I go, I go. [*Exit.*

Pro. A devil, a born devil, on whose nature
Nurture can never stick; on whom my pains,
Humanely taken, all, all lost, quite lost;
And as with age his body uglier grows,

[19] This, we are told, is an accurate description of the effect music has upon colts. "On first hearing even a trumpet, instead of being terrified, they will often advance, and thrust their nose up to the very mouth" (bell?) "of the instrument, while it is blown, provided this be done with *some* consideration." H.

[20] *Stale*, in the art of fowling, signified a *bait* or *lure* to decoy birds.

So his mind cankers: I will plague them all,

Re-enter ARIEL *loaden with glistering apparel, &c.*

Even to roaring: — Come, hang them on this line

PROSPERO *and* ARIEL *remain invisible. Enter* CALIBAN, STEPHANO, *and* TRINCULO, *all wet.*

Cal. Pray you, tread softly, that the blind mole may not
Hear a foot fall: we now are near his cell.

Ste. Monster, your fairy, which, you say, is a harmless fairy, has done little better than play'd the Jack with us.[21]

Trin. Monster, I do smell all horse-piss; at which my nose is in great indignation.

Ste. So is mine. Do you hear, monster? If I should take a displeasure against you, look you, —

Trin. Thou wert but a lost monster.

Cal. Good my lord, give me thy favour still:
Be patient, for the prize I'll bring thee to
Shall hood-wink this mischance: therefore, speak softly;
All's hush'd as midnight yet.

Trin. Ay, but to lose our bottles in the pool, —

Ste. There is not only disgrace and dishonour in that, monster, but an infinite loss.

Trin. That's more to me than my wetting: yet this is your harmless fairy, monster.

Ste. I will fetch off my bottle, though I be over ears for my labour.

Cal. Pr'ythee, my king, be quiet: Seest thou here?
This is the mouth of the cell: no noise, and enter:

[21] To play the *Jack*, was to play the *Knave*; or it may have been, to play the *Jack o' lantern*, by leading them astray. H.

Do that good mischief, which may make this island
Thine own for ever, and I, thy Caliban,
For aye thy foot-licker.

Ste. Give me thy hand: I do begin to have bloody thoughts.

Trin. O king Stephano! O peer![22] O worthy Stephano! look, what a wardrobe here is for thee!

Cal. Let it alone, thou fool: it is but trash.

Trin. O, ho, monster! we know what belongs to a frippery:[23]—O king Stephano!

Ste. Put off that gown, Trinculo: by this hand, I'll have that gown.

Trin. Thy grace shall have it.

Cal. The dropsy drown this fool! what do you mean,
To dote thus on such luggage? Let's along,[24]
And do the murder first: if he awake,
From toe to crown he'll fill our skins with pinches;
Make us strange stuff.

Ste. Be you quiet, monster.—Mistress line, is not this my jerkin? Now is the jerkin under the line: now, jerkin, you are like to lose your hair, and prove a bald jerkin.

Trin. Do, do: We steal by line and level, an't like your grace.

Ste. I thank thee for that jest; here's a garment for't: wit shall not go unrewarded, while I am king of this country: "Steal by line and level," is an excellent pass of pate; there's another garment for't.

Trin. Monster, come, put some lime[25] upon your fingers, and away with the rest.

[22] This is a humourous allusion to the old ballad "King Stephen was a worthy peer," of which Iago sings a verse in Othello.

[23] A shop for the sale of old clothes.—*Fripperie*, Fr.

[24] The old copy reads, "Let's alone."

[25] i. e. bird-lime.

Cal. I will have none on't: we shall lose our time
And all be turn'd to barnacles,[26] or to apes
With foreheads villainous low.

Ste. Monster, lay-to your fingers: help to bear this away, where my hogshead of wine is, or I'll turn you out of my kingdom: Go to, carry this.

Trin. And this.

Ste. Ay, and this.

A noise of hunters heard. Enter divers Spirits in shape of hounds, and hunt them about; PROSPERO *and* ARIEL *setting them on.*

Pro. Hey, Mountain, hey!

Ari. Silver! there it goes, Silver!

Pro. Fury! Fury! there, Tyrant, there! hark, hark! [CAL. STE. *and* TRIN. *are driven out.*
Go, charge my goblins that they grind their joints
With dry convulsions; shorten up their sinews
With aged cramps; and more pinch-spotted make them,
Than pard[27] or cat o' mountain.

Ari. Hark, they roar.

Pro. Let them be hunted soundly: At this hour
Lie at my mercy all mine enemies:
Shortly shall all my labours end, and thou
Shalt have the air at freedom: for a little,
Follow, and do me service. [*Exeunt.*

[26] The *barnacle* is a kind of shell-fish, *lepas anatifera*, which ancient credulity believed to produce the barnacle-goose. Bishop Hall refers to it in the second Satire of his fourth Book:

> "That Scottish *barnacle*, if I might choose,
> That of a worm doth wax a winged goose."

Caliban's barnacle is the *clakis*, or tree-goose.

[27] i. e. leopard

ACT V.

SCENE I. Before the Cell of PROSPERO.

Enter PROSPERO *in his magic robes, and* ARIEL.

Pro. Now does my project gather to a head:
My charms crack not; my spirits obey; and time
Goes upright with his carriage. How's the day?
Ari. On the sixth hour; at which time, my lord,
You said our work should cease.
Pro. I did say so,
When first I rais'd the tempest. Say, my spirit,
How fares the king and's followers?
Ari. Confin'd together
In the same fashion as you gave in charge;
Just as you left them: all prisoners, sir,
In the line-grove which weather-fends[1] your cell.
They cannot budge, till your release.[2] The king,
His brother, and yours, abide all three distracted;
And the remainder mourning over them,
Brim-full of sorrow, and dismay; but chiefly
Him you term'd, sir, "The good old lord, Gonzalo:"
His tears run down his beard, like winter's drops
From eaves of reeds: Your charm so strongly works them,
That if you now beheld them, your affections
Would become tender.
Pro. Dost thou think so, spirit?
Ari. Mine would, sir, were I human.

[1] i. e. defends from the weather. *Line-grove* is usually printed *lime-grove;* but line-tree is the true name of the tree referred to and it stands so in all the old copies. M.
[2] i. e. until you release them.

Pro. And mine shall
Hast thou, which art but air, a touch, a feeling
Of their afflictions, and shall not myself,
One of their kind, that relish all as sharply,
Passion as they, be kindlier mov'd than thou art?
Though with their high wrongs I am struck to the quick,
Yet, with my nobler reason, 'gainst my fury
Do I take part: The rarer action is
In virtue than in vengeance: they being penitent,
The sole drift of my purpose doth extend
Not a frown further. Go, release them, Ariel:
My charms I'll break, their senses I'll restore,
And they shall be themselves.

Ari. I'll fetch them, sir. [*Exit.*

Pro. Ye elves of hills, brooks, standing lakes, and groves;[3]
And ye, that on the sands with printless foot
Do chase the ebbing Neptune, and do fly him
When he comes back; you demy-puppets, that
By moon-shine do the green-sour ringlets make,
Whereof the ewe not bites; and you, whose pastime
Is to make midnight-mushrooms; that rejoice
To hear the solemn curfew; by whose aid
(Weak masters though ye be[4]) I have be-dimm'd
The noon-tide sun, call'd forth the mutinous winds,
And 'twixt the green sea and the azur'd vault
Set roaring war: to the dread rattling thunder
Have I given fire, and rifted Jove's stout oak
With his own bolt: the strong-bas'd promontory
Have I made shake, and by the spurs pluck'd up

[3] This speech is in some measure borrowed from Medea's, in Ovid; the expressions are, many of them, in the old translation by Golding. But the exquisite fairy imagery is Shakespeare's own

[4] i. e. ye are powerful auxiliaries, but *weak* if left to yourselves your employments being of the trivial nature before mentioned

The pine, and cedar: graves, at my command,
Have wak'd their sleepers; op'd, and let them forth
By my so potent art: But this rough magic
I here abjure: and, when I have requir'd
Some heavenly music, (which even now I do,)
To work mine end upon their senses, that
This airy charm is for, I'll break my staff,
Bury it certain fathoms in the earth,
And, deeper than did ever plummet sound,
I'll drown my book. [*Solemn music.*

Re-enter ARIEL: *after him,* ALONZO, *with a frantic gesture, attended by* GONZALO; SEBASTIAN *and* ANTONIO *in like manner, attended by* ADRIAN *and* FRANCISCO: *They all enter the circle which* PROSPERO *had made, and there stand charmed; which* PROSPERO *observing, speaks.*

A solemn air, and the best comforter
To an unsettled fancy, cure thy brains,
Now useless, boil'd within thy skull! [a] There stand,
For you are spell-stopp'd. ——
Holy Gonzalo, honourable man,
Mine eyes, even sociable to the show of thine,
Fall fellowly drops. — The charm dissolves apace;
And as the morning steals upon the night,
Melting the darkness, so their rising senses
Begin to chase the ignorant fumes that mantle
Their clearer reason. — O thou good Gonzalo!
My true preserver, and a loyal sir
To him thou follow'st, I will pay thy graces
Home, both in word and deed. — Most cruelly
Didst thou, Alonzo, use me and my daughter:

[a] So in A Midsummer-Night's Dream:

"Lovers and madmen have such *seething* brains"

Thy brother was a furtherer in the act; —
Thou'rt pinch'd for't now, Sebastian. — Flesh and blood,
You brother mine, that entertain'd ambition,
Expell'd remorse and nature;[6] who with Sebastian,
(Whose inward pinches therefore are most strong,)
Would here have kill'd your king; I do forgive thee,
Unnatural though thou art! — Their understanding
Begins to swell; and the approaching tide
Will shortly fill the reasonable shores,
That now lie foul and muddy. Not one of them,
That yet looks on me, or would know me: — Ariel,
Fetch me the hat and rapier in my cell;
[*Exit* ARIEL.
I will disease me, and myself present,
As I was sometime Milan: — quickly, spirit;
Thou shalt ere long be free.

ARIEL *re-enters, singing, and helps to attire* PROSPERO.

Ari. Where the bee sucks, there suck I;
In a cowslip's bell I lie;
There I couch when owls do cry:
On the bat's back I do fly
After summer, merrily.[7]
Merrily, merrily, shall I live now,
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.[8]

[6] *Remorse* is *pity, tenderness of heart; nature* is *natural affection*.

[7] "At night, 'when owls do cry,' Ariel couches 'in a cowslip's bell;' and he uses 'the bat's back' as his pleasant vehicle, to pursue summer in its progress round the world, and thus live merrily under continual blossoms." Such appears the most natural as well as most poetical meaning of this much disputed passage. As a matter of fact, however, bats do not migrate in quest of summer, but become torpid in winter. Was the Poet ignorant of this, or did he disregard it, thinking that such beings as Ariel were not bound to observe the rules of natural history? H.

[8] This was the received opinion: so in Fairfax's Tasso. Book iv. stanza 18:

Pro. Why, that's my dainty Ariel! I shall miss thee;
But yet thou shalt have freedom: so, so, so.—
To the king's ship, invisible as thou art:
There shalt thou find the mariners asleep
Under the hatches: the master and the boatswain
Being awake, enforce them to this place,
And presently, I pr'ythee.

Ari. I drink the air before me, and return
Or e'er your pulse twice beat. [*Exit* ARIEL.

Gon. All torment, trouble, wonder, and amazement
Inhabit here: Some heavenly power guide us
Out of this fearful country!

Pro. Behold, sir king,
The wronged duke of Milan, Prospero:
For more assurance that a living prince
Does now speak to thee, I embrace thy body;
And to thee and thy company, I bid
A hearty welcome.

Alon. Whe'r[9] thou beest he, or no,
Or some enchanted trifle to abuse me,
As late I have been, I not know: thy pulse
Beats, as of flesh and blood; and, since I saw thee,
The affliction of my mind amends, with which,
I fear, a madness held me: This must crave,
(An if this be at all,) a most strange story.
Thy dukedom I resign; and do entreat
Thou pardon me my wrongs:—But how should Prospero
Be living, and be here?

"The goblins, fairies, fiends, and furies mad,
Ranged in flowrie dales, and mountaines hore,
And under every trembling leaf they sit."

[9] Whether.

Pro. First, noble friend,
Let me embrace thine age; whose honour cannot
Be measur'd, or confin'd.
Gon. Whether this be,
Or be not, I'll not swear.
Pro. You do yet taste
Some subtilties [10] o' the isle, that will not let you
Believe things certain. — Welcome, my friends all: —
[*Aside to* SEB. *and* ANT.] But you, my brace of lords, were I so minded,
I here could pluck his highness' frown upon you,
And justify you traitors: at this time
I'll tell no tales.
Seb. [*Aside.*] The devil speaks in him.
Pro. No: —
For you, most wicked sir, whom to call brother
Would even infect my mouth, I do forgive
Thy rankest fault; all of them; and require
My dukedom of thee, which, perforce, I know,
Thou must restore.
Alon. If thou beest Prospero,
Give us particulars of thy preservation:
How thou hast met us here, who three hours since
Were wreck'd upon this shore; where I have lost
(How sharp the point of this remembrance is!)
My dear son Ferdinand.
Pro. I am woe [11] for't, sir.
Alon. Irreparable is the loss; and Patience
Says, it is past her cure.
Pro. I rather think,
You have not sought her help; of whose soft grace,

[10] *Subtilties* are quaint deceptive inventions; the word is common to ancient cookery, in which a disguised or ornamented dish is so termed. [11] I am *sorry* for it.

For the like loss, I have her sovereign aid,
And rest myself content.

Alon. You the like loss?

Pro. As great to me, as late;[12] and supportable
To make the dear loss, have I means much weaker
Than you may call to comfort you; for I
Have lost my daughter.

Alon. A daughter?
O heavens! that they were living both in Naples,
The king and queen there! that they were, I wish
Myself were mudded in that oozy bed
Where my son lies. When did you lose your daughter?

Pro. In this last tempest. I perceive, these lords
At this encounter do so much admire,
That they devour their reason; and scarce think
Their eyes do offices of truth, their words
Are natural breath: but, howsoe'er you have
Been justled from your senses, know for certain,
That I am Prospero, and that very duke
Which was thrust forth of Milan; who most strangely
Upon this shore, where you were wreck'd, was landed,
To be the lord on't. No more yet of this;
For 'tis a chronicle of day by day,
Not a relation for a breakfast, nor
Befitting this first meeting. Welcome, sir;
This cell's my court: here have I few attendants,
And subjects none abroad: pray you, look in.
My dukedom since you have given me again,
I will requite you with as good a thing;
At least, bring forth a wonder to content ye,
As much as me my dukedom.

[12] i. e. as great to me, *and* as late.

The entrance of the Cell opens, and discovers FERDINAND *and* MIRANDA *playing at chess.*

Mira. Sweet lord, you play me false.
Fer. No, my dearest love,
I would not for the world.
Mira. Yes, for a score of kingdoms you should wrangle,
And I would call it fair play.
Alon. If this prove
A vision of the island, one dear son
Shall I twice lose.[13]
Seb. A most high miracle!
Fer. Though the seas threaten, they are merciful:
I have curs'd them without cause. [*Kneels to* ALON.
Alon. Now, all the blessings
Of a glad father compass thee about!
Arise, and say how thou cam'st here.
Mira. O, wonder!
How many goodly creatures are there here!
How beauteous mankind is! O brave new world,
That has such people in't!
Pro. 'Tis new to thee.
Alon. What is this maid, with whom thou wast at play?
Your eld'st acquaintance cannot be three hours:
Is she the goddess that hath sever'd us,
And brought us thus together?
Fer. Sir, she's mortal;
But, by immortal Providence, she's mine:
I chose her, when I could not ask my father
For his advice; nor thought I had one: She

[13] The sense of this passage is not altogether clear. The word *not* seems wanting after *prove*; unless *if* have by some means got substituted for *but*. Alonzo has lost his son once, and if this which he now sees prove *not* a mere vision, he will have to lose him again. H.

Is daughter to this famous duke of Milan,
Of whom so often I have heard renown,
But never saw before; of whom I have
Receiv'd a second life, and second father
This lady makes him to me.

Alon. I am hers:
But O! how oddly will it sound, that I
Must ask my child forgiveness.

Pro. There, sir, stop.
Let us not burden our remembrances
With heaviness that's gone.

Gon. I have inly wept,
Or should have spoke ere this. Look down, you gods,
And on this couple drop a blessed crown;
For it is you, that have chalk'd forth the way
Which brought us hither!

Alon. I say, Amen, Gonzalo!

Gon. Was Milan thrust from Milan, that his issue
Should become kings of Naples? O! rejoice
Beyond a common joy: and set it down
With gold on lasting pillars: In one voyage
Did Claribel her husband find at Tunis;
And Ferdinand, her brother, found a wife
Where he himself was lost; Prospero his dukedom,
In a poor isle; and all of us, ourselves,
When no man was his own.[14]

Alon. [*To* FER. *and* MIRA.] Give me your hands:
Let grief and sorrow still embrace his heart,
That doth not wish you joy!

Gon. Be't so! Amen!

Re-enter ARIEL, *with the Master and Boatswain amazedly following.*

O look, sir, look, sir! here are more of us.

[14] i. e. when no man was *in his senses*, or had *self-possession*.

I prophesied, if a gallows were on land,
This fellow could not drown: — Now, blasphemy,
That swear'st grace o'erboard, not an oath on shore?
Hast thou no mouth by land? What is the news?

Boats. The best news is, that we have safely found
Our king, and company: the next, our ship,
Which, but three glasses since, we gave out split,
Is tight, and yare,[15] and bravely rigg'd, as when
We first put out to sea.

Ari. Sir, all this service
Have I done since I went. [*Aside.*
Pro. My tricksy[16] spirit!

Alon. These are not natural events; they strengthen
From strange to stranger: — Say, how came you hither?

Boats. If I did think, sir, I were well awake,
I'd strive to tell you. We were dead of sleep,
And (how we know not) all clapp'd under hatches,
Where, but even now, with strange and several noises
Of roaring, shrieking, howling, jingling chains,
And more diversity of sounds, all horrible,
We were awak'd; straightway at liberty:
Where we, in all her trim, freshly beheld
Our royal, good, and gallant ship; our master
Capering to eye her: On a trice, so please you,
Even in a dream, were we divided from them,
And were brought moping hither.

Ari. Was't well done?
Pro. Bravely, my diligence. Thou shalt be free. [*Aside*

Alon. This is as strange a maze as e'er men trod
And there is in this business more than nature

[15] i. e. ready [16] i. e. adroit, nimble.

Was ever conduct of:[17] some oracle
Must rectify our knowledge.

Pro. Sir, my liege,
Do not infest your mind with beating on[18]
The strangeness of this business: at pick'd leisure,
Which shall be shortly, single I'll resolve you,
(Which to you shall seem probable,) of every
These happen'd accidents: till when, be cheerful,
And think of each thing well. — [*Aside.*] Come hither, spirit:
Set Caliban and his companions free;
Untie the spell. [*Exit* ARIEL.] How fares my gracious sir?
There are yet missing of your company
Some few odd lads, that you remember not.

Re-enter ARIEL, *driving in* CALIBAN, STEPHANO, *and* TRINCULO, *in their stolen apparel.*

Ste. Every man shift for all the rest, and let no man take care for himself; for all is but fortune: — Coragio, bully-monster, coragio!

Trin. If these be true spies which I wear in my head, here's a goodly sight.

Cal. O Setebos! these be brave spirits, indeed!
How fine my master is! I am afraid
He will chastise me.

Seb. Ha, ha!
What things are these, my lord Antonio?
Will money buy them?

Ant. Very like: one of them
Is a plain fish, and, no doubt, marketable.

Pro. Mark but the badges of these men, my lords,

[17] Conductor of.

[18] There is a vulgar expression still in use, of similar import: "Still *hammering* at it."

Then say, if they be true:[19] — This misshapen knave,
His mother was a witch; and one so strong
That could control the moon, make flows and ebbs,
And deal in her command, without her power:[20]
These three have robb'd me; and this demi-devil,
(For he's a bastard one,) had plotted with them
To take my life: two of these fellows you
Must know, and own; this thing of darkness I
Acknowledge mine.

Cal. I shall be pinch'd to death.

Alon. Is not this Stephano, my drunken butler?

Seb. He is drunk now: Where had he wine?

Alon. And Trinculo is reeling ripe: Where should they
Find this grand liquor that hath gilded them?[21] —
How cam'st thou in this pickle?

Trin. I have been in such a pickle, since I saw you last, that, I fear me, will never out of my bones: I shall not fear fly-blowing.

Seb. Why, how now, Stephano?

Ste. O! touch me not: I am not Stephano, but a cramp.

Pro. You'd be king of the isle, sirrah?

Ste. I should have been a sore one then.

Alon. This is as strange a thing as e'er I look'd on. [*Pointing to* CALIBAN.

Pro. He is as disproportion'd in his manners,
As in his shape: — Go, sirrah, to my cell;

[19] Honest.

[20] i. e. work the same effects as the moon without her delegated authority.

[21] The phrase of being *gilded* was a trite one for being *drunk* Fletcher uses it in The Chances, Act iv. sc. 3:

"*Duke.* Is she not drunk too?
Con A little *gilded* o'er, sir: old sack, old sack, boys."

Take with you your companions: as you look
To have my pardon, trim it handsomely.

Cal. Ay, that I will; and I'll be wise hereafter,
And seek for grace: What a thrice double ass
Was I, to take this drunkard for a god,
And worship this dull fool?

Pro. Go to; away!

Alon. Hence, and bestow your luggage where you found it.

Seb. Or stole it, rather.

[*Exeunt* CAL. STE. *and* TRIN.

Pro. Sir, I invite your highness, and your train,
To my poor cell: where you shall take your rest
For this one night; which, part of it, I'll waste
With such discourse, as, I not doubt, shall make it
Go quick away: the story of my life,
And the particular accidents gone by,
Since I came to this isle: And in the morn
I'll bring you to your ship, and so to Naples,
Where I have hope to see the nuptial
Of these our dear-beloved solemniz'd;
And thence retire me to my Milan, where
Every third thought shall be my grave.

Alon. I long
To hear the story of your life, which must
Take the ear strangely.

Pro. I'll deliver all:
And promise you calm seas, auspicious gales,
And sail so expeditious, that shall catch
Your royal fleet far off. — My Ariel. — chick, —
That is thy charge: then to the elements;
Be free, and fare thou well! — Please you, draw near.

[*Exeunt*

EPILOGUE.

SPOKEN BY PROSPERO.

Now my charms are all o'erthrown.
And what strength I have's mine own,
Which is most faint: now, 'tis true,
I must be here confin'd by you,
Or sent to Naples: Let me not,
Since I have my dukedom got,
And pardon'd the deceiver, dwell
In this bare island by your spell;
But release me from my bands,
With the help of your good hands.[1]
Gentle breath of yours my sails
Must fill, or else my project fails,
Which was to please: Now I want
Spirits to enforce, art to enchant;
And my ending is despair,
Unless I be reliev'd by prayer;
Which pierces so, that it assaults
Mercy itself, and frees all faults.
As you from crimes would pardon'd be,
Let your indulgence set me free.

[1] i. e. by your *applause*. *Noise* was supposed to dissolve a spell. Thus before in this play:

"hush, and be mute,
Or else our *spell is marr'd*."

INTRODUCTION

TO

THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

VAST labour and research have been spent in endeavours to ascertain the times when Shakespeare's several plays were written, and the sources whence his plots and materials were drawn. The subject is certainly very curious and interesting, not only in reference to the Poet's external history, but as illustrating the growth and progress of the greatest individual mind that hath reported itself in human speech. And, though the desired results have seldom been reached, enough has been done to pay the labour: even where the end has not been gained such approximations have been often made as amply vindicate the undertaking; and in overhauling the musty records of antiquity, along with much that is valuable only or chiefly as bearing upon something else, much has also been brought to light, that is of rare value in itself. Thus Shakespeare, ever fresh and ever young himself, keeps alive many things which it is for our interest not to let die; he being, as it were, the master of ceremonies to bring us acquainted with the great spirits that cluster and revolve around him.

We are apt to think of Shakespeare too much as an abstraction of intellectual power, with whom the ordinary laws and processes of mental life and action had little or nothing to do. He must indeed have been a prodigious infant, yet an infant he unquestionably was; and had to proceed by the usual paths from infancy to manhood, how unusual soever may have been the ease and speed of his passage. Dowered perhaps with such a portion of genius as hath fallen to no other mortal, still his powers had to struggle through the common infirmities and encumbrances of our nature For, assuredly, his mind was not born full-grown and ready-furnished for the course and service of Truth, but had to creep, totter, and prattle; much study, observation, experience, in short, a long, severe *tentative* process being required to insinew, and discipline, and regulate his genius into power. Had he been naturally free

from inward influences, still he was beset with clogs and drawbacks from without: to act upon the age as he did, he must needs have been more or less acted upon by it; and even had he been able to start from the point where he ended, it was impracticable for him to do so, since in that case he would have been too far ahead of those for whom he wrote to take them along with him. And such, no doubt, were the very trials and chastenings whereby he came to be

> "of a rectified spirit,
> By many revolutions of discourse refin'd
> From all the tartarous moods of common men:
> . . . . . most severe
> In fashion and collection of himself;
> And then as clear, and confident as Jove."

Dryden rather oddly represents the Poet's ghost as saying,

> "Untaught, unpractis'd, in a barbarous age
> I found not, but created first, the stage:"

but this is far from true, the ghost being made to utter Dryden's thoughts, not Shakespeare's. For, though the least that he did may be worth more than all that was done before him, and his poorest performances surpass the best of his models; it is nevertheless certain that his task was but to continue and perfect what others had begun. Not only were the three forms of comedy, history, and tragedy in use on the English stage, but the elements of these were to some extent blended in the freedom and variety of the Romantic Drama; though of course in nothing like the purity and harmony wherein he presented them. The usage, also, of dramatic blank-verse stood up inviting his adoption; there being scarce any variety of measure, or pause, or cadence, of which Marlowe had not set the example: though no one before or since has come near Shakespeare in the mastery of its capabilities, — in the ever-varying, never-tiring fluctuation of his verse; his genius being an inexhaustible spring of both mental and verbal modulation. Nor can this be rightly regarded as any alleviation of his task, or any abatement of his fame. For to work thus with materials and upon models already prepared, without being drawn down to their level and subdued to their quality, asks a higher order and exercise of power, than to strike out in a way and with a stock entirely new. And herein it is that the absorbing, and purifying, and quickening virtue of Shakespeare's genius is best seen: he had not a drama to create in any of its forms or elements, but a drama to regenerate and rectify, — to inform its shapes with life and grace, to temper and mould its elements in the happy symmetry and proportion of living art. Thus his work naturally linked in with the whole past: in his hands the collective

thought and wisdom of ages were smelted out of the earth and dross wherein they lay imbedded, and wrought into figures of undecaying beauty; and the extraction and efficacy of centuries were treasured up in his pages.

It can hardly be questioned that THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA was among the earliest-written of our author's plays. This is apparent from the internal evidence: the frequency of rhymes, the comparative want of variety, and the general smoothness of the versification showing that he had not yet grown to a just reliance on his own strength, and to the free working of his powers; that he was rather looking at his models than overseeing them, — rather mastered by them than mastering them and rising upon them. Compared to the plays of what is termed his third or even his second period, the poetry, rich as it is, has more of a lyrical than dramatic cast; particular parts and passages, though often full of beauty, are less subordinated to the whole, and seem more as if used for their own sake; the general style and structure is loose, unvital, inorganic; and we miss the close-knitting of thought and image, the subtle and sinewy discourse, and the "working words," that give such matchless energy and operation to his later and riper performances. Hence, no doubt, the persuasion of certain men, that Shakespeare had little share in the making of this play. Concerning whom Mr. Collier says, "The notion of some critics, that The Two Gentlemen of Verona contains few or no marks of Shakespeare's hand, is strong proof of their incompetence to form a judgment." Wherein we agree with him; for Shakespeare's marks are set all over the play: but they are the marks of his "prentice hand," though such as no prentice hand but his could have put into it; the play, especially in the more comic parts, poor as these are beside others from the same source, as much outstripping any thing done before him as it falls short of what he afterwards did.

The internal evidence is corroborated by whatsoever of external evidence hath come down to us. Of the plays mentioned by Francis Meres in his Wit's Treasury, published in 1598, The Two Gentlemen of Verona stands first in the list. He says: "As Plautus and Seneca are accounted the best for comedy and tragedy among the Latins; so Shakespeare among the English is the most excellent in both kinds for the stage. For comedy, witness his Gentlemen of Verona, his Errors, his Love's Labour's Lost, his Love's Labour Won,* his Midsummer-Night's Dream, and his Merchant of Venice; for tragedy, his Richard II., Richard III., Henry IV., King John, Titus Andronicus, and his Romeo and Juliet." Supposing Meres to include both parts of Henry IV., and adding the three parts of Henry VI., which were written before this date,

* The original title of All's Well That Ends Well.

we have sixteen plays out of thirty-seven, when the author was in his thirty-fourth year. Which, unless we attribute to him such a facility and fluency of pen as neither the reason of the thing nor the facts of the case will warrant, will force us to set his first efforts at play-making back to an earlier period in his life than is generally supposed. Nor, considering his aptitudes for the work, is it at all unlikely that he made some attempts that way even before he left Stratford: at all events, that some of the plays which we now have were written before the end of his twenty-fourth year, seems hardly questionable. And if it seem extraordinary that so young a man should have produced The Two Gentlemen of Verona, how much more extraordinary is it that a man of what soever age should have written Lear!

In 1589 Shakespeare, at the age of twenty-five, was a joint proprietor of the Blackfriars theatre; — a place which he could hardly have won but by ability and usefulness in the offices pertaining to such an establishment. And where was he so likely to be able and useful as in the field where he has so far surpassed all other men?

In 1592 appeared "A Groatsworth of Wit," by Robert Greene, which contains an unmistakeable allusion to Shakespeare. It was written amidst the anguishes of a death-bed repentance, the author's purpose being to dissuade "those gentlemen, his quondam acquaintance," from "spending their wits in making plays;" to which end he uses this argument: "For there is an upstart crow, beautified with our feathers, that with his *tigre's heart wrapp'd in a player's hide* supposes he is as well able to bombast out a blank-verse as the best of you; and, being an absolute Johannes Factotum, is in his own conceit the only Shake-scene in a country." The words in Italic are a parody of a verse in Henry VI., "O, tigre's heart wrapp'd in a *woman's* hide;" which goes still further to ascertain the writer's aim. And the fair inference is, that Shakespeare was known as a sort of Do-all, a Fac-totum, who could turn his hand to any thing, and beat Greene and his associates in the very walks where they severally excelled; and that he was successful not only as a writer, but as an adapter and improver of plays: in which latter quality he had perhaps overhauled some of their writings, and thrown the authors into the shade by adding more to them than they were originally worth; thus getting beautified with their feathers because he had feathers still more beautiful of his own. As the three parts of Henry VI, and perhaps Titus Andronicus, were in fact adapted from preëxisting stock copies, into which Shakespeare distilled something of the life and spirit of his genius, it is quite probable that Greene and those whom he addresses had, jointly or severally, a hand in writing them.

Soon after "A Groatsworth of Wit" was written and before it was published Greene died; and a few months later Henry

Chettle, his fellow-dramatist, and his publisher, put forth a book entitled Kind-heart's Dream, wherein he regrets the attack on Shakespeare, "because myself have seen his demeanour no less civil, then he excellent in the quality he professes: besides, divers of worship have reported his uprightness of dealing, which argues his honesty, and his facetious grace in writing, that approves his art." It is considerable that at this time Shakespeare had published nothing, his Venus and Adonis not being issued till the following year, 1593. Yet he was distinguished for "his facetious grace in writing, that approves his art;" from which it would seem that he was best known in the lighter and finer graces of poetry, his mastery of its deeper powers being as yet either unattained or unappreciated. How was he so likely to win such a reputation as by plays like The Two Gentlemen of Verona, Love's Labour's Lost, and The Comedy of Errors, where quips, and quirks, and cleuches meet us in showers at every turn? the persons having apparently set out to "act freely, carelessly, and capriciously, as if their veins ran with quicksilver; and not utter a phrase but what shall come forth steept in the very brine of conceit, and sparkle like salt in fire;" yet the redundant facetiousness is every where touched with a grace at that time unexampled on the English stage.

All which amply warrants the conclusion, that Shakespeare was "our pleasant Willy," whom Spenser, in his Tears of The Muses, published in 1591, speaks of as

> "the man whom Nature's selfe had made,
> To mock herselfe, and Truth to imitate."

And again, after complaining that

> "Each idle wit at will presumes to make,
> And doth the Learned's taske upon him take:
>
> "But that same gentle Spirit, from whose pen
> Large streames of honnie and sweete nectar flowe,
> Scorning the boldness of such base-borne men,
> Which dare their follies forth so rashlie throwe,
> Doth rather choose to sit in idle cell,
> Than so himselfe to mockerie to sell."

The Two Gentlemen of Verona was probably one of the "streames" that drew forth this no less appropriate than beautiful tribute from the great sweet poet of Faery Land. For even in the plays, which we suppose to have been written before this period, there are frequent touches of that inexpressible sweetness and delicacy of spirit which won him the name, "my gentle

Shakespeare," and which comes out in all his works, like the unconscious issues of a mind

> "As gentle as the stroking wind
> Runs o'er the gentler flowers."

The Two Gentlemen of Verona was first printed in the folio of 1623, where it follows next The Tempest. No note has been discovered of the performance of this play during the author's life. Doubtless it was brought upon the stage, for the Poet had no thought of writing dramas merely for the closet: but if it had been acted as often as his other plays, we should most likely have some record of its performance, as we have in the case of so many of the others. Notwithstanding its superiority in character and poetry to any plays then in use from other hands, perhaps its comparative excess of the rhetorical over the dramatic elements made it less popular in that most action-loving age, than many far below it in all other respects. This lack of success on the boards may also account in part for its freedom from the inequalities we find in several of his earlier plays; as, for example, in Love's Labour's Lost and All's Well That Ends Well there are parts and passages where both the tone of the thought and the structure of the verse evince a pitch of mastership that had not been reached when the plays were originally written. It was then quite common for a play, when brought out anew, to be revised and retouched either by the author or by some other hand; and some of Shakespeare's are known to have undergone this process much to their advantage. Which was probably the cause of the inequalities in question; — a cause that would not be likely to operate, unless there were call for the revival of a play.

No novel or romance has been found, to which Shakespeare could have been *much* indebted for the plot or matter of the play before us. In the part of Julia and her maid Lucetta there are indeed some points of resemblance to the Diana of Jorge de Montmayor, a Spanish romance at that time very popular in England, and of which an English version by Bartholomew Yonge was published in 1598. The Diana is one of the books spared from the bonfire of Don Quixote's library, because, in the words of the Priest who superintends the burning, "They do not deserve to be burnt like the rest, for they cannot do the mischief that those of chivalry have done: they are works of genius and fancy, and do nobody any hurt." The part from which Shakespeare is thought to have borrowed is the story of Felismena, the heroine: "My father having early followed my mother to the tomb, I was left an orphan. Henceforth I resided with a distant relative; and, at the age of seventeen, fell in love with Don Felix, a young nobleman of the province where I lived. The

object of my affections felt a reciprocal passion; but his father, having learned the attachment between us, sent his son to court with a view to prevent our union. Soon after his departure I followed him in the disguise of a page, and on the night of my arrival discovered, by a serenade I heard him give, that he had disposed of his affections. Not being recognized, I was taken into his service, and engaged to conduct the correspondence with the mistress who had supplanted me in his heart." Though Yonge's version of the Diana was not published till 1598, several years after the probable date of The Two Gentlemen of Verona; yet the story was generally well known; parts of it were translated in Sidney's Arcadia, which came out in 1590; and there is good reason to think that the "History of Felix and Philiomena," which was acted at court as far back as 1582, was a play founded on the story of Felix and Felismena. So that, granting Shakespeare to have followed the tale in question, he might well enough have been familiar with it long before Yonge's translation appeared. But the truth is, such and similar incidents were the common staple of romances in that age. And the same may be said touching the matter of Valentine's becoming captain of the outlaws; for which the Poet has been written down as obliged to the Arcadia. Excepting the Diana, there is no reason to think that Shakespeare was indebted to any thing but his own invention for the materials of the play under consideration.

Dr. Johnson remarks, that "in this play there is a strange mixture of knowledge and ignorance, of care and negligence." In proof of the ignorance he then adduces the Poet's violation of geography in making his persons pass from Verona to Milan by water, there being no such passage between those cities. This is one of the departures from fact which critics have been fond of quoting, in order, as would seem, to impeach or disrepute his science. But, inasmuch as Shakespeare's geography and chronology are always accurate enough when such accuracy will serve the purpose of his art, it seems rather questionable whether in this case his inaccuracy should be set down to ignorance. Perhaps, after all, he showed as much knowledge here as he meant to show; and he must have been ignorant indeed, not to know that his geography was incorrect. It should be borne in mind that his purpose was art, not science; that he spoke to the imagination rather than the understanding: which being the case, science itself would tell him that literal or geographical truth was to be sacrificed, in so far as such sacrifice would serve the methods of imagination and the uses of art. Thus, by the laws of his work, the lower gives way to the higher: he facilitates the passage to Milan for the convenience of his hearers in that quality or capacity wherein he addresses them. And he knew well enough that they did not visit the theatre to learn geography or chronology, but to see a vivid, truthful, lifelike representation of action character,

and passion; and that nothing but a poor conceit of scientific accuracy would stick and boggle at such freedoms as art and imagination gladly allow.

The Two Gentlemen of Verona betrays much the same unripeness in its characterization as we have remarked in its other qualities. Coleridge pronounces it "a sketch," and Hazlitt says it is "little more than the first outlines of a comedy loosely sketched in;" which expressions, though perhaps somewhat too general and sweeping, do not seem to strike very wide of the truth. The main exception is in the two clownish servants, who, though so inelegant and unrefined that Pope wanted to eject them from their place, display, to our mind, more truth and energy of characterization, than all the other persons put together. It is true, they are continually pelting those about them with very small wit, wherein they seem rather too much like one mind in two persons; but their wit, if such it may be called, is quite as good as that of their betters: from beneath their affectations we catch some tones of native humour: their talk, rude and undignified enough, still relishes of nature, and smells of the places where men actually walk. Launce, master of quibbles and cranks, with his warm heart and wagging tongue sobbing in parables and conceits, is a genuine sprout of the Poet's brain. The scene between him and his dog Crab, where he recounts the sins of the latter which he has taken upon himself, to save the poor brute from being cudgelled and killed, is one of those odd, touching, nonsensical things, such as we find nowhere but in Shakespeare and nature.

Launce and Speed, Proteus and Valentine, Julia and Silvia, seem designedly arranged by pairs, and have such a mixture of contrast and resemblance between them as might fitly serve to herald the matchless combinations that were still to come from the same cunning hand. Julia, seeking out and attending her faithless lover in the disguise of a page, and even making herself servant to his infidelity, is one of those exhibitions of female purity, sweetness, and devotion, wherein Shakespeare so far excels all other writers. Her innocence and gentleness are but the more apparent for the chill, rough atmosphere that threatens them; the Poet, here as elsewhere, multiplying the difficulties of the situation, the better to approve the beauty of the character. Perhaps the best excuse for her undertaking is, that she never dreams but her lover's heart is as far from fraud as her own, till she finds him with proofs to the contrary on his tongue. Julia, however, is little else than a dim foreshadowing of Imogen: we might almost call them the same person, now seen before, now after marriage; though, in the latter case, by a much clearer light. Perhaps, withal, Imogen has both more rectitude of thought and more delicacy of feeling, than to set forth on such an adventure with so little cause: for Julia has no persecution at home to drive her away, and her love seems rather unwise in not bearing the

absence of its object, this being so manifestly for his good.—Silvia, though rather thin and unsubstantial, is a goodly, graceful figure. As strong in love perhaps as Julia; of demeanour not quite so pretty, but more becoming; a little more artful, and withal much more prudent and practical; though her virtue be far above suspicion, yet she raises a shrewd doubt whether the offers of a second lover would be so greatly unwelcome to her, but that he undertakes to supplant the first, instead of accepting a place beside him in her thoughts. In her disguise and flight there is no such appearance of turning romantic for the sake of romance, as strikes us in the case of Julia.

Proteus, truant to love, and thereby rendered false to friendship, moves little feeling of any sort, as his faults appear to spring from the rank and undisciplined impulses of youth. His passion is evidently of the kind that thinks more of itself than of its object; and his much talking about it breeds in us a secret distrust of its quality from the first, as knowing,

> "When the blood burns, how prodigally the soul
> Lends the tongue vows:"

for which cause we do not wonder that it betrays him into something of baseness. But, though passion seduces him from truth and reason, the failure of his undertaking and Julia's heroic constancy recover him to them: love, overmastered in the absence of its object, resumes its sway in her presence; and experience brings him to the discovery of his own weakness, which is the beginning of wisdom, and the first stepping towards virtue.—In Valentine we have the rudiments, and something more, of a truly noble and beautiful character. His slowness to take the meaning of Silvia's artful and enigmatical invitations finely exemplifies the innate modesty of a true affection, that is kept from discerning the signs of a return by a sense of its own unworthiness.

And yet, for some cause or other, these persons do not greatly interest or move us; there being an appearance of art either in the characters themselves or in the delineation of them, that stil beats back our sympathies, and keeps us from really feeling as in the presence of nature while with them. Nevertheless, the play, taken as a whole, illustrates with considerable skill the truant fickleness of human passion, and the weakness of human reason when opposed by passion, and at the same time depicts the beauty of maiden truth and constancy. Mr. Hallam sets it down as "probably the first English comedy in which characters are drawn from social life, at once ideal and true."

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

DUKE of MILAN, Father to Silvia.
VALENTINE, } Gentlemen of Verona.
PROTEUS, }
ANTONIO, Father to Proteus.
THURIO, a foolish Rival to Valentine.
EGLAMOUR, Agent for Silvia in her escape.
SPEED, a clownish Servant to Valentine.
LAUNCE, Servant to Proteus.
PANTHINO, Servant to Antonio.
Host, where Julia lodges in Milan.
Outlaws.

JULIA, a Lady of Verona, beloved by Proteus.
SILVIA, the Duke's Daughter, beloved by Valentine.
LUCETTA, Waitingwoman to Julia.

Servants, Musicians.

SCENE, sometimes in VERONA; sometimes in MILAN; and on the frontiers of MANTUA.

TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

ACT I.

SCENE I. An open place in Verona.

Enter VALENTINE *and* PROTEUS.

Val. CEASE to persuade, my loving Proteus
Home-keeping youth have ever homely wits.
Were't not, affection chains thy tender days
To the sweet glances of thy honour'd love,
I rather would entreat thy company,
To see the wonders of the world abroad,
Than, living dully sluggardiz'd at home,
Wear out thy youth with shapeless idleness.[2]
But, since thou lov'st, love still, and thrive therein,
Even as I would, when I to love begin.

Pro. Wilt thou begone? Sweet Valentine, adieu!
Think on thy Proteus, when thou, haply, seest
Some rare note-worthy object in thy travel:
Wish me partaker in thy happiness,
When thou dost meet good hap; and in thy danger,
If ever danger do environ thee,
Commend thy grievance to my holy prayers,
For I will be thy beadsman,[3] Valentine.

[1] Milton has the same play upon words in his Comus:

> "It is for homely features to keep home;
> They had their name thence."

[2] *Idleness* is called *shapeless*, as preventing the shaping of the character and manners. H.

[3] A *beadsman*, as the word is here used, is one who offers up

Val. And on a love-book pray for my success.
Pro. Upon some book I love, I'll pray for thee.
Val. That's on some shallow story of deep love,
How young Leander cross'd the Hellespont.
Pro. That's a deep story of a deeper love;
For he was more than over shoes in love.
Val. 'Tis true; but you are over boots in love,
And yet you never swam the Hellespont.
Pro. Over the boots? nay, give me not the boots.[4]
Val. No, I will not, for it boots thee not.
Pro. What!
Val. To be in love, where scorn is bought with groans;
Coy looks, with heart-sore sighs; one fading moment's mirth,
With twenty watchful, weary, tedious nights:
If haply won, perhaps a hapless gain;
If lost, why, then a grievous labour won;
However,[5] but a folly bought with wit,
Or else a wit by folly vanquished.
Pro. So, by your circumstance you call me fool.
Val. So, by your circumstance,[6] I fear, you'll prove.

prayers for another's welfare. Thus we are told that Sir Henry Lee, upon retiring from the office of Champion to Queen Elizabeth, said "his hands, instead of wielding the lance, should now be held up in prayer for Her Majesty's welfare; and he trusted she would allow him to be her *beadsman*, now that he had ceased to incur knightly perils in her service." *Bead* was the Anglo-Saxon word for *prayer*, and so gave name to the small wooden balls which were used in numbering prayers, and a string of which was called a *rosary*. Such appears to have been the origin of the name, if not of the thing, a string of beads. H.

[4] A proverbial expression, now disused, signifying, "Don't make a laughing-stock of me." Perhaps deduced from a humourous punishment at harvest-home feasts in Warwickshire.

[5] That is, either way; whether "haply won" or "lost." H.

[6] We have here a play upon the word *circumstance*, the first being used for *circumlocution*, as in Othello: "He evades them with a bombast *circumstance*, horribly stuff'd with epithets of

Pro. 'Tis Love you cavil at: I am not Love.
Val. Love is your master, for he masters you;
And he that is so yoked by a fool,
Methinks, should not be chronicled for wise.
Pro. Yet writers say, as in the sweetest bud
The eating canker dwells, so eating love
Inhabits in the finest wits of all.
Val. And writers say, as the most forward bud
Is eaten by the canker ere it blow,
Even so by love the young and tender wit
Is turn'd to folly; blasting in the bud,
Losing his verdure even in the prime,
And all the fair effects of future hopes.
But wherefore waste I time to counsel thee,
That art a votary to fond desire?
Once more, adieu: My father at the road
Expects my coming, there to see me shipp'd.
Pro. And thither will I bring thee, Valentine.
Val. Sweet Proteus, no; now let us take our leave.
To Milan let me hear from thee by letters,[7]
Of thy success in love, and what news else
Betideth here in absence of thy friend;
And I likewise will visit thee with mine.
Pro. All happiness bechance to thee in Milan!
Val. As much to you at home; and so, farewell!
[*Exit.*
Pro. He after honour hunts, I after love:
He leaves his friends, to dignify them more;
I leave myself, my friends, and all for love.
Thou, Julia, thou hast metamorphos'd me;
Made me neglect my studies, lose my time,

war;" — the second for course of action or conduct. Thus Baret in his Alvearie, published in 1580: "To use great *circumstance* of woordes, to go about the bushe." H

[7] The construction is, "Let me hear from thee by letters to Milan."

War with good counsel, set the world at nought;
Made wit with musing weak, heart sick with thought

Enter SPEED.

Speed. Sir Proteus, save you! Saw you my master?

Pro. But now he parted hence, to embark for Milan.

Speed. Twenty to one, then, he is shipp'd already; And I have played the sheep,[8] in losing him.

Pro. Indeed a sheep doth very often stray, An if the shepherd be awhile away.

Speed. You conclude that my master is a shepherd then, and I a sheep?

Pro. I do.

Speed. Why, then my horns are his horns, whether I wake or sleep.

Pro. A silly answer, and fitting well a sheep.

Speed. This proves me still a sheep.

Pro. True; and thy master a shepherd.

Speed. Nay, that I can deny by a circumstance.

Pro. It shall go hard, but I'll prove it by another.

Speed. The shepherd seeks the sheep, and not the sheep the shepherd; but I seek my master, and my master seeks not me: therefore I am no sheep.

Pro. The sheep for fodder follow the shepherd, the shepherd for food follows not the sheep; thou for wages followest thy master, thy master for wages follows not thee: therefore thou art a sheep.

Speed. Such another proof will make me cry baa.

Pro. But, dost thou hear? gav'st thou my letter to Julia?

Speed. Ay, sir: I, a lost mutton, gave your let-

[8] In Warwickshire, and some other counties, *sheep* is pronounced *ship*. Without this explanation the jest, such as it is, might escape the reader.

ter to her, a lac'd mutton;[9] and she, a lac'd mutton, gave me, a lost mutton, nothing for my labour.

Pro. Here's too small a pasture for such a store of muttons.

Speed. If the ground be overcharg'd, you were best stick her.

Pro. Nay, in that you are astray: 'twere best pound you.

Speed. Nay, sir, less than a pound shall serve me for carrying your letter.

Pro. You mistake: I mean the pound, a pinfold.

Speed. From a pound to a pin? fold it over and over,
'Tis threefold too little for carrying a letter to your lover.

Pro. But what said she?—[SPEED *nods.*]—Did she nod?[10]

Speed. Ay.

Pro. Nod-ay? why, that's noddy.

Speed. You mistook, sir: I say she did nod; and you ask me, if she did nod; and I say, ay.

Pro. And that set together, is noddy.

Speed. Now you have taken the pains to set it together, take it for your pains.

[9] "*Laced mutton,*" we are told, "was so established a term for a courtesan, that a lane in Clerkenwell, much frequented by loose women, was thence called Mutton Lane." Speed apparently understands the person he is talking with, for it is observable that he uses no such language in his speech with Valentine; and the reason of his daring to speak thus respecting Julia is to be found in the nature of Sir Proteus' passion, which, though doubtless characteristic of him, is not very honourable to him. H.

[10] These words were supplied by Theobald to introduce what follows. The poor quibble just below is more apparent in the original, where, according to the mode of that time, the affirmative particle, *ay*, is spelt I. *Noddy* was a game at cards: applied to a person, the word meant *fool;* Noddy being the name of what is commonly called the Jack. H

Pro. No, no; you shall have it for bearing the letter.

Speed. Well, I perceive I must be fain to bear with you.

Pro. Why, sir, how do you bear with me?

Speed. Marry, sir, the letter very orderly; having nothing but the word noddy for my pains.

Pro. Beshrew me, but you have a quick wit.

Speed. And yet it cannot overtake your slow purse.

Pro. Come, come; open the matter in brief: What said she?

Speed. Open your purse, that the money and the matter may be both at once deliver'd.

Pro. Well, sir, here is for your pains: What said she?

Speed. Truly, sir, I think you'll hardly win her.

Pro. Why? Couldst thou perceive so much from her?

Speed. Sir, I could perceive nothing at all from her; no, not so much as a ducat for delivering your letter: And being so hard to me that brought your mind, I fear she'll prove as hard to you in telling your mind.[11] Give her no token but stones, for she's as hard as steel.

Pro. What! said she nothing?

Speed. No, not so much as — "take this for thy pains." To testify your bounty, I thank you, you have testern'd me;[12] in requital whereof, henceforth

[11] The meaning is, "Since she has been so hard to me, the bearer of your mind, I fear she will be equally hard to you whose mind I bore." H.

[12] That is, you have given me a *testern*. Testern, now called tester, was a coin of sixpence value, first issued in England in 1542, and so named from having a *teste*, that is, a head, stamped upon it. It was introduced from France, and was originally 18d, but afterwards fell to 12d, 9d, and finally 6d, where it stuck. H.

carry your letters yourself: And so, sir, I'll commend you to my master.

Pro. Go, go, begone, to save your ship from wreck;
Which cannot perish, having thee aboard,
Being destined to a drier death on shore.—
I must go send some better messenger;
I fear my Julia would not deign my lines,
Receiving them from such a worthless post.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The same. JULIA's Garden.

Enter JULIA *and* LUCETTA.

Jul. But say, Lucetta, now we are alone,
Wouldst thou, then, counsel me to fall in love?

Luc. Ay, madam; so you stumble not unheedfully.

Jul. Of all the fair resort of gentlemen,
That every day with parle[1] encounter me,
In thy opinion which is worthiest love?

Luc. Please you repeat their names, I'll show my mind
According to my shallow simple skill.

Jul. What think'st thou of the fair Sir Eglamour?

Luc. As of a knight well-spoken, neat and fine;
But, were I you, he never should be mine.

Jul. What think'st thou of the rich Mercatio?

Luc. Well of his wealth; but of himself, so, so.

Jul. What think'st thou of the gentle Proteus?

Luc. Lord, lord! to see what folly reigns in us!

Jul. How now! what means this passion at his name?

Luc. Pardon, dear madam: 'tis a passing shame,

[1] *Parle* is *talk*

That I, unworthy body as I am,
Should censure[2] thus on lovely gentlemen.

Jul. Why not on Proteus, as of all the rest?

Luc. Then thus, — of many good I think him best.

Jul. Your reason?

Luc. I have no other but a woman's reason:
I think him so, because I think him so.

Jul. And wouldst thou have me cast my love on him?

Luc. Ay, if you thought your love not cast away.

Jul. Why, he of all the rest hath never mov'd me.

Luc. Yet he of all the rest, I think, best loves ye.

Jul. His little speaking shows his love but small.

Luc. Fire,[3] that's closest kept, burns most of all.

Jul. They do not love, that do not show their love.

Luc. O! they love least, that let men know their love.

Jul. I would I knew his mind.

Luc. Peruse this paper, madam.

Jul. "To Julia." — Say, from whom?

Luc. That the contents will show.

Jul. Say, say; who gave it thee?

Luc. Sir Valentine's page; and sent, I think, from Proteus:
He would have given it you, but I, being in the way,
Did in your name receive it: pardon the fault, I pray.

Jul. Now, by my modesty, a goodly broker![4]

[2] To *censure*, in Shakespeare's time, generally signified to give one's judgment or opinion. Thus in The Winter's Tale, Act ii. sc. 1: "How blest am I in my just *censure!* in my true opinion!"

[3] *Fire* is here a dissyllable. The play has other like examples: "But qualify the *fire's* extreme rage;" and again: "Trenched in ice, which with an *hour's* heat," &c. These and similar words were continually used thus by the poets of Shakespeare's time: and yet Steevens undertook to correct the Poet's measure in such cases by supplying another word! H.

[4] A matchmaker. It was sometimes used for a procuress.

Dare you presume to harbour wanton lines?
To whisper and conspire against my youth?
Now, trust me, 'tis an office of great worth,
And you an officer fit for the place!
There, take the paper: see it be return'd;
Or else return no more into my sight.

Luc. To plead for love deserves more fee than hate.

Jul. Will you be gone?

Luc. That you may ruminate. [*Exit.*

Jul. And yet, I would I had o'erlook'd the letter
It were a shame to call her back again,
And pray her to a fault for which I chid her.
What fool is she, that knows I am a maid,
And would not force the letter to my view!
Since maids, in modesty, say "No," to that
Which they would have the profferer construe, "Ay."
Fie, fie! how wayward is this foolish love,
That, like a testy babe, will scratch the nurse,
And presently, all humbled, kiss the rod!
How churlishly I chid Lucetta hence,
When willingly I would have had her here!
How angerly I taught my brow to frown,
When inward joy enforc'd my heart to smile!
My penance is, to call Lucetta back,
And ask remission for my folly past: —
What ho! Lucetta!

Re-enter LUCETTA.

Luc. What would your ladyship?

Jul. Is it near dinner time?

Luc. I would it were;
That you might kill your stomach[5] on your meat,
And not upon your maid.

[5] *Stomach* is here used in the double sense of *hunger* and *anger*. H.

Jul. What is't that you took up so gingerly?

Luc. Nothing.

Jul. Why didst thou stoop then?

Luc. To take a paper up that I let fall.

Jul. And is that paper nothing?

Luc. Nothing concerning me.

Jul. Then let it lie for those that it concerns.

Luc. Madam, it will not lie where it concerns,
Unless it have a false interpreter.

Jul. Some love of yours hath writ to you in rhyme.

Luc. That I might sing it, madam, to a tune:
Give me a note: your ladyship can set[6]—

Jul. As little by such toys as may be possible:
Best sing it to the tune of "Light o' love."

Luc. It is too heavy for so light a tune.

Jul. Heavy? belike it hath some burden then.

Luc. Ay; and melodious were it, would you sing it.

Jul. And why not you?

Luc. I cannot reach so high.

Jul. Let's see your song:—How now, minion!

Luc. Keep tune there still, so you will sing it out:
And yet, methinks, I do not like this tune.

Jul. You do not?

Luc. No, madam; it is too sharp.

Jul. You, minion, are too saucy.

Luc. Nay, now you are too flat,
And mar the concord with too harsh a descant:[7]
There wanteth but a mean to fill your song.

[6] That is, *set it to music.* Julia in the next line plays upon the word, understanding it in the sense of *set by*, or make account of. H.

[7] The simple air in music was called the *plain song*, or *ground*; the *descant* was what is now called *variations*; the *mean* what we call the *tenor*. This use of musical terms before a popular audience would seem to infer, which was indeed the case, that taste and knowledge in music was a characteristic trait of "merry

Jul. The mean is drown'd with your unruly base.
Luc. Indeed, I bid the base [8] for Proteus.
Jul. This babble shall not henceforth trouble me.
Here is a coil [9] with protestation! [*Tears the letter.*
Go, get you gone; and let the papers lie:
You would be fingering them, to anger me.
Luc. She makes it strange; but she would be best pleas'd
To be so anger'd with another letter. [*Exit.*
Jul. Nay, would I were so anger'd with the same!
O hateful hands! to tear such loving words:
Injurious wasps! to feed on such sweet honey,
And kill the bees that yield it with your stings! [10]
I'll kiss each several paper for amends.
Look, here is writ — "kind Julia:" — Unkind Julia!
As in revenge of thy ingratitude,
I throw thy name against the bruising stones,
Trampling contemptuously on thy disdain.
And here is writ — "love-wounded Proteus." —
Poor wounded name! my bosom, as a bed,
Shall lodge thee, till thy wound be throughly heal'd;
And thus I search it with a sovereign kiss.

England in the olden time." What with the sour fanaticism of the Commonwealth, and the licentiousness of the Restoration, both of which were equally fatal, this beautiful feature was so blasted, that it has never been fully recovered. H.

[8] Lucetta is still quibbling, and turns the allusion off upon the rustic game of *base*, or prison-base, in which one ran and challenged another to catch him. H.

[9] That is, bustle, stir.

[10] Shakespeare has given several proofs of a practical acquaintance with the economy of bees; some of which the naturalist as well as the poet may study with profit; as the fine description in Henry V. Act i. sc. 2, "for so work the honey-bees," &c. He had doubtless observed how they "make boot upon the summer's velvet buds," and also how the "injurious wasps" plunder them, stinging them to death for the sweetness they yield. Knight says, "The metaphor of the pretty pouting Julia is as accurate as it is beautiful." H.

But twice, or thrice, was Proteus written down:
Be calm, good wind, blow not a word away,
Till I have found each letter in the letter,
Except mine own name; that some whirlwind bear
Unto a ragged, fearful, hanging rock,
And throw it thence into the raging sea.
Lo! here in one line is his name twice writ,—
"Poor forlorn Proteus, passionate Proteus,
To the sweet Julia:"—that I'll tear away;—
And yet I will not, sith[11] so prettily
He couples it to his complaining names.
Thus will I fold them one upon another:
Now kiss, embrace, contend, do what you will.

Re-enter LUCETTA.

Luc. Madam,
Dinner is ready, and your father stays.
Jul. Well, let us go.
Luc. What! shall these papers lie like tell-tales here?
Jul. If you respect them, best to take them up.
Luc. Nay, I was taken up for laying them down:
Yet here they shall not lie, for catching cold.[12]
Jul. I see you have a month's mind[13] to them.

[11] Since.

[12] That is, lest they should catch cold; anciently a common form of expression.

[13] "*A month's mind*," says Mr. Collier, "is here equivalent to 'a great mind,' or strong inclination." In its "ritual sense" the phrase meant a month's remembrance, referring to the masses or other solemnities enjoined in the will of a deceased person for the repose of his soul. The strong desire with which these ceremonies were regarded may have caused the phrase to signify an eager longing, in which sense it is generally thought to be used here. It occurs in Ben Jonson's Magnetic Lady: "I have *a month' mind* to peep a little too;" and in Hudibras:

"For if a trumpet sound, or drum beat,
Who hath not *a month's mind* to a combat?" M.

Luc. Ay, madam, you may say what sights you see;
I see things too, although you judge I wink.
Jul. Come, come; will't please you go? [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The same. A Room in ANTONIO's House.

Enter ANTONIO *and* PANTHINO.

Ant. Tell me, Panthino, what sad[1] talk was that,
Wherewith my brother held you in the cloister?
Pant. 'Twas of his nephew Proteus, your son.
Ant. Why, what of him?
Pant. He wonder'd, that your lordship
Would suffer him to spend his youth at home;
While other men, of slender reputation,
Put forth their sons to seek preferment out:
Some to the wars, to try their fortune there;
Some, to discover islands far away;
Some, to the studious universities.[2]
For any, or for all these exercises,
He said, that Proteus, your son, was meet;
And did request me to impórtune you

[1] That is, grave or serious.

[2] This passage is all alive with the spirit of Shakespeare's own time, when enterprise, adventure, and study were every where the order of the day, and all ranks were stirred with noble agitations; the mind's life being then no longer exhausted in domestic broils, nor as yet stifled by a passion for gain. And, to say nothing of foreign discoveries, where wonder and curiosity were ever finding new stores of food, and still grew hungry by what they fed on; or of Flemish campaigns, where chivalrous honour and mental accomplishment "kissed each other;" what a tremendous perturbation must have run through the national mind, what a noble fury must have enriched the nation's brain, to make it effervesce in such a flood as hath rolled down to us in the works of Spenser Hooker, Shakespeare, and Bacon! U

To let him spend his time no more at home,
Which would be great impeachment to his age,
In having known no travel in his youth.

Ant. Nor need'st thou much impórtune me to that
Whereon this month I have been hammering.
I have consider'd well his loss of time,
And how he cannot be a perfect man,
Not being tried and tutor'd in the world.
Experience is by industry achiev'd,
And perfected by the swift course of time:
Then, tell me, whither were I best to send him?

Pant. I think, your lordship is not ignorant
How his companion, youthful Valentine,
Attends the emperor in his royal court.

Ant. I know it well.

Pant. 'Twere good, I think, your lordship sent him thither:
There shall he practise tilts and tournaments,[3]
Hear sweet discourse, converse with noblemen,
And be in eye of every exercise,
Worthy his youth and nobleness of birth.

Ant. I like thy counsel: well hast thou advis'd;
And, that thou mayst perceive how well I like it,
The execution of it shall make known:
Even with the speedies: expedition
I will despatch him to the emperor's court.

[3] Here again the Poet is alluding to the practices of his own time. At an earlier period, when war was expressly conducted by the laws of knighthood, "the tournay, with all its magnificence, its minstrels, and heralds, and damosels in lofty towers, had its hard blows, its wounds, and sometimes its deaths." But the tournaments of Shakespeare's time, and such as Proteus was sent to practise, were "the tournaments of gay pennons and pointless lances;" as magnificent indeed as the old knightly encounters, but "as harmless to the combatants as those between other less noble actors, — the heroes of the stage." The Poet had no doubt witnessed some of these "courtly pastimes," as held by Her Majesty in the Tilt-yard at Westminster, or by proud Leicester in the Tilt-yard at Kenilworth. H.

Pant. To-morrow, may it please you, Don Alphonso,
With other gentlemen of good esteem,
Are journeying to salute the emperor,
And to commend their service to his will.
Ant. Good company; with them shall Proteus go:
And, in good time,—now will we break with him.[4]

Enter PROTEUS.

Pro. Sweet love! sweet lines! sweet life!
Here is her hand, the agent of her heart;
Here is her oath for love, her honour's pawn:
O! that our fathers would applaud our loves,
To seal our happiness with their consents!
O heavenly Julia!
Ant. How now! what letter are you reading there?
Pro. May't please your lordship, 'tis a word or two
Of commendations sent from Valentine,
Deliver'd by a friend that came from him.
Ant. Lend me the letter: let me see what news.
Pro. There is no news, my lord; but that he writes
How happily he lives, how well belov'd
And daily graced by the emperor;
Wishing me with him, partner of his fortune.
Ant. And how stand you affected to his wish?
Pro. As one relying on your lordship's will,
And not depending on his friendly wish.
Ant. My will is something sorted with his wish:

[4] That is, *break*, or *open*, the matter *to* him;—one of many instances showing how much the use of prepositions has changed. *To break with a person*, now wears a very different meaning. Antonio's words, *in good time*, refer to Proteus, whom he just then sees coming.

Muse not that I thus suddenly proceed;
For what I will, I will, and there an end.
I am resolv'd, that thou shalt spend some time
With Valentinus in the emperor's court:
What maintenance he from his friends receives,
Like exhibition[5] thou shalt have from me.
To-morrow be in readiness to go:
Excuse it not, for I am peremptory.

Pro. My lord, I cannot be so soon provided:
Please you, deliberate a day or two.

Ant. Look, what thou want'st, shall be sent after thee:
No more of stay; to-morrow thou must go.—
Come on, Panthino: you shall be employ'd
To hasten on his expedition.

[*Exeunt* ANT. *and* PANT

Pro. Thus have I shunn'd the fire, for fear of burning;
And drench'd me in the sea, where I am drown'd:
I fear'd to show my father Julia's letter,
Lest he should take exceptions to my love;
And with the vantage of mine own excuse
Hath he excepted most against my love.
O! how this spring of love resembleth
The uncertain glory of an April day;
Which now shows all the beauty of the sun,
And by and by a cloud takes all away.[6]

[5] *Exhibition* is allowance of money; it is still used in the Universities for a stipend.

[6] It is curious to note with what accuracy as well as vividness the Poet here paints the manners of April. The play was written in his youth, when he was more at home with external nature than with man, his mind not having yet clomb the height of this latter argument. What a study is traced in the progress of his mind as the gay riches of vision gradually yielded to the sterner and solider riches of thought! the first, however, giving a promise of the last, and the last keeping up a remembrance of the first. The

Re-enter PANTHINO.

Pant. Sir Proteus, your father calls for you:
He is in haste; therefore, I pray you go.
Pro. Why, this it is! my heart accords thereto;
And yet a thousand times it answers, no. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. Milan. A Room in the DUKE'S Palace.

Enter VALENTINE *and* SPEED.

Speed. Sir, your glove.
Val. Not mine; my gloves are on.
Speed. Why, then this may be yours, for this is but one.[1]
Val. Ha! let me see: ay, give it me, it's mine:—
Sweet ornament that decks a thing divine!
Ah Silvia! Silvia!
Speed. Madam Silvia! madam Silvia!
Val. How now, sirrah?
Speed. She is not within hearing, sir.

fine ecstasy with which, in his earlier plays, as in his poems, he dwells on the movements and aspects of nature has often sent our thoughts to a passage of Wordsworth, describing his youthful self:

> "For nature then
> To me was all in all. I cannot paint
> What then I was. The sounding cataract
> Haunted me like a passion: the tall rock,
> The mountain, and the deep and gloomy wood,
> Their colours and their forms, were then to me
> An appetite; a feeling and a love." H.

[1] *On* and *one* were anciently pronounced alike, and frequently written so.

Val. Why, sir, who bade you call her?

Speed. Your worship, sir; or else I mistook.

Val. Well, you'll still be too forward.

Speed. And yet I was last chidden for being too slow.

Val. Go to, sir: Tell me, do you know madam Silvia?

Speed. She that your worship loves?

Val. Why, how know you that I am in love?

Speed. Marry, by these special marks: First, you have learn'd, like Sir Proteus, to wreath your arms like a malcontent; to relish a love-song, like a robin-redbreast; to walk alone, like one that had the pestilence; to sigh, like a schoolboy that had lost his A B C; to weep, like a young wench that had buried her grandam; to fast, like one that takes diet;[2] to watch, like one that fears robbing; to speak puling, like a beggar at Hallowmas.[3] You were wont, when you laugh'd, to crow like a cock; when you walk'd, to walk like one of the lions; when you fasted, it was presently after dinner; when you look'd sadly, it was for want of money: and now you are metamorphos'd with a mistress, that, when I look on you, I can hardly think you my master.

Val. Are all these things perceiv'd in me?

Speed. They are all perceiv'd without ye.

Val. Without me? They cannot.

Speed. Without you! nay, that's certain, for,

[2] To *take diet* is to be under a *regimen* for a disease.

[3] The feast of All-hallows, or All Saints, at which time the poor in Staffordshire go from parish to parish *a souling*, as they call it; that is, *begging and puling*, (or singing small, as Bailey's Dictionary explains *puling*,) for soul-cakes, and singing what they call the souler's song. These terms point out the condition of this benevolence, which was, that the beggars should pray for the souls of the giver's departed friends.

without you were so simple, none else would: but you are so without these follies, that these follies are within you, and shine through you like the water in an urinal; that not an eye, that sees you, but is a physician to comment on your malady.

Val. But, tell me, dost thou know my lady Silvia?

Speed. She that you gaze on so, as she sits at supper?

Val. Hast thou observ'd that? even she I mean.

Speed. Why, sir, I know her not.

Val. Dost thou know her by my gazing on her, and yet know'st her not?

Speed. Is she not hard-favour'd, sir?

Val. Not so fair, boy, as well favour'd.

Speed. Sir, I know that well enough.

Val. What dost thou know?

Speed. That she is not so fair, as (of you) well favour'd.

Val. I mean, that her beauty is exquisite, but her favour infinite.

Speed. That's because the one is painted, and the other out of all count.

Val. How painted? and how out of count?

Speed. Marry, sir, so painted to make her fair, that no man 'counts of her beauty.

Val. How esteem'st thou me? I account of her beauty.

Speed. You never saw her since she was deform'd.

Val. How long hath she been deform'd?

Speed. Ever since you lov'd her.

Val. I have lov'd her ever since I saw her; and still I see her beautiful.

Speed. If you love her, you cannot see her.

Val. Why?

Speed. Because love is blind. O! that you had mine eyes; or your own eyes had the lights they were wont to have, when you chid at Sir Proteus for going ungarter'd![4]

Val. What should I see then?

Speed. Your own present folly, and her passing deformity: for he, being in love, could not see to garter his hose; and you, being in love, cannot see to put on your hose.

Val. Belike, boy, then you are in love; for last morning you could not see to wipe my shoes.

Speed. True, sir; I was in love with my bed: I thank you, you swing'd me for my love, which makes me the bolder to chide you for yours.

Val. In conclusion, I stand affected to her.

Speed. I would you were set;[5] so your affection would cease.

Val. Last night she enjoin'd me to write some lines to one she loves.

Speed. And have you?

Val. I have.

Speed. Are they not lamely writ?

Val. No, boy, but as well as I can do them:—Peace! here she comes.

Enter SILVIA.

Speed. O excellent motion![6] O exceeding puppet! now will he interpret to her.

[4] Going ungartered is enumerated by Rosalind as one of the undoubted marks of love. "Then your hose should be *ungartered*, your bonnet unbanded," &c. As You Like It, Act iii. sc. 2.

[5] *Set*, for *seated*, in opposition to *stand* in the preceding line. It appears, however, to be used metaphorically in the sense applied to the sun when it sinks below the horizon.

[6] A *motion* signified, in Shakespeare's time, a *puppet-show*. Speed means, what a fine puppet-show shall we have now! Here

Val. Madam and mistress, a thousand good-morrows.

Speed. [*Aside.*] O! 'give ye good even: here's a million of manners.

Sil. Sir Valentine and servant, to you two thousand.

Speed. [*Aside.*] He should give her interest; and she gives it him.

Val. As you enjoin'd me, I have writ your letter,
Unto the secret nameless friend of yours;
Which I was much unwilling to proceed in,
But for my duty to your ladyship.

Sil. I thank you, gentle servant: 'Tis very clerkly [7] done.

Val. Now trust me, madam, it came hardly off;
For, being ignorant to whom it goes,
I writ at random, very doubtfully.

Sil. Perchance you think too much of so much pains?

Val. No, madam, so it stead you, I will write,
Please you command, a thousand times as much:
And yet —.

Sil. A pretty period! Well, I guess the sequel:
And yet I will not name it; — and yet I care not; —
And yet take this again; — and yet I thank you,
Meaning henceforth to trouble you no more.

Speed. [*Aside.*] And yet you will; and yet, another yet.

Val. What means your ladyship? do you not like it?

Sil. Yes, yes; the lines are very quaintly writ·

[6] the principal *puppet* to whom my master will be the interpreter The showman was then frequently called the interpreter.

[7] That is, like a scholar.

But since unwillingly, take them again:
Nay, take them.

Val. Madam, they are for you.

Sil. Ay, ay; you writ them, sir, at my request
But I will none of them; they are for you:
I would have had them writ more movingly.

Val. Please you, I'll write your ladyship another.

Sil. And, when it's writ, for my sake read it over:
And, if it please you, so; if not, why, so.

Val. If it please me, madam! what then?

Sil. Why if it please you, take it for your labour:
And so good-morrow, servant. [*Exit.*

Speed. O jest unseen, inscrutable, invisible,
As a nose on a man's face, or a weathercock on a steeple!
My master sues to her; and she hath taught her suitor,
He being her pupil, to become her tutor.
O excellent device! was there ever heard a better?
That my master, being scribe, to himself should write the letter?

Val. How now, sir! what are you reasoning with yourself?

Speed. Nay, I was rhyming: 'tis you that have the reason.

Val. To do what?

Speed. To be a spokesman from madam Silvia.

Val. To whom?

Speed. To yourself: Why, she woos you by a figure.

Val. What figure?

Speed. By a letter, I should say.

Val. Why, she hath not writ to me?

Speed. What need she, when she hath made you write to yourself? Why, do you not perceive the jest?

Val. No, believe me.

Speed. No believing you indeed, sir: But did you perceive her earnest?

Val. She gave me none, except an angry word.

Speed. Why, she hath given you a letter.

Val. That's the letter I writ to her friend.

Speed. And that letter hath she deliver'd, and there an end.

Val. I would, it were no worse!

Speed. I'll warrant you, 'tis as well:

"For often have you writ to her; and she, in modesty,
Or else for want of idle time, could not again reply;
Or fearing else some messenger, that might her mind discover,
Herself hath taught her love himself to write unto her lover."

All this I speak in print;[8] for in print I found it.—
Why muse you, sir? 'tis dinner-time.

Val. I have din'd.

Speed. Ay, but hearken, sir: though the cameleon Love can feed on the air, I am one that am nourish'd by my victuals, and would fain have meat: O! be not like your mistress; be moved, be moved. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. Verona. A Room in JULIA'S House.

Enter PROTEUS *and* JULIA.

Pro. Have patience, gentle Julia.

Jul. I must, where is no remedy.

Pro. When possibly I can, I will return.

Jul. If you turn not, you will return the sooner:
Keep this remembrance for thy Julia's sake.

[*Giving a ring*

[8] That is, with exactness.

Pro. Why, then we'll make exchange: here, take you this.

Jul. And seal the bargain with a holy kiss.[1]

Pro. Here is my hand for my true constancy;
And when that hour o'erslips me in the day,
Wherein I sigh not, Julia, for thy sake,
The next ensuing hour some foul mischance
Torment me for my love's forgetfulness!
My father stays my coming: answer not.
The tide is now: nay, not thy tide of tears;
That tide will stay me longer than I should.

[*Exit* JULIA.

Julia, farewell. — What! gone without a word?
Ay, so true love should do: it cannot speak;
For truth hath better deeds than words to grace it.

Enter PANTHINO.

Pant. Sir Proteus, you are staid for.

Pro. Go; I come, I come: —
Alas! this parting strikes poor lovers dumb.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. The same. A Street.

Enter LAUNCE, *leading a dog.*

Laun. Nay, 'twill be this hour ere I have done weeping: all the kind of the Launces have this

[1] The ceremonial of betrothing, for which a ritual was formerly provided, is thus set down by the Priest in Twelfth Night, Act v. sc. 1:

> "A contract of eternal bond of love,
> Confirm'd by mutual joinder of your hands,
> Attested by the holy close of lips,
> Strengthen'd by interchangement of your rings;
> And all the ceremony of this compact
> Seal'd in my function, by my testimony."

Such a "contract" was held sacred by the Church. M.

very fault. I have receiv'd my proportion, like the prodigious son, and am going with sir Proteus to the Imperial's court. I think, Crab my dog be the sourest-natur'd dog that lives: my mother weeping, my father wailing, my sister crying, our maid howling, our cat wringing her hands, and all our house in a great perplexity, yet did not this cruel-hearted cur shed one tear: he is a stone, a very pebble-stone, and has no more pity in him than a dog: a Jew would have wept to have seen our parting: why, my grandam having no eyes, look you, wept herself blind at my parting. Nay, I'll show you the manner of it: This shoe is my father; — no, this left shoe[2] is my father: — no, no, this left shoe is my mother; — nay, that cannot be so neither: — yes, it is so, it is so; it hath the worser sole: This shoe, with the hole in it, is my mother; and this my father. A vengeance on't! there 'tis: now, sir, this staff is my sister; for, look you, she is as white as a lily, and as small as a wand: this hat is Nan, our maid: I am the dog; — no, the dog is himself, and I am the dog; — O! the dog is me, and I am myself: Ay, so, so.[3] Now come I to my father; "Father, your blessing:" now should not the shoe speak a word for weeping: now should I kiss my father; well, he weeps on. Now come I to my mother: O, that the shoe could speak now like an old woman![4]

[2] This shows that in the Poet's time each foot had its several shoe; which fashion, once laid aside, has grown into general use again within our recollection. H

[3] Launce here gets entangled with his own ingenuity, and the Poet probably did not mean to extricate him. Of course commentators have taken care to see him well out of his perplexity. H.

[4] The original here reads, *like a would-woman;* — an evident corruption, which Pope altered to *old woman*, and Theobald to *wood woman*, the latter of which has been adopted by most editors

—well, I kiss her; — why there 'tis; here's my mother's breath up and down. Now come I to my sister; mark the moan she makes. Now the dog all this while sheds not a tear, nor speaks a word; but see how I lay the dust with my tears.

Enter PANTHINO.

Pan. Launce, away, away, aboard! thy master is shipp'd, and thou art to post after with oars. What's the matter? why weepest thou, man? Away, ass; you will lose the tide, if you tarry any longer.

Laun. It is no matter if the tied were lost; for it is the unkindest tied that ever any man tied.

Pan. What's the unkindest tide?

Laun. Why, he that's tied here; Crab, my dog.

Pan. Tut, man, I mean thou'lt lose the flood; and, in losing the flood, lose thy voyage; and, in losing thy voyage, lose thy master; and, in losing thy master, lose thy service; and in losing thy service, — Why dost thou stop my mouth?

Laun. For fear thou shouldst lose thy tongue.

Pan. Where should I lose my tongue?

Laun. In thy tale.

Pan. In thy tail?

Laun. Lose the tied, and the voyage, and the master, and the service, and the tide![5] Why, man,

since; *wood* being the old word for *frantic* or *mad:* so that the speaker means that his mother was frantic with grief at parting with so hopeful a son. The original copy is without the parenthesis; nor will there appear much need of it, if we but bear in mind that Launce has reference to the shoe which he has made representative of his mother: and perhaps the sense would be clearer, if we read, "O, that *the shoe* could speak now," &c. H.

[5] The first, *tied*, evidently refers to the dog; the last, *tide*, to the river: this is plain from what follows, — "Why, man, if the river were dry," &c. In the original *tied* and *tide* are both spelt the same way; which renders the quibble more obvious. H.

if the river were dry, I am able to fill it with my tears; if the wind were down, I could drive the boat with my sighs.

Pan. Come, come; away, man: I was sent to call thee.

Laun. Sir, call me what thou darest.

Pan. Wilt thou go?

Laun. Well, I will go. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Milan. A Room in the DUKE's Palace.

Enter VALENTINE, SILVIA, THURIO, *and* SPEED.

Sil. Servant!

Val. Mistress!

Speed. Master, Sir Thurio frowns on you.

Val. Ay, boy; it's for love.

Speed. Not of you.

Val. Of my mistress then.

Speed. 'Twere good you knock'd him.

Sil. Servant, you are sad.[1]

Val. Indeed, madam, I seem so.

Thu. Seem you that you are not?

Val. Haply[2] I do.

Thu. So do counterfeits.

Val. So do you.

Thu. What seem I that I am not?

Val. Wise.

Thu. What instance of the contrary?

Val. Your folly.

Thu. And how quote[3] you my folly?

[1] That is, you are *serious*. [2] That is, perhaps.

[3] To *quote* is to mark, to observe. It was formerly pronounced and sometimes written *coate*, from the French: hence the quibble here upon the words *quote* and *coat* H.

Val. I coat it in your jerkin.

Thu. My jerkin is a doublet.[4]

Val. Well, then, I'll double your folly.

Thu. How?

Sil. What! angry, Sir Thurio? do you change colour?

Val. Give him leave, madam: he is a kind of cameleon.

Thu. That hath more mind to feed on your blood, than live in your air.

Val. You have said, sir.

Thu. Ay, sir, and done too, for this time.

Val. I know it well, sir: you always end ere you begin.

Sil. A fine volley of words, gentlemen, and quickly shot off.

Val. 'Tis indeed, madam; we thank the giver.

Sil. Who is that, servant?

Val. Yourself, sweet lady; for you gave the fire Sir Thurio borrows his wit from your ladyship's looks, and spends what he borrows kindly in your company.

Thu. Sir, if you spend word for word with me, I shall make your wit bankrupt.

Val. I know it well, sir: you have an exchequer of words, and, I think, no other treasure to give your followers; for it appears by their bare liveries, that they live by your bare words.

Sil. No more, gentlemen, no more: Here comes my father.

[4] This is much the same as saying, in the wardrobe dialect of our day, My coat is a vest. The *jerkin*, or jacket, was generally worn over the *doublet*; but sometimes the latter was worn alone and so confounded with the former. Sometimes both had sleeves sometimes neither, and in the latter case sleeves were separate articles of dress. M.

Enter DUKE.

Duke. Now, daughter Silvia, you are hard beset.
Sir Valentine, your father's in good health:
What say you to a letter from your friends
Of much good news?

Val. My lord, I will be thankful
To any happy messenger from thence.

Duke. Know you Don Antonio, your countryman?

Val. Ay, my good lord; I know the gentleman
To be of worth, and worthy estimation,
And not without desert so well reputed.

Duke. Hath he not a son?

Val. Ay, my good lord; a son, that well deserves
The honour and regard of such a father

Duke. You know him well?

Val. I know him, as myself; for from our infancy
We have convers'd, and spent our hours together:
And though myself have been an idle truant,
Omitting the sweet benefit of time,
To clothe mine age with angel-like perfection;
Yet hath Sir Proteus, for that's his name,
Made use and fair advantage of his days:
His years but young, but his experience old;
His head unmellow'd, but his judgment ripe;
And, in a word, (for far behind his worth
Come all the praises that I now bestow,)
He is complete in feature,[5] and in mind,
With all good grace to grace a gentleman.

Duke. Beshrew[6] me, sir, but, if he make this good,
He is as worthy for an empress' love,

[5] *Feature* in the Poet's age was often used for form or persor in general. So in Ant. and Cleop. Act ii. sc. 5. "Report the *feature* of Octavia." Thus also Spenser: "Which the fair *feat ure* of her limbs did hide."

[6] A petty mode of adjuration, equivalent to *ill betide* me.

As meet to be an emperor's counsellor.
Well, sir, this gentleman is come to me
With commendation from great potentates;
And here he means to spend his time a while:
I think, 'tis no unwelcome news to you.

Val. Should I have wish'd a thing, it had been he.

Duke. Welcome him, then, according to his worth.
Silvia, I speak to you; and you, Sir Thurio:—
For Valentine, I need not 'cite[7] him to it:
I'll send him hither to you presently. [*Exit.*

Val. This is the gentleman, I told your ladyship,
Had come along with me, but that his mistress
Did hold his eyes lock'd in her crystal looks.

Sil. Belike, that now she hath enfranchis'd them,
Upon some other pawn for fealty.

Val. Nay, sure, I think, she holds them prisoners still.

Sil. Nay, then he should be blind; and, being blind,
How could he see his way to seek out you?

Val. Why, lady, Love hath twenty pair of eyes.

Thu. They say, that Love hath not an eye at all.

Val. To see such lovers, Thurio, as yourself:
Upon a homely object love can wink.

Enter PROTEUS.

Sil. Have done, have done: Here comes the gentleman. [*Exeunt* THURIO *and* SPEED.

Val. Welcome, dear Proteus!—Mistress, I beseech you,
Confirm his welcome with some special favour.

Sil. His worth is warrant for his welcome hither
If this be he you oft have wish'd to hear from.

[7] *Cite*, for *incite*

Val. Mistress, it is: sweet lady, entertain him
To be my fellow-servant to your ladyship.
Sil. Too low a mistress for so high a servant.
Pro. Not so, sweet lady; but too mean a servant
To have a look of such a worthy mistress.
Val. Leave off discourse of disability: —
Sweet lady, entertain him for your servant.
Pro. My duty will I boast of, nothing else.
Sil. And duty never yet did want his meed:
Servant, you are welcome to a worthless mistress
Pro. I'll die on him that says so, but yourself.
Sil. That you are welcome?
Pro. That you are worthless.

Re-enter THURIO.[8]

Thu. Madam, my lord your father would speak with you.
Sil. I wait upon his pleasure: Come, Sir Thurio,
Go with me. — Once more, new servant, welcome:
I'll leave you to confer of home affairs;
When you have done, we look to hear from you.
Pro. We'll both attend upon your ladyship.
[*Exeunt* SILVIA *and* THURIO.
Val. Now, tell me, how do all from whence you came?
Pro. Your friends are well, and have them much commended.

[8] Theobald put "*a servant*" in the place of Thurio here, keeping Thurio on the stage during the preceding dialogue; and the change has been received by most editors since. The object was, no doubt, to save the Duke from employing Sir Thurio, who is suitor to his daughter, and the one favoured by himself, as his bearer of despatches. It must be owned that the etiquette of the palace does give way a little here to the exigencies of the stage, which in the Poet's time often had more characters than performers, and therefore could not always spare an actor to serve merely as message-carrier. Nevertheless we restore the old order of the scene. H.

Val. And how do yours?

Pro. I left them all in health.

Val. How does your lady? and how thrives your love?

Pro. My tales of love were wont to weary you:
I know, you joy not in a love-discourse.

Val. Ay, Proteus, but that life is alter'd now:
I have done penance for contemning love;
Whose high imperious[9] thoughts have punish'd me
With bitter fasts, with penitential groans,
With nightly tears, and daily heart-sore sighs;
For, in revenge of my contempt of love,
Love hath chas'd sleep from my enthralled eyes,
And made them watchers of mine own heart's sorrow.
O! gentle Proteus, Love's a mighty lord;
And hath so humbled me, as, I confess,
There is no woe[10] to his correction,
Nor, to his service, no such joy on earth!
Now, no discourse, except it be of love;
Now can I break my fast, dine, sup, and sleep,
Upon the very naked name of love.

Pro. Enough; I read your fortune in your eye:
Was this the idol that you worship so?

Val. Even she; and is she not a heavenly saint?

Pro. No; but she is an earthly paragon.

Val. Call her divine.

Pro. I will not flatter her

Val. O! flatter me; for love delights in praises

Pro. When I was sick, you gave me bitter pills;
And I must minister the like to you.

[9] That is, *imperial.* Thus in Hamlet: "*Imperious* Cæsar dead and turn'd to clay."

[10] That is, no misery *compared to* that inflicted by love;—a form of speech not unusal in the old writers: Thus an old ballad

"There is no comfort in the world
To women that are kind." H.

Val. Then speak the truth by her: if not divine,
Yet let her be a principality,[11]
Sovereign to all the creatures on the earth.
Pro. Except my mistress.
Val. Sweet, except not any,
Except thou wilt except against my love.
Pro. Have I not reason to prefer mine own?
Val. And I will help thee to prefer her, too:
She shall be dignified with this high honour, —
To bear my lady's train; lest the base earth
Should from her vesture chance to steal a kiss,
And, of so great a favour growing proud,
Disdain to root the summer-swelling flower,
And make rough winter everlastingly.
Pro. Why, Valentine, what braggardism is this?
Val. Pardon me, Proteus: all I can, is nothing
To her, whose worth makes other worth as nothing.
She is alone.
Pro. Then, — let her alone.
Val. Not for the world: why, man, she is mine own;
And I as rich in having such a jewel,
As twenty seas, if all their sand were pearl,
The water nectar, and the rocks pure gold.
Forgive me, that I do not dream on thee,
Because thou seest me dote upon my love.
My foolish rival, that her father likes,
Only for his possessions are so huge,
Is gone with her along; and I must after,
For love, thou know'st, is full of jealousy.
Pro. But she loves you?
Val. Ay, and we are betroth'd;

[11] *A principality* is an angel of the highest order, and therefore next to *divine*. *Speak the truth* by *her*,—that is, speak the truth *of* her; another obsolete use of a preposition. H.

Nay, more, our marriage hour,
With all the cunning manner of our flight,
Determin'd of: how I must climb her window,
The ladder made of cords, and all the means
Plotted, and 'greed on, for my happiness.
Good Proteus, go with me to my chamber,
In these affairs to aid me with thy counsel.

Pro. Go on before; I shall inquire you forth:
I must unto the road,[12] to disembark
Some necessaries that I needs must use;
And then I'll presently attend you.

Val. Will you make haste?

Pro. I will.— [*Exit* VALENTINE

Even as one heat another heat expels,
Or as one nail by strength drives out another,
So the remembrance of my former love
Is by a newer object quite forgotten.
Is it mine eye,[13] or Valentinus' praise,
Her true perfection, or my false transgression,
That makes me, reasonless, to reason thus?
She's fair; and so is Julia, that I love;—
That I did love, for now my love is thaw'd;
Which, like a waxen image 'gainst a fire,[14]

[12] That is, the *haven* where the ships lie at anchor.

[13] The original has, "It is mine, or Valentine's praise?" where the latter end, the mark, ?, seems to forget the beginning, *It is*. *Mine eye* is Warburton's emendation; and the pointing itself suggests the transposition of *It is*. Mr. Collier thinks the true reading may have been *mine eyen*, corrupted, as it might easily be, by the printer into *mine*. Malone's reading, *Is it her mien*, which is the one generally followed, seems something ajar with the context. That the name should here be Valentin*us*, is probable, because the verse requires it, and from its having been before used in that form, Act i. sc. 3. H.

[14] It was anciently supposed that if a witch made a waxen image of any one she wished to destroy or torment, and hung it by the fire, as the image wasted away the original would do so too. Hence the allusion in the text. H.

Bears no impression of the thing it was.
Methinks, my zeal to Valentine is cold;
And that I love him not, as I was wont;
O! but I love his lady too, too much;
And that's the reason I love him so little.
How shall I dote on her with more advice,
That thus without advice begin to love her!
'Tis but her picture I have yet beheld,[15]
And that hath dazzled[16] my reason's light;
But when I look on her perfections,
There is no reason[17] but I shall be blind.
If I can check my erring love, I will;
If not, to compass her I'll use my skill. [*Exit.*

SCENE V. The same. A Street.

Enter SPEED *and* LAUNCE.

Speed. Launce! by mine honesty, welcome to Milan!

Laun. Forswear not thyself, sweet youth; for I am not welcome. I reckon this always — that a man is never undone, till he be hang'd; nor never welcome to a place, till some certain shot be paid, and the hostess say, welcome.

Speed. Come on, you madcap! I'll to the alehouse with you presently; where for one shot of

[15] Dr. Johnson censures the Poet for making Proteus say he has but seen the "picture" of Silvia, when he has just been talking with the lady herself. The great Doctor was not great enough to catch Shakespeare so, and in this case he made a blunder, instead of finding one. Proteus wants to get deeper in love with Silvia, and so resorts to the argument, that the little he has seen of her is as though he had but seen her picture. The figure is not more apt for his purpose than beautiful in itself. *Advice*, in the two lines above, is used in the sense of *acquaintance*. H

[16] *Dazzled* is used as a trisyllable.

[17] *Reason* is here used in the sense of *doubt*. H

five pence thou shalt have five thousand welcomes. But, sirrah, how did thy master part with madam Julia?

Laun. Marry, after they clos'd in earnest, they parted very fairly in jest.

Speed. But shall she marry him?

Laun. No.

Speed. How then? Shall he marry her?

Laun. No, neither.

Speed. What, are they broken?

Laun. No, they are both as whole as a fish.

Speed. Why, then, how stands the matter with them?

Laun. Marry, thus: when it stands well with him, it stands well with her.

Speed. What an ass art thou! I understand thee not.

Laun. What a block art thou, that thou canst not! My staff understands me.

Speed. What thou say'st?

Laun. Ay, and what I do too: look thee; I'll but lean, and my staff understands me.

Speed. It stands under thee, indeed.

Laun. Why, stand-under and under-stand is all one.

Speed. But tell me true, will't be a match?

Laun. Ask my dog: if he say ay, it will; if he say no, it will; if he shake his tail, and say nothing, it will.

Speed. The conclusion is, then, that it will.

Laun. Thou shalt never get such a secret from me, but by a parable.

Speed. 'Tis well that I get it so. But, Launce, how say'st thou,[1] that my master is become a notable lover?

[1] That is, what say'st thou to this.

Laun. I never knew him otherwise.

Speed. Than how?

Laun. A notable lubber, as thou reportest him to be?

Speed. Why, thou whoreson ass! thou mistak'st me.

Laun. Why, fool, I meant not thee; I meant thy master.

Speed. I tell thee, my master is become a hot lover.

Laun. Why, I tell thee, I care not though he burn himself in love. If thou wilt go with me to the ale-house, so; if not, thou art a Hebrew, a Jew, and not worth the name of a Christian.

Speed. Why?

Laun. Because thou hast not so much charity in thee, as to go to the ale with a Christian.[2] Wilt thou go?

Speed. At thy service. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

The same. An Apartment in the Palace.

Enter PROTEUS.

Pro. To leave my Julia, shall I be forsworn;
To love fair Silvia, shall I be forsworn;
To wrong my friend, I shall be much forsworn;
And even that power, which gave me first my oath
Provokes me to this threefold perjury.
Love bade me swear, and love bids me forswear

[2] The festivals of the Church were often celebrated with merry-makings, of which ale-drinking formed a part: hence they were called "Ales," and "Church Ales." Before the days of Puritanism, of course none but Jews would refuse "to go to the Ale with a Christian." Launce is quibbling still, as usual. H.

O sweet-suggesting[1] love! if thou hast sinn'd,
Teach me, thy tempted subject, to excuse it.
At first I did adore a twinkling star,
But now I worship a celestial sun.
Unheedful vows may heedfully be broken;
And he wants wit, that wants resolved will
To learn his wit to exchange the bad for better. —
Fie, fie, unreverend tongue! to call her bad,
Whose sovereignty so oft thou hast preferr'd
With twenty thousand soul-confirming oaths.
I cannot leave to love, and yet I do;
But there I leave to love, where I should love.
Julia I lose, and Valentine I lose:
If I keep them, I needs must lose myself;
If I lose them, thus find I by their loss,
For Valentine, myself; for Julia, Silvia.
I to myself am dearer than a friend;
For love is still most precious in itself:
And Silvia, (witness heaven, that made her fair!)
Shows Julia but a swarthy Ethiope.
I will forget that Julia is alive,
Remembering that my love to her is dead;
And Valentine I'll hold an enemy,
Aiming at Silvia as a sweeter friend.
I cannot now prove constant to myself,
Without some treachery us'd to Valentine: —
This night, he meaneth with a corded ladder
To climb celestial Silvia's chamber-window;
Myself in counsel, his competitor:[2]

[1] That is, *sweetly-tempting*. To *suggest*, in the language of our ancestors, was to *tempt*.

[2] *Competitor* here means confederate, assistant, partner. Thus in Ant. Cleop. Act v. sc. 1:

> "That thou my brother, my *competitor*
> In top of all design, my *mate* in empire,
> *Friend* and *companion* in the front of war."

Now presently I'll give her father notice
Of their disguising, and pretended flight;[3]
Who, all enrag'd, will banish Valentine;
For Thurio, he intends, shall wed his daughter:
But, Valentine being gone, I'll quickly cross,
By some sly trick, blunt Thurio's dull proceeding.
Love, lend me wings to make my purpose swift,
As thou hast lent me wit to plot this drift! [*Exit.*

SCENE VII.

Verona. A Room in JULIA's House.

Enter JULIA *and* LUCETTA.

Jul. Counsel, Lucetta; gentle girl, assist me!
And, even in kind love, I do conjure thee,—
Who art the table wherein all my thoughts
Are visibly charácter'd and engrav'd,[1]—
To lesson me; and tell me some good mean,
How, with my honour, I may undertake
A journey to my loving Proteus.

Luc. Alas! the way is wearisome and long.

Jul. A true-devoted pilgrim is not weary
To measure kingdoms with his feeble steps:[2]

[3] That is, *proposed* or *intended* flight. The verb *prétendre* has the same signification in French.

[1] The *tables*, or table-book, made of ivory or slate, were used, as they now are, for noting down any thing to be remembered. Thus the well-known lines in Hamlet, Act i. sc. 5:

> "My tables,—meet it is, I set it down,
> That one may smile, and smile, and be a villain." H.

[2] An allusion to the pilgrimages formerly made by religious enthusiasts,—who, like Julia, loved much, but not wisely,—often to Rome, Compostella, and Jerusalem, but oftener still to "the House of our Lady at Loretto." In that age, when there were few roads and many robbers, to go afoot and alone through all the pains and perils of a passage from England to either of

Much less shall she, that hath love's wings to fly;
And when the flight is made to one so dear,
Of such divine perfection, as Sir Proteus.

Luc. Better forbear, till Proteus make return.

Jul. O! know'st thou not, his looks are my soul's food?
Pity the dearth that I have pined in,
By longing for that food so long a time.
Didst thou but know the inly touch of love,
Thou wouldst as soon go kindle fire with snow,
As seek to quench the fire of love with words.

Luc. I do not seek to quench your love's hot fire,
But qualify the fire's extreme rage,
Lest it should burn above the bounds of reason.

Jul. The more thou damm'st it up, the more it burns:
The current, that with gentle murmur glides,
Thou know'st, being stopp'd, impatiently doth rage;
But, when his fair course is not hindered,
He makes sweet music with the enamel'd stones,
Giving a gentle kiss to every sedge
He overtaketh in his pilgrimage;
And so by many winding nooks he strays
With willing sport to the wild ocean.
Then let me go, and hinder not my course:
I'll be as patient as a gentle stream,
And make a pastime of each weary step,
Till the last step have brought me to my love,
And there I'll rest, as, after much turmoil,
A blessed soul doth in Elysium.

these shrines, was deemed proof that the person was thoroughly in earnest. The Santa Casa at Loretto was supposed to be the house in which the Blessed Virgin was born, it having been supernaturally transported from Galilee to Italy, and placed in a wood at midnight; which was the cause of so many more pilgrimages being made to that place. H.

Luc. But in what habit will you go along?
Jul. Not like a woman; for I would prevent
The loose encounters of lascivious men:
Gentle Lucetta, fit me with such weeds
As may beseem some well reputed page.
Luc. Why, then your ladyship must cut your hair.
Jul. No, girl; I'll knit it up in silken strings,
With twenty odd-conceited true-love knots:
To be fantastic may become a youth
Of greater time than I shall show to be.
Luc. What fashion, madam, shall I make your breeches?
Jul. That fits as well as — "tell me, good my lord,
What compass will you wear your farthingale?"
Why, even what fashion thou best lik'st, Lucetta.
Luc. You must needs have them with a codpiece, madam.
Jul. Out, out, Lucetta! that will be ill-favour'd.
Luc. A round hose, madam, now's not worth a pin,
Unless you have a codpiece to stick pins on.
Jul. Lucetta, as thou lov'st me, let me have
What thou think'st meet, and is most mannerly.
But tell me, wench, how will the world repute me
For undertaking so unstaid a journey?
I fear me, it will make me scandaliz'd.
Luc. If you think so, then stay at home, and go not
Jul. Nay, that I will not.
Luc. Then never dream on infamy, but go.
If Proteus like your journey, when you come,
No matter who's displeas'd, when you are gone:
I fear me, he will scarce be pleas'd withal.
Jul. That is the least, Lucetta, of my fear:
A thousand oaths, an ocean of his tears,

And instances of infinite of love,[3]
Warrant me welcome to my Proteus.

Luc. All these are servants to deceitful men.

Jul. Base men, that use them to so base effect!
But truer stars did govern Proteus' birth:
His words are bonds, his oaths are oracles;
His love sincere, his thoughts immaculate;
His tears, pure messengers sent from his heart;
His heart as far from fraud as heaven from earth.

Luc. Pray heaven he prove so, when you come to him!

Jul. Now, as thou lov'st me, do him not that wrong,
To bear a hard opinion of his truth:
Only deserve my love by loving him;
And presently go with me to my chamber,
To take a note of what I stand in need of,
To furnish me upon my longing journey.[4]
All that is mine I leave at thy dispose,
My goods, my lands, my reputation;
Only, in lieu thereof,[5] despatch me hence:

[3] *Infinite* is here used for *infinity*. So in Much Ado About Nothing we find "*the infinite* of thought;" and Chaucer has "although the life of it be stretched with *infinite* of time." The reading is that of the first folio: the second has "instances *as* infinite of love," which is adopted by Mr. Collier. But the former, besides having better authority, seems better in itself. H.

[4] That is, the journey that I *long* to be making; or, it may be, the journey that I shall make with continual longing to reach the end of it. H.

[5] That is, in *consideration* thereof. So in The Tempest, Act i. sc. 2: "That he in *lieu* o' the premises," &c. This use of *lieu* is not uncommon in the old writers. Thus in Hooker: "But be it that God of his great liberality had determined *in lieu* of man's endeavours to bestow the same," &c. Eccle. Pol. B. i. ch. xi. sec. 5; and in Spenser's Dedication of his "Four Hymns" to the Countesses of Cumberland and Warwick: "Beseeching you to accept this my humble service, *in lieu* of the great graces and honourable favours which ye daily show unto us." H.

Come, answer not, but to it presently,
I am impatient of my tarriance. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.

Milan. An Ante-room in the DUKE's Palace.

Enter DUKE, THURIO, *and* PROTEUS.

Duke. Sir Thurio, give us leave, I pray, awhile:
We have some secrets to confer about. —
[*Exit* THURIO.
Now, tell me, Proteus, what's your will with me?

Pro. My gracious lord, that which I would discover,
The law of friendship bids me to conceal;
But, when I call to mind your gracious favours
Done to me, undeserving as I am,
My duty pricks me on to utter that
Which else no worldly good should draw from me.
Know, worthy prince, Sir Valentine, my friend,
This night intends to steal away your daughter:
Myself am one made privy to the plot.
I know you have determin'd to bestow her
On Thurio, whom your gentle daughter hates;
And should she thus be stolen away from you,
It would be much vexation to your age.
Thus, for my duty's sake, I rather chose
To cross my friend in his intended drift,
Than, by concealing it, heap on your head
A pack of sorrows, which would press you down,
Being unprevented, to your timeless grave.

Duke. Proteus, I thank thee for thine honest care;

Which to requite, command me while I live.
This love of theirs myself have often seen,
Haply, when they have judg'd me fast asleep;
And oftentimes have purpos'd to forbid
Sir Valentine her company, and my court:
But, fearing lest my jealous aim[1] might err,
And so unworthily disgrace the man,
(A rashness that I ever yet have shunn'd,)
I gave him gentle looks; thereby to find
That which thyself hast now disclos'd to me.
And, that thou mayst perceive my fear of this,
Knowing that tender youth is soon suggested,[2]
I nightly lodge her in an upper tower,
The key whereof myself have ever kept;
And thence she cannot be convey'd away.

Pro. Know, noble lord, they have devis'd a mean
How he her chamber-window will ascend,
And with a corded ladder fetch her down;
For which the youthful lover now is gone,
And this way comes he with it presently;
Where, if it please you, you may intercept him
But, good my lord, do it so cunningly,
That my discovery be not aimed at;
For love of you, not hate unto my friend,
Hath made me publisher of this pretence.[3]

Duke. Upon mine honour, he shall never know
That I had any light from thee of this.

Pro. Adieu, my lord: Sir Valentine is coming.
[*Exit*

Enter VALENTINE.

Duke. Sir Valentine, whither away so fast?

Val. Please it your grace, there is a messenger

[1] That is, guess. In Romeo and Juliet we have: "I *aim'd* so near when I suppos'd you lov'd."
[2] That is, tempted. Vide note 1, Act ii. sc. 6.
[3] That is, design.

That stays to bear my letters to my friends,
And I am going to deliver them.

Duke. Be they of much import?

Val. The tenor of them doth but signify
My health, and happy being at your court.

Duke. Nay, then no matter; stay with me a while:
I am to break with thee of some affairs,
That touch me near, wherein thou must be secret.
'Tis not unknown to thee, that I have sought
To match my friend, Sir Thurio, to my daughter.

Val. I know it well, my lord; and, sure, the match
Were rich and honourable: besides, the gentleman
Is full of virtue, bounty, worth, and qualities
Beseeming such a wife as your fair daughter:
Cannot your grace win her to fancy him?

Duke. No, trust me: she is peevish, sullen, froward,
Proud, disobedient, stubborn, lacking duty;
Neither regarding that she is my child,
Nor fearing me as if I were her father:
And, may I say to thee, this pride of hers,
Upon advice, hath drawn my love from her;
And, where[4] I thought the remnant of mine age
Should have been cherish'd by her childlike duty,
I now am full resolv'd to take a wife,
And turn her out to who will take her in:
Then let her beauty be her wedding-dower;
For me and my possessions she esteems not.

Val. What would your grace have me to do in this?

Duke. There is a lady, sir, in Milan, here,
Whom I affect; but she is nice, and coy,
And nought esteems my aged eloquence:
Now, therefore, would I have thee to my tutor.

[4] *Where* for *whereas*, often used by old writers.

(For long agone I have forgot to court;
Besides, the fashion of the time is chang'd,)
How, and which way, I may bestow myself,
To be regarded in her sun-bright eye.

Val. Win her with gifts, if she respect not words:
Dumb jewels often, in their silent kind,
More than quick words, do move a woman's mind.

Duke. But she did scorn a present that I sent her.

Val. A woman sometimes scorns what best contents her:
Send her another; never give her o'er;
For scorn at first makes after-love the more.
If she do frown, 'tis not in hate of you,
But rather to beget more love in you:
If she do chide, 'tis not to have you gone;
For why, the fools are mad, if left alone.
Take no repulse, whatever she doth say;
For "get you gone," she doth not mean "away;"
Flatter, and praise, commend, extol their graces;
Though ne'er so black, say they have angels' faces.
That man that hath a tongue, I say, is no man,
If with his tongue he cannot win a woman.

Duke. But she I mean is promis'd by her friends
Unto a youthful gentlemen of worth,
And kept severely from resort of men,
That no man hath access by day to her.

Val. Why, then I would resort to her by night.

Duke. Ay, but the doors be lock'd, and keys kept safe,
That no man hath recourse to her by night.

Val. What lets,[5] but one may enter at her window?

Duke. Her chamber is aloft, far from the ground,
And built so shelving that one cannot climb it
Without apparent hazard of his life.

[5] That is, hinders.

Val. Why, then a ladder, quaintly made of cords,
To cast up with a pair of anchoring hooks,
Would serve to scale another Hero's tower,
So bold Leander would adventure it.

Duke. Now, as thou art a gentleman of blood,
Advise me where I may have such a ladder.

Val. When would you use it? pray, sir, tell me that.

Duke. This very night; for Love is like a child,
That longs for every thing that he can come by.

Val. By seven o'clock I'll get you such a ladder

Duke. But, hark thee; I will go to her alone:
How shall I best convey the ladder thither?

Val. It will be light, my lord, that you may bear it
Under a cloak that is of any length.

Duke. A cloak as long as thine will serve the turn?

Val. Ay, my good lord.

Duke. Then let me see thy cloak:
I'll get me one of such another length.

Val. Why, any cloak will serve the turn, my lord.

Duke. How shall I fashion me to wear a cloak? —
I pray thee, let me feel thy cloak upon me. —
What letter is this same? What's here? — "To Silvia!"
And here an engine fit for my proceeding!
I'll be so bold to break the seal for once. [*Reads.*

"My thoughts do harbour with my Silvia nightly;
And slaves they are to me, that send them flying:
O! could their master come and go as lightly,
Himself would lodge where senseless they are lying.
My herald thoughts in thy pure bosom rest them;
While I, their king, that thither them impórtune,
Do curse the grace that with such grace hath bless'd them,
Because myself do want my servants' fortune:

I curse myself, for[6] they are sent by me,
That they should harbour where their lord should be."

What's here?

"Silvia, this night I will enfranchise thee."

'Tis so; and here's the ladder for the purpose.—
Why, Phaëton, (for thou art Merops' son,)
Wilt thou aspire to guide the heavenly car,
And with thy daring folly burn the world?
Wilt thou reach stars, because they shine on thee?
Go, base intruder! overweening slave!
Bestow thy fawning smiles on equal mates;
And think my patience, more than thy desert,
Is privilege for thy departure hence:
Thank me for this, more than for all the favours
Which, all too much, I have bestow'd on thee.
But if thou linger in my territories
Longer than swiftest expedition
Will give thee time to leave our royal court,
By heaven, my wrath shall far exceed the love
I ever bore my daughter, or thyself.
Be gone! I will not hear thy vain excuse;
But, as thou lov'st thy life, make speed from hence.
[*Exit* DUKE

Val. And why not death, rather than living torment?
To die, is to be banish'd from myself;
And Silvia is myself: banish'd from her,
Is self from self; a deadly banishment!
What light is light, if Silvia be not seen?
What joy is joy, if Silvia be not by?
Unless it be to think that she is by,
And feed upon the shadow of perfection.[7]

[6] That is, because.

[7] And feed upon the shadow of perfection.
"Animum pictura pascit inani." *Virgil.*

Except I be by Silvia in the night,
There is no music in the nightingale;
Unless I look on Silvia in the day,
There is no day for me to look upon:
She is my essence; and I leave to be,
If I be not by her fair influence
Foster'd, illumin'd, cherish'd, kept alive.
I fly not death, to fly this deadly doom:
Tarry I here, I but attend on death;
But, fly I hence, I fly away from life.

Enter PROTEUS *and* LAUNCE.

Pro. Run, boy; run, run, and seek him out.
Laun. So-ho! so-ho!
Pro. What seest thou?
Laun. Him we go to find: there's not a hair[8] on's head, but 'tis a Valentine.
Pro. Valentine?
Val. No.
Pro. Who then? his spirit?
Val. Neither.
Pro. What then?
Val. Nothing.
Laun. Can nothing speak? master, shall I strike?
Pro. Whom wouldst thou strike?
Laun. Nothing.
Pro. Villain, forbear!
Laun. Why, sir, I'll strike nothing: I pray you,—
Pro. Sirrah, I say, forbear. Friend Valentine, a word.
Val. My ears are stopp'd, and cannot hear good news,
So much of bad already hath possess'd them.

[8] That is, *by flying*, or *in flying*. It is a Gallicism.
[9] Launce is still quibbling: he is running down the *hare* he started when he first entered.

Pro. Then in dumb silence will I bury mine,
For they are harsh, untuneable, and bad.

Val. Is Silvia dead ?

Pro. No, Valentine.

Val. No Valentine, indeed, for sacred Silvia! —
Hath she forsworn me ?

Pro. No, Valentine.

Val. No Valentine, if Silvia have forsworn me ! —
What is your news ?

Laun. Sir, there is a proclamation that you are vanish'd.

Pro. That thou art banish'd — O ! that is the news —
From hence, from Silvia, and from me, thy friend.

Val. O ! I have fed upon this woe already,
And now excess of it will make me surfeit.
Doth Silvia know that I am banished ?

Pro. Ay, ay ; and she hath offer'd to the doom
(Which, unrevers'd, stands in effectual force)
A sea of melting pearl, which some call tears:
Those at her father's churlish feet she tender'd ;
With them, upon her knees, her humble self ;
Wringing her hands, whose whiteness so became them,
As if but now they waxed pale for woe :
But neither bended knees, pure hands held up,
Sad sighs, deep groans, nor silver-shedding tears,
Could penetrate her uncompassionate sire ;
But Valentine, if he be ta'en, must die.
Besides, her intercession chaf'd him so,
When she for thy repeal was suppliant,
That to close prison he commanded her,
With many bitter threats of 'biding there.

Val. No more ; unless the next word that thou speak'st

Have some malignant power upon my life:
If so, I pray thee, breathe it in mine ear,
As ending anthem of my endless dolour.

Pro. Cease to lament for that thou canst not help,
And study help for that which thou lament'st.
Time is the nurse and breeder of all good.
Here if thou stay, thou canst not see thy love;
Besides, thy staying will abridge thy life.
Hope is a lover's staff; walk hence with that,
And manage it against despairing thoughts.
Thy letters may be here, though thou art hence;
Which, being writ to me, shall be deliver'd
Even in the milk-white bosom of thy love.[10]
The time now serves not to expostulate:
Come, I'll convey thee through the city gate;
And, ere I part with thee, confer at large
Of all that may concern thy love affairs:
As thou lov'st Silvia, though not for thyself,
Regard thy danger and along with me.

Val. I pray thee, Launce, an if thou seest my boy,
Bid him make haste, and meet me at the north gate.

Pro. Go, sirrah, find him out. Come, Valentine.

Val. O my dear Silvia! hapless Valentine!

[*Exeunt* VAL. *and* PRO.

Laun. I am but a fool, look you; and yet I have the wit to think my master is a kind of a knave: but that's all one, if he be but one knave.[11] He lives

[10] So in Hamlet: "These to her excellent white bosom." To understand this mode of addressing letters, it should be known that women anciently had a pocket in the forepart of their stays, in which they carried not only love letters and love tokens, but even their money. In many parts of England rustic damsels still continue the practice. A very old lady informed Mr. Steevens, that when it was the fashion to wear very prominent stays it was the custom for stratagem or gallantry to drop its literary favours within the front of them.

[11] *But one knave*, according to Dr. Johnson, here means, *but*

not now, that knows me to be in love: yet I am in love; but a team of horse shall not pluck that from me; nor who 'tis I love, and yet 'tis a woman: but what woman, I will not tell myself; and yet 'tis a milk-maid: yet 'tis not a maid, for she hath had gossips;[12] yet 'tis a maid, for she is her master's maid, and serves for wages. She hath more qualities than a water spaniel, — which is much in a bare[13] Christian. Here is the cate-log [*Pulling out a paper*] of her conditions. "Imprimis, She can fetch and carry." Why, a horse can do no more: nay, a horse cannot fetch, but only carry; therefore is she better than a jade. "Item, She can milk;" look you, a sweet virtue in a maid with clean hands.

Enter SPEED.

Speed. How now, signior Launce? what news with your mastership?

Laun. With my master's ship? why, it is at sea.

Speed. Well, your old vice still; mistake the word: What news then in your paper?

Laun. The blackest news that ever thou heard'st.

Speed. Why, man, how black?

Laun. Why, as black as ink.

Speed. Let me read them.

Laun. Fie on thee, jolt-head! thou can'st not read.

once a knave, as opposed to *twice* a knave, or a *double* knave. But it seems more likely that Launce is simply engaged in his usual occupation of punning; his sense being, "if he be *but one* knave, that's *all one*. H.

[12] *Gossips* not only signify those who answer for a child in baptism, but the tattling women who attend lyings-in. The quibble is evident.

[13] *Bare* has two senses, *mere* and *naked*. Launce, quibbling on, uses it in both senses, and opposes the naked person to the water-spaniel *thickly covered with hair*.

Speed. Thou liest! I can.

Laun. I will try thee. Tell me this: Who begot thee?

Speed. Marry, the son of my grandfather.

Laun. O illiterate loiterer! it was the son of thy grandmother. This proves that thou canst not read.

Speed. Come, fool, come: try me in thy paper.

Laun. There; and saint Nicholas[14] be thy speed!

Speed. "Item, She can milk."

Laun. Ay, that she can.

Speed. "Item, She brews good ale."

Laun. And therefore comes the proverb, — Blessing of your heart, you brew good ale.

Speed. "Item, She can sew."

Laun. That's as much as to say, Can she so?

Speed. "Item, She can knit."

Laun. What need a man care for a stock with a wench, when she can knit him a stock.[15]

Speed. "Item, She can wash and scour."

Laun. A special virtue; for then she need not be wash'd and scour'd.

[14] St. Nicholas had many weighty cares, but was best known as the patron-saint of scholars, in which office he is here invoked. He is said to have gained this honour by restoring to life three scholars, whom a wicked host had murdered while on their way to school. By the statutes of St. Paul's School, London, the scholars are required to attend divine service in the cathedral on the anniversary of St. Nicholas. The parish clerks of London, probably because scholars were called clerks, formed themselves into a guild, with this saint for their patron. In King Henry IV. *thieves* are called St. Nicholas' clerks; whether from the similarity of the names Nicholas and Old Nick, or from some similarity of conduct in thieves and scholars in the old days of learned beggary, doth not fully appear. St. Nicholas was also the patron-saint of Holland and Russia; and Mr. Verplanck says, "he has long been known in Holland and New York as the special friend of children." H.

[15] That is, stocking.

Speed. "Item, She can spin."

Laun. Then may I set the world on wheels, when she can spin for her living.

Speed. "Item, She hath many nameless virtues."

Laun. That's as much as to say, bastard virtues that, indeed, know not their fathers, and therefore have no names.

Speed. "Here follow her vices."

Laun. Close at the heels of her virtues.

Speed. "Item, She is not to be kiss'd fasting, in respect of her breath."

Laun. Well, that fault may be mended with a breakfast: Read on.

Speed. "Item, She hath a sweet mouth."[16]

Laun. That makes amends for her sour breath.

Speed. "Item, She doth talk in her sleep."

Laun. It's no matter for that, so she sleep not in her talk.

Speed. "Item, She is slow in words."

Laun. O villain, that set this down among her vices! To be slow in words, is a woman's only virtue: I pray thee, out with't; and place it for her chief virtue.

Speed. "Item, She is proud."

Laun. Out with that too: it was Eve's legacy, and cannot be ta'en from her.

Speed. "Item, She hath no teeth."

Laun. I care not for that neither, because I love crusts.

Speed. "Item, She is curst."

Laun. Well, the best is, she hath no teeth to bite.

Speed. "Item, She will often praise her liquor."

[16] A *sweet mouth* formerly meant a *sweet tooth*, and so was reckoned a vice: but Launce chooses to take it literally, that he may have something to offset the *sour breath*. H.

Laun. If her liquor be good, she shall: if she will not, I will; for good things should be praised.

Speed. "Item, She is too liberal."[17]

Laun. Of her tongue she cannot; for that's writ down she is slow of: of her purse she shall not; for that I'll keep shut: now, of another thing she may; and that cannot I help. Well, proceed.

Speed. "Item, She hath more hair than wit, and more faults than hairs, and more wealth than faults."

Laun. Stop there; I'll have her: she was mine, and not mine, twice or thrice in that last article: Rehearse that once more.

Speed. "Item, She hath more hair than wit," —

Laun. More hair than wit, — it may be; I'll prove it: The cover of the salt hides the salt,[18] and therefore it is more than the salt: the hair, that covers the wit, is more than the wit; for the greater hides the less. What's next?

Speed. — "and more faults than hairs," —

Laun. That's monstrous: O, that that were out!

Speed. — "and more wealth than faults."

Laun. Why, that word makes the faults gracious: Well, I'll have her; and if it be a match, as nothing is impossible, —

Speed. What then?

[17] That is, free beyond the allowings of modesty. Thus in Othello Desdemona says of Iago: "Is he not a most profane and *liberal* counsellor?" *She will often praise her liquor;* — that is, by drinking of it. *Curst* is peevish, scolding. Thus in The Taming of The Shrew one of the persons calls Kate *a curst shrew.* H.

[18] The ancient English *saltcellar* was very different from the modern, being a large piece of plate, generally much ornamented, with a cover to keep the salt clean. There was but one on the dinner table, which was placed near the top, and those who sat below it were, for the most part, of inferior condition to those who sat above it.

Laun. — why, then will I tell thee, — that thy master stays for thee at the north gate.

Speed. For me?

Laun. For thee? ay: who art thou? he hath stay'd for a better man than thee.

Speed. And must I go to him?

Laun. Thou must run to him, for thou hast stay'd so long, that going will scarce serve the turn.

Speed. Why didst not tell me sooner? 'pox of your love-letters! [*Exit.*

Laun. Now will he be swing'd for reading my letter: An unmannerly slave, that will thrust himself into secrets! I'll after, to rejoice in the boy's correction. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

The same. A Room in the DUKE's Palace.

Enter DUKE *and* THURIO; PROTEUS *behind.*

Duke. Sir Thurio, fear not, but that she will love you,
Now Valentine is banish'd from her sight.

Thu. Since his exile she hath despis'd me most;
Forsworn my company, and rail'd at me,
That I am desperate of obtaining her.

Duke. This weak impress of love is as a figure
Trenched [1] in ice; which with an hour's heat
Dissolves to water, and doth lose his form.
A little time will melt her frozen thoughts,
And worthless Valentine shall be forgot. —
How now, Sir Proteus! Is your countryman,
According to our proclamation, gone?

Pro. Gone, my good lord.

[1] That is, *cut, carved;* from the Fr. *trancher.*

Duke. My daughter takes his going grievously.
Pro. A little time, my lord, will kill that grief.
Duke. So I believe; but Thurio thinks not so.—
Proteus, the good conceit I hold of thee,
(For thou hast shown some sign of good desert,)
Makes me the better to confer with thee.
Pro. Longer than I prove loyal to your grace,
Let me not live to look upon your grace.
Duke. Thou know'st how willingly I would effect
The match between Sir Thurio and my daughter.
Pro. I do, my lord..
Duke. And also, I think, thou art not ignorant
How she opposes her against my will.
Pro. She did, my lord, when Valentine was here
Duke. Ay, and perversely she persévers so.
What might we do, to make the girl forget
The love of Valentine, and love Sir Thurio?
Pro. The best way is, to slander Valentine
With falsehood, cowardice, and poor descent;
Three things that women highly hold in hate.
Duke. Ay, but she'll think that it is spoke in hate.
Pro. Ay, if his enemy deliver it:
Therefore it must, with circumstance, be spoken
By one whom she esteemeth as his friend.
Duke. Then you must undertake to slander him.
Pro. And that, my lord, I shall be loth to do:
'Tis an ill office for a gentleman;
Especially against his very [2] friend.
Duke. Where your good word cannot advantage him,
Your slander never can endamage him:
Therefore the office is indifferent,
Being entreated to it by your friend.

[2] That is, *true;* from the Lat. *verus.* Massinger calls one of his plays "A *Very* Woman."

Pro. You have prevail'd, my lord: if I can do it.
By aught that I can speak in his dispraise,
She shall not long continue love to him.
But say, this weed her love from Valentine,
It follows not that she will love Sir Thurio.

Thu. Therefore, as you unwind her love from him,
Lest it should ravel, and be good to none,
You must provide to bottom it on me;[3]
Which must be done, by praising me as much
As you in worth dispraise Sir Valentine.

Duke. And, Proteus, we dare trust you in this kind;
Because we know, on Valentine's report,
You are already love's firm votary,
And cannot soon revolt and change your mind.
Upon this warrant shall you have access,
Where you with Silvia may confer at large;
For she is lumpish, heavy, melancholy,
And, for your friend's sake, will be glad of you;
Where you may temper her, by your persuasion,
To hate young Valentine, and love my friend.

Pro. As much as I can do, I will effect:—
But you, Sir Thurio, are not sharp enough;
You must lay lime,[4] to tangle her desires,
By wailful sonnets, whose composed rhymes
Should be full fraught with serviceable vows.

Duke. Ay, much is the force of heaven-bred poesy

Pro. Say, that upon the altar of her beauty

[3] As you unwind her love from him, make me the *bottom* on which you wind it. A *bottom* is the housewife's term for that upon which a ball of yarn or thread is wound. Thus in Grange's Garden:

> "A *bottom* for your silk, it seems,
> My letters are become,
> Which, oft with winding off and on,
> Are wasted whole and some." H.

[4] That is, birdlime

You sacrifice your tears, your sighs, your heart:
Write till your ink be dry; and with your tears
Moist it again; and frame some feeling line,
That may discover such integrity:[5]
For Orpheus' lute was strung with poet's sinews;
Whose golden touch could soften steel and stones,
Make tigers tame, and huge leviathans
Forsake unsounded deeps to dance on sands.
After your dire-lamenting elegies,
Visit by night your lady's chamber window
With some sweet consort:[6] to their instruments
Tune a deploring dump;[7] the night's dead silence
Will well become such sweet complaining grievance.
This, or else nothing, will inherit her.[8]

Duke. This discipline shows thou hast been in love.

Thu. And thy advice this night I'll put in practice:
Therefore, sweet Proteus, my direction-giver,
Let us into the city presently,
To sort[9] some gentlemen well skill'd in music:
I have a sonnet that will serve the turn,
To give the onset to thy good advice.

Duke. About it, gentlemen.

Pro. We'll wait upon your grace till after supper;
And afterward determine our proceedings.

Duke. Even now about it: I will pardon you.[10]

[*Exeunt.*

[5] That is, sincerity, such as is shown by impassioned writing. *Integrity* is here used in its original sense,—the sense of *entireness*, or *wholeheartedness*. H.

[6] The old copy has *consort*, which, according to Bullokar and Phillips, signified "a set or company of musicians." If we print *concert*, as Malone would have it, the relative pronoun *their* has no correspondent word.

[7] A *dump* was the ancient term for a *mournful elegy*.

[8] To *inherit* is sometimes used by Shakespeare for to *obtain possession of*. Milton in Comus has *disinherit* Chaos, meaning only to *dispossess it*.

[9] To sort, *to choose out*.

[10] That is, excuse your attendance on me. H.

ACT IV.

SCENE I. A Forest, between Milan and Verona

Enter certain Outlaws.

1 *Out.* Fellows, stand fast: I see a passenger.

2 *Out.* If there be ten, shrink not, but down with 'em.

Enter VALENTINE *and* SPEED.

3 *Out.* Stand, sir, and throw us that you have about you;
If not, we'll make you sit, and rifle you.

Speed. Sir, we are undone! these are the villains that all the travellers do fear so much.

Val. My friends, —

1 *Out.* That's not so, sir: we are your enemies.

2 *Out.* Peace! we'll hear him.

3 *Out.* Ay, by my beard, will we; for he is a proper[1] man.

Val. Then know, that I have little wealth to lose.
A man I am, cross'd with adversity:
My riches are these poor habiliments,
Of which if you should here disfurnish me,
You take the sum and substance that I have.

2 *Out.* Whither travel you?

Val. To Verona.

1 *Out.* Whence came you?

Val. From Milan.

3 *Out.* Have you long sojourn'd there?

Val. Some sixteen months; and longer might have stay'd,
If crooked fortune had not thwarted me.

[1] A *proper* man was a comely, tall, or well-proportioned man.

1 *Out.* What! were you banish'd thence?
Val. I was.
2 *Out.* For what offence?
Val. For that which now torments me to rehearse:
I kill'd a man, whose death I much repent;
But yet I slew him manfully in fight,
Without false vantage, or base treachery.
1 *Out.* Why, ne'er repent it, if it were done so:
But were you banish'd for so small a fault?
Val. I was, and held me glad of such a doom.
1 *Out.* Have you the tongues?[2]
Val. My youthful travel therein made me happy;
Or else I had been often miserable.
3 *Out.* By the bare scalp of Robin Hood's fat friar,[3]
This fellow were a king for our wild faction.
1 *Out.* We'll have him: Sirs, a word.
Speed. Master, be one of them:
It is an honourable kind of thievery.
Val. Peace, villain!
2 *Out.* Tell us this: Have you any thing to take to?
Val. Nothing but my fortune.
3 *Out.* Know, then, that some of us are gentlemen,
Such as the fury of ungovern'd youth
Thrust from the company of awful[4] men:

[2] That is, do you speak various languages? H.

[3] Friar Tuck, the chaplain of Robin Hood's merry crew; that ancient specimen of clerical baldness and plumpness and jollity, who figures so largely in old ballads and in Ivanhoe,—of whom Drayton says:

"Of Tuck, the merry friar, which many a sermon made
In praise of Robin Hood, his outlaws, and his trade." H.

[4] That is, men *full of awe*, or of respect for just authority. So in 2 Henry IV., Act iv. sc. 1: "We come within our *awful* banks again." No instance of a similar use of the word has been found

Myself was from Verona banished,
For practising to steal away a lady,
An heir, and near allied unto the duke.

2 *Out.* And I from Mantua, for a gentleman,
Whom, in my mood,[5] I stabb'd unto the heart.

1 *Out.* And I, for such like petty crimes as these.
But to the purpose; — for we cite our faults,
That they may hold excus'd our lawless lives;
And, partly, seeing you are beautify'd
With goodly shape; and by your own report
A linguist, and a man of such perfection,
As we do in our quality[6] much want; —

2 *Out.* Indeed, because you are a banish'd man,
Therefore, above the rest, we parley to you:
Are you content to be our general?
To make a virtue of necessity,
And live, as we do, in this wilderness?

3 *Out.* What say'st thou? wilt thou be of our consórt?
Say ay, and be the captain of us all:
We'll do thee homage, and be rul'd by thee,
Love thee as our commander and our king.

1 *Out.* But if thou scorn our courtesy, thou diest.

2 *Out.* Thou shalt not live to brag what we have offer'd.

Val. I take your offer, and will live with you,
Provided that you do no outrages
On silly women, or poor passengers.

3 *Out.* No; we detest such vile base practices.
Come, go with us: we'll bring thee to our cave,

out of Shakespeare; for which cause some have set it down as a misprint for *lawful*. But the word, as it stands, sounds to us Shakespearian. H.

[5] *Mood* is anger or resentment.

[6] That is condition, profession, occupation.

And show thee all the treasure we have got;
Which, with ourselves, all rest at thy dispose.
[*Exeunt*

SCENE II. Milan. Court of the Palace.

Enter PROTEUS.

Pro. Already have I been false to Valentine,
And now I must be as unjust to Thurio.
Under the colour of commending him,
I have access my own love to prefer;
But Silvia is too fair, too true, too holy,
To be corrupted with my worthless gifts.
When I protest true loyalty to her,
She twits me with my falsehood to my friend;
When to her beauty I commend my vows,
She bids me think how I have been forsworn
In breaking faith with Julia whom I lov'd:
And, notwithstanding all her sudden quips,[1]
The least whereof would quell a lover's hope,
Yet, spaniel-like, the more she spurns my love,
The more it grows and fawneth on her still.
But here comes Thurio: now must we to her window,
And give some evening music to her ear.

Enter THURIO *and Musicians.*

Thu. How now, Sir Proteus? are you crept before us?
Pro. Ay, gentle Thurio; for you know that love
Will creep in service where it cannot go.
Thu. Ay, but I hope, sir, that you love not here.
Pro. Sir, but I do; or else I would be hence.
Thu. Whom? Silvia?

[1] *Sudden quips*, hasty, passionate reproaches.

Pro. Ay, Silvia, — for your sake.

Thu. I thank you for your own. Now, gentlemen,
Let's tune, and to it lustily a while.

Enter Host, at a distance; and JULIA, *in boy's clothes*

Host. Now, my young guest! methinks you're allycholly: I pray you, why is it?

Jul. Marry, mine host, because I cannot be merry.

Host. Come, we'll have you merry: I'll bring you where you shall hear music, and see the gentleman that you ask'd for.

Jul. But shall I hear him speak?

Host. Ay, that you shall.

Jul. That will be music. [*Music plays.*

Host. Hark! hark!

Jul. Is he among these?

Host. Ay: but peace, let's hear 'em.

Song.

Who is Silvia? what is she,
  That all our swains commend her?
Holy, fair, and wise is she;
  The heavens such grace did lend her,
That she might admired be.

Is she kind, as she is fair?
  For beauty lives with kindness:
Love doth to her eyes repair,
  To help him of his blindness;
And, being help'd, inhabits there.

Then to Silvia let us sing,
  That Silvia is excelling;
She excels each mortal thing,
  Upon the dull earth dwelling:
To her let us garlands bring.

Host. How now! you are sadder than you were before:
How do you, man? the music likes you not.

Jul. You mistake: the musician likes me not.

Host. Why, my pretty youth?

Jul. He plays false, father.

Host. How? out of tune on the strings?

Jul. Not so; but yet so false that he grieves my very heart-strings.

Host. You have a quick ear.

Jul. Ay, I would I were deaf! it makes me have a slow heart.

Host. I perceive, you delight not in music.

Jul. Not a whit, when it jars so.

Host. Hark! what fine change is in the music!

Jul. Ay; that change is the spite.

Host. You would have them always play but one thing?

Jul. I would always have one play but one thing. But, host, doth this Sir Proteus, that we talk on, often resort unto this gentlewoman?

Host. I tell you what Launce, his man, told me, he lov'd her out of all nick.[2]

Jul. Where is Launce?

Host. Gone to seek his dog; which, to-morrow, by his master's command, he must carry for a present to his lady.

Jul. Peace! stand aside: the company parts.

[2] That is, beyond all reckoning. Accounts were formerly kept by cutting *nicks* or notches in a tally-stick. Thus in an old play, "A Woman Never Vexed," an innkeeper says: "I have carried the tallies at my girdle seven years together; for I did ever love to deal honestly in the *nick*." It is but few years since these tallies were used in the English Exchequer; being laid aside, no doubt, because the accounts grew to be *out of all nick*. H

Pro. Sir Thurio, fear not you : I will so plead,
That you shall say my cunning drift excels.
Thu. Where meet we ?
Pro. At saint Gregory's well.[3]
Thu. Farewell. [*Exeunt* THU. *and Musicians.*

SILVIA *appears above, at her window.*

Pro. Madam, good even to your ladyship.
Sil. I thank you for your music, gentlemen.
Who is that, that spake ?
Pro. One, lady, if you knew his pure heart's truth,
You would quickly learn to know him by his voice.
Sil. Sir Proteus, as I take it.
Pro. Sir Proteus, gentle lady, and your servant.
Sil. What is your will ?
Pro. That I may compass yours.
Sil. You have your wish : my will is even this, —
That presently you hie you home to bed.
Thou subtle, perjur'd, false, disloyal man !
Think'st thou, I am so shallow, so conceitless,
To be seduced by thy flattery,
That hast deceiv'd so many with thy vows ?
Return, return, and make thy love amends.
For me, — by this pale queen of night I swear,
I am so far from granting thy request,
That I despise thee for thy wrongful suit ;
And by and by intend to chide myself,
Even for this time I spend in talking to thee.
Pro. I grant, sweet love, that I did love a lady ;
But she is dead.

[3] This was probably one of the "holy wells" to which popular belief attributed supernatural virtues, and which were visited something as our fashionable watering-places are, but with how different feelings ! The place of St. Winifred's well in Flintshire is called Holywell ; but of course the ancient virtue has all been *enlightened* out of its waters. H.

Jul. [*Aside.*] 'Twere false, if I should speak it;
For, I am sure, she is not buried.

Sil. Say that she be; yet Valentine, thy friend,
Survives; to whom, thyself art witness,
I am betroth'd: and art thou not asham'd
To wrong him with thy importúnacy?

Pro. I likewise hear that Valentine is dead.

Sil. And so suppose am I; for in his grave,
Assure thyself, my love is buried.

Pro. Sweet lady, let me rake it from the earth.

Sil. Go to thy lady's grave, and call hers thence;
Or, at the least, in hers sepulchre thine.

Jul. [*Aside.*] He heard not that.

Pro. Madam, if your heart be so obdurate,
Vouchsafe me yet your picture for my love,
The picture that is hanging in your chamber;
To that I'll speak, to that I'll sigh and weep:
For, since the substance of your perfect self
Is else devoted, I am but a shadow;
And to your shadow will I make true love.

Jul. [*Aside.*] If 'twere a substance, you would, sure, deceive it,
And make it but a shadow, as I am.

Sil. I am very loth to be your idol, sir;
But, since your falsehood shall become you well
To worship shadows, and adore false shapes,
Send to me in the morning and I'll send it:
And so, good rest.

Pro. As wretches have o'ernight,
That wait for execution in the morn.

[*Exeunt* PROTEUS; *and* SILVIA, *from above.*

Jul. Host, will you go?

Host. By my halidom,[4] I was fast asleep.

[4] Several interpretations have been given of this word; but the one offered by Nares seems the most probable. He says it is

Jul. Pray you, where lies Sir Proteus?

Host. Marry, at my house. Trust me, I think 'tis almost day.

Jul. Not so; but it hath been the longest night
That e'er I watch'd, and the most heaviest.[a] [*Exeunt*

SCENE III. The same.

Enter EGLAMOUR.

Egl. This is the hour that madam Silvia
Entreated me to call and know her mind:
There's some great matter she'd employ me in.—
Madam, madam!

SILVIA *appears above, at her window.*

Sil. Who calls?

Egl. Your servant, and your friend;
One that attends your ladyship's command.

Sil. Sir Eglamour, a thousand times good morrow.

Egl. As many, worthy lady, to yourself.
According to your ladyship's impose,[1]
I am thus early come, to know what service
It is your pleasure to command me in.

Sil. O Eglamour, thou art a gentleman,
(Think not I flatter, for I swear I do not,)
Valiant, wise, remorseful,[2] well accomplish'd.
Thou art not ignorant, what dear good-will

composed of *holy* and *dom*, like kingdom; thus meaning the same as *faith*. Another interpretation makes it refer to the Holy Dame, that is, the Virgin Mother. A third derives it from the Saxon *halig*, sacred, and *dome*, a house. H.

[a] The double superlative was often used in Shakespeare's time. It occurs frequently in the Liturgy of the "Reformed Catholic Church." H.

[1] *Impose* is *injunction, command;* a task set at college in consequence of a fault is still an *imposition*.

[2] That is, pitiful

I bear unto the banish'd Valentine;
Nor how my father would enforce me marry
Vain Thurio, whom my very soul abhorr'd.
Thyself hast lov'd; and I have heard thee say,
No grief did ever come so near thy heart,
As when thy lady and thy true love died,
Upon whose grave thou vow'dst pure chastity [3]
Sir Eglamour, I would to Valentine,
To Mantua, where, I hear, he makes abode;
And, for the ways are dangerous to pass,
I do desire thy worthy company,
Upon whose faith and honour I repose.
Urge not my father's anger, Eglamour,
But think upon my grief, a lady's grief;
And on the justice of my flying hence,
To keep me from a most unholy match,
Which heaven and fortune still reward with plagues.
I do desire thee, even from a heart
As full of sorrows as the sea of sands,
To bear me company, and go with me:
If not, to hide what I have said to thee,
That I may venture to depart alone.

Egl. Madam, I pity much your grievances; [4]
Which since I know they virtuously are plac'd,
I give consent to go along with you;
Recking [5] as little what betideth me,
As much I wish all good befortune you.
When will you go?

[3] It was common in former ages for widowers and widows to make vows of chastity in honour of their deceased wives or husbands. This will account for Silvia's having chosen Sir Eglamour as a person in whom she could confide without injury to her character.

[4] In Shakespeare's time *griefs* frequently signified grievances; and the present instance shows that in return *grievance* was sometimes used in the sense of *grief*.

[5] *To reck* is *to care for*. So in Hamlet: "And *recks* not his own read."

Sil. This evening coming.
Egl. Where shall I meet you?
Sil. At friar Patrick's cell,
Where I intend holy confession.
Egl. I will not fail your ladyship.
Good morrow, gentle lady.
Sil. Good morrow, kind Sir Eglamour. [*Exeunt*

SCENE IV. The same.

Enter LAUNCE, *with his dog.*

When a man's servant shall play the cur with him, look you, it goes hard: one that I brought up of a puppy; one that I sav'd from drowning, when three or four of his blind brothers and sisters went to it. I have taught him, — even as one would say precisely, Thus I would teach a dog. I was sent to deliver him, as a present to mistress Silvia, from my master; and I came no sooner into the dining-chamber, but he steps me to her trencher,[1] and steals her capon's leg. O! 'tis a foul thing, when a cur cannot keep[2] himself in all companies. I would have, as one should say, one that takes upon him to be a dog indeed, to be, as it were, a dog at all things. If I had not had more wit than he, to take a fault upon me that he did, I think verily he had been hang'd for't; sure as I live, he had suffer'd for't: you shall judge. He thrusts me himself into the company of three or four gentleman-like dogs, under the duke's table: he had not been there (bless the mark!) a

[1] That the daughter of a duke should eat from a *trencher*, need not seem strange, since in the privy-purse expenses of Henry VIII. we find the following entry: "Item, payed to the sergeant of the pantry for certain trenchers for the king, 23s. 6d." H.

[2] That is, restrain.

pissing while, but all the chamber smelt him. "Out with the dog!" says one; "What cur is that?" says another; "Whip him out!" says the third; "Hang him up!" says the duke. I, having been acquainted with the smell before, knew it was Crab; and goes me to the fellow that whips the dogs: "Friend," quoth I, "you mean to whip the dog?" "Ay, marry, do I," quoth he. "You do him the more wrong," quoth I; "'twas I did the thing you wot of." He makes me no more ado, but whips me out of the chamber. How many masters would do this for their servant? Nay, I'll be sworn, I have sat in the stocks for puddings he hath stolen, otherwise he had been executed: I have stood on the pillory for geese he hath kill'd, otherwise he had suffer'd for't: thou think'st not of this now! — Nay, I remember the trick you serv'd me, when I took my leave of madam Silvia. Did not I bid thee still mark me, and do as I do? When didst thou see me heave up my leg, and make water against a gentlewoman's farthingale? didst thou ever see me do such a trick?

Enter PROTEUS *and* JULIA.

Pro. Sebastian is thy name? I like thee well,
And will employ thee in some service presently.

Jul. In what you please: — I will do what I can.

Pro. I hope thou wilt. — How now, you whoreson peasant! [*To* LAUNCE.
Where have you been these two days loitering?

Laun. Marry, sir, I carried mistress Silvia the dog you bade me.

Pro. And what says she to my little jewel?

Laun. Marry, she says your dog was a cur; and tells you currish thanks is good enough for such a present.

Pro. But she receiv'd my dog?

Laun. No, indeed, did she not: here have I brought him back again.

Pro. What! didst thou offer her this from me?

Laun. Ay, sir: the other squirrel was stolen from me by the hangman boys in the market-place: and then I offer'd her mine own; who is a dog as big as ten of yours, and therefore the gift the greater.

Pro. Go, get thee hence, and find my dog again,
Or ne'er return again into my sight.
Away, I say! Stay'st thou to vex me here?
A slave, that still an end[3] turns me to shame.
[*Exit* LAUNCE.
Sebastian, I have entertained thee,
Partly, that I have need of such a youth,
That can with some discretion do my business,
For 'tis no trusting to yon foolish lout;
But, chiefly, for thy face and thy behaviour,
Which, if my augury deceive me not,
Witness good bringing up, fortune, and truth:
Therefore know thou, for this I entertain thee.
Go presently, and take this ring with thee;
Deliver it to madam Silvia:
She lov'd me well deliver'd it to me.

Jul. It seems you lov'd not her, to leave her token:
She's dead, belike.

Pro. Not so: I think she lives.

Jul. Alas!

Pro. Why dost thou cry, alas?

Jul. I cannot choose but pity her.

[3] *Still an end*, and *most an end*, are vulgar expressions, and mean *perpetually, generally*. See Gifford's Massinger, iv. 282.

"Now help, good heaven! 'tis such an uncouth thing
To be a widow out of Term-time! I
Do feel such aguish qualms, and dumps, and fits,
And shakings *still an end*." *The Ordinary.*

Pro. Wherefore shouldst thou pity her?

Jul. Because, methinks, that she lov'd you as well
As you do love your lady Silvia:
She dreams on him that has forgot her love;
You dote on her that cares not for your love:
'Tis pity, love should be so contrary;
And thinking on it makes me cry, alas!

Pro. Well, give her that ring, and therewithal
This letter: — that's her chamber. — Tell my lady,
I claim the promise for her heavenly picture.
Your message done, hie home unto my chamber,
Where thou shalt find me sad and solitary. [*Exit*

Jul. How many women would do such a message?
Alas, poor Proteus! thou hast entertain'd
A fox to be the shepherd of thy lambs.
Alas, poor fool! why do I pity him
That with his very heart despiseth me?
Because he loves her, he despiseth me;
Because I love him, I must pity him.
This ring I gave him, when he parted from me,
To bind him to remember my good-will;
And now am I (unhappy messenger!)
To plead for that, which I would not obtain;
To carry that which I would have refus'd;
To praise his faith which I would have disprais'd.
I am my master's true confirmed love;
But cannot be true servant to my master,
Unless I prove false traitor to myself.
Yet I will woo for him; but yet so coldly,
As, heaven it knows, I would not have him speed.

Enter SILVIA, *attended.*

Gentlewoman, good day! I pray you, be my mean
To bring me where to speak with madam Silvia.

Sil. What would you with her, if that I be she?

Jul. If you be she, I do entreat your patience
To hear me speak the message I am sent on.
Sil. From whom?
Jul. From my master, Sir Proteus, madam.
Sil. O! — he sends you for a picture?
Jul. Ay, madam.
Sil. Ursula, bring my picture there.
[*Picture brought*
Go, give your master this: tell him from me,
One Julia, that his changing thoughts forget,
Would better fit his chamber, than this shadow.
Jul. Madam, please you peruse this letter. —
Pardon me, madam; I have unadvis'd
Deliver'd you a paper that I should not:
This is the letter to your ladyship.
Sil. I pray thee let me look on that again.
Jul. It may not be: good madam, pardon me.
Sil. There, hold.
I will not look upon your master's lines:
I know they are stuff'd with protestations,
And full of new-found oaths; which he will break
As easily as I do tear his paper.
Jul. Madam, he sends your ladyship this ring.
Sil. The more shame for him that he sends it me;
For, I have heard him say a thousand times,
His Julia gave it him at his departure:
Though his false finger hath profan'd the ring,
Mine shall not do his Julia so much wrong.
Jul. She thanks you.
Sil. What say'st thou?
Jul. I thank you, madam, that you tender her:
Poor gentlewoman! my master wrongs her much.
Sil. Dost thou know her?
Jul. Almost as well as I do know myself:
To think upon her woes, I do protest,
That I have wept a hundred several times.

Sil. Belike, she thinks that Proteus hath forsook her.

Jul. I think she doth, and that's her cause of sorrow.

Sil. Is she not passing fair?

Jul. She hath been fairer, madam, than she is:
When she did think my master lov'd her well,
She, in my judgment, was as fair as you;
But since she did neglect her looking-glass,
And threw her sun-expelling mask away,[4]
The air hath starv'd the roses in her cheeks,
And pinch'd the lily-tincture of her face,
That now she is become as black as I.

Sil. How tall was she?

Jul. About my stature; for, at Pentecost,
When all our pageants of delight were play'd,
Our youth got me to play the woman's part,
And I was trimm'd in madam Julia's gown,
Which served me as fit, by all men's judgments,
As if the garment had been made for me:
Therefore, I know she is about my height.
And at that time I made her weep a-good,[5]
For I did play a lamentable part:
Madam, 'twas Ariadne, passioning[6]
For Theseus' perjury, and unjust flight;

[4] Alluding, no doubt, to the custom thus noticed by Stubbs in his "Anatomie of Abuses," published in 1595: "When they" (the ladies) "use to ride abroad, they have *masks* or visors made of velvet, wherewith they cover all their faces, having holes made in them against their eyes, whereout they look." H.

[5] That is, in *good* earnest, heartily. The word is met with occasionally in the old writers. Thus, in Tuberville's Lover, 1567

"And in her arms the naked boy she strain'd,
Whereat the boy began to strive *a-good*:"

and in Drayton's Dowsabell, 1593:

"But then the shepherd pip'd *a-good*,
That all his sheep forsook their food
To hear his melody." H.

[6] To *passion* was used as a verb formerly.

Which I so lively acted with my tears,
That my poor mistress, moved therewithal,
Wept bitterly; and would I might be dead,
If I in thought felt not her very sorrow.

Sil. She is beholden to thee, gentle youth. —
Alas, poor lady! desolate and left! —
I weep myself, to think upon thy words.
Here, youth, there is my purse: I give thee this
For thy sweet mistress' sake, because thou lov'st her
Farewell. [*Exit* SILVIA

Jul. And she shall thank you for't, if e'er you know her. —
A virtuous gentlewoman, mild, and beautiful.
I hope my master's suit will be but cold,
Since she respects my mistress' love so much.
Alas, how love can trifle with itself!
Here is her picture: Let me see: I think,
If I had such a tire, this face of mine
Were full as lovely as is this of hers;
And yet the painter flatter'd her a little,
Unless I flatter with myself too much.
Her hair is auburn, mine is perfect yellow:
If that be all the difference in his love,
I'll get me such a colour'd periwig.[7]
Her eyes are grey as glass;[8] and so are mine:

[7] False hair was much worn by ladies in Shakespeare's time; it being then one of the "latest fashions," and induced by a general desire to have hair like the Queen's. In "Northward Hoe," 1607, is an allusion to it: "There is a new trade come up for cast gentlewomen, of periwig-making. Let your wife set up in the Strand." The fashion is thus referred to in The Merchant of Venice:

"So are those crisped, snaky, golden locks,
Which make such wanton gambols with the wind,
Upon supposed fairness, often known
To be the dowry of a second head,
The scull that bred them in the sepulchre." H.

[8] The *grey* eyes of the Poet's time were the same as the *blue*

Ay, but her forehead's low, and mine's as high.[9]
What should it be, that he respects in her,
But I can make respective[10] in myself,
If this fond love were not a blinded god?
Come, shadow, come, and take this shadow up,
For 'tis thy rival. O thou senseless form!
Thou shalt be worshipp'd, kiss'd, lov'd, and ador'd;
And, were there sense in this idolatry,
My substance should be statue[11] in thy stead.
I'll use thee kindly for thy mistress' sake,
That us'd me so; or else by Jove I vow,
I should have scratch'd out your unseeing eyes,
To make my master out of love with thee. [*Exit*

ACT V.

SCENE I. The same. An Abbey.

Enter EGLAMOUR.

Egl. The sun begins to gild the western sky;
And now it is about the very hour

eyes of ours. Glass was not colourless then as we have it, but of a light-blue tint. So that *eyes as grey as glass* were of the soft azure or cerulean, such as usually go with the auburn and yellow hair of Silvia and Julia. H.

[9] A high forehead was then accounted a feature eminently beautiful. Our author, in The Tempest, shows that low foreheads were in disesteem: "apes with foreheads *villainous low*."

[10] That is, "What he respects in her has equal relation to myself." H.

[11] The words *statue* and *picture* were often used indiscriminately. Thus Stowe, speaking of Elizabeth's funeral, says: "When they beheld her *statue* or *picture* lying upon the coffin, there was a general sighing." And in Massinger's "City Madam" Sir John Frugal desires that his daughters "may take leave of their late suitors' *statues*;" and Luke answers, "*There they hang*." H.

That Silvia at friar Patrick's cell should meet me
She will not fail; for lovers break not hours,
Unless it be to come before their time;
So much they spur their expedition.

Enter SILVIA.

See, where she comes: Lady, a happy evening!
Sil. Amen, amen! go on, good Eglamour!
Out at the postern by the abbey-wall:
I fear I am attended by some spies.
Egl. Fear not: the forest is not three leagues off;
If we recover that, we are sure enough. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The same. A Room in the DUKE's Palace.

Enter THURIO, PROTEUS, *and* JULIA.

Thu. Sir Proteus, what says Silvia to my suit?
Pro. O, sir! I find her milder than she was;
And yet she takes exceptions at your person.
Thu. What! that my leg is too long?
Pro. No; that it is too little.
Thu. I'll wear a boot, to make it somewhat rounder.
Jul. [*Aside.*] But love will not be spurr'd to what it loathes.[1]
Thu. What says she to my face?
Pro. She says it is a fair one.

[1] In all the old copies this speech is given to Proteus, and addressed to Thurio; which is evidently a mistake; for as Proteus is bantering and playing upon Thurio, to speak thus would defeat his own aim. Boswell suggested that it should be set down to Julia, and as spoken aside. This correction seems the more admissible, inasmuch as a similar one just below is generally admitted. H.

Thu. Nay, then the wanton lies: my face is black.

Pro. But pearls are fair; and the old saying is,
Black men are pearls in beauteous ladies' eyes.

Jul. [*Aside.*] 'Tis true; such pearls as put out ladies' eyes;
For I had rather wink than look on them.

Thu. How likes she my discourse?

Pro. Ill, when you talk of war.

Thu. But well, when I discourse of love and peace?

Jul. [*Aside.*] But better, indeed, when you hold your peace.

Thu. What says she to my valour?

Pro. O, sir! she makes no doubt of that.

Jul. [*Aside.*] She needs not, when she knows it cowardice.

Thu. What says she to my birth?

Pro. That you are well deriv'd.

Jul. [*Aside.*] True; from a gentleman to a fool.

Thu. Considers she my possessions?

Pro. O! ay; and pities them.

Thu. Wherefore?

Jul. [*Aside.*] That such an ass should owe[2] them.

Pro. That they are out by lease.[3]

Jul. Here comes the duke.

Enter Duke.

Duke. How now, Sir Proteus! how now, Thurio!
Which of you saw Sir Eglamour of late?

Thu. Not I.

Pro. Nor I.

Duke. Saw you my daughter?

[2] That is, possess them, *own them.*

[3] Thurio of course means his lands; but Proteus chooses to take him as referring to his mental endowments, which, he says are *out by lease*, that is, out of his keeping; so that he, lacking them, is a dunce. H.

Pro. Neither.

Duke. Why, then she's fled unto that peasant Valentine;
And Eglamour is in her company.
'Tis true; for friar Laurence met them both,
As he in penance wander'd through the forest:
Him he knew well, and guess'd that it was she;
But, being mask'd, he was not sure of it:
Besides, she did intend confession
At Patrick's cell this even, and there she was not:
These likelihoods confirm her flight from hence.
Therefore, I pray you, stand not to discourse,
But mount you presently, and meet with me
Upon the rising of the mountain foot
That leads towards Mantua, whither they are fled:
Despatch, sweet gentlemen, and follow me. [*Exit.*

Thu. Why, this it is to be a peevish [4] girl,
That flies her fortune when it follows her:
I'll after; more to be reveng'd on Eglamour,
Than for the love of reckless [5] Silvia. [*Exit.*

Pro. And I will follow, more for Silvia's love,
Than hate of Eglamour that goes with her. [*Exit*

Jul. And I will follow, more to cross that love,
Than hate for Silvia, that is gone for love. [*Exit.*

SCENE III. The Forest.

Enter SILVIA *and Outlaws.*

Out. Come, come; be patient: we must bring you to our captain.

Sil. A thousand more mischances than this one
Have learn'd me how to brook this patiently.

2 *Out.* Come, bring her away.

[4] *Peevish* in ancient language signified *foolish.*
[5] That is, careless, heedless.

1 *Out.* Where is the gentleman that was with her?
3 *Out.* Being nimble-footed, he hath outrun us;
But Moses and Valerius follow him.
Go thou with her to the west end of the wood;
There is our captain. We'll follow him that's fled:
The thicket is beset; he cannot 'scape.
1 *Out.* Come, I must bring you to our captain's cave:
Fear not; he bears an honourable mind,
And will not use a woman lawlessly.
Sil. O Valentine, this I endure for thee!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. Another part of the Forest.

Enter VALENTINE.

Val. How use doth breed a habit in a man!
These shadowy, desert, unfrequented woods,
I better brook than flourishing peopled towns:
Here can I sit alone, unseen of any,
And to the nightingale's complaining notes
Tune my distresses, and record[1] my woes.
O! thou that dost inhabit in my breast,
Leave not the mansion so long tenantless;
Lest, growing ruinous, the building fall,
And leave no memory of what it was!
Repair me with thy presence, Silvia;
Thou gentle nymph, cherish thy forlorn swain! —
What hallooing, and what stir, is this to-day?
These are my mates, that make their wills their aw,
Have some unhappy passenger in chase.

[1] To *record* anciently signified to *sing*. So in Drayton's Eclogues: —

"Fair Philomel, night-music of the spring,
Sweetly *records* her tuneful harmony."

They love me well; yet I have much to do
To keep them from uncivil outrages.
Withdraw thee, Valentine: who's this comes here?
[*Steps aside.*

Enter PROTEUS, SILVIA, *and* JULIA.

Pro. Madam, this service I have done for you,
(Though you respect not aught your servant doth,)
To hazard life, and rescue you from him
That would have forc'd your honour and your love.
Vouchsafe me, for my meed, but one fair look;
A smaller boon than this I cannot beg,
And less than this, I am sure, you cannot give.

Val. [*Aside.*] How like a dream is this I see and hear!
Love, lend me patience to forbear a while.

Sil. O! miserable, unhappy that I am!

Pro. Unhappy were you, madam, ere I came;
But by my coming I have made you happy.

Sil. By thy approach thou mak'st me most unhappy.

Jul. [*Aside.*] And me, when he approacheth to your presence.

Sil. Had I been seized by a hungry lion,
I would have been a breakfast to the beast,
Rather than have false Proteus rescue me.
O! heaven be judge, how I love Valentine,
Whose life's as tender[2] to me as my soul;
And full as much (for more there cannot be)
I do detest false perjur'd Proteus:
Therefore begone: solicit me no more.

Pro. What dangerous action, stood it next to death,
Would I not undergo for one calm look!

[2] That is, as *dear*.

O! 'tis the curse in love, and still approv'd,[3]
When women cannot love where they're belov'd.
Sil. When Proteus cannot love where he's belov'd.
Read over Julia's heart, thy first best love,
For whose dear sake thou didst then rend thy faith
Into a thousand oaths; and all those oaths
Descended into perjury to love me.
Thou hast no faith left now, unless thou hadst two,
And that's far worse than none: better have none
Than plural faith, which is too much by one.
Thou counterfeit to thy true friend!
Pro. In love,
Who respects friend?
Sil. All men but Proteus.
Pro. Nay, if the gentle spirit of moving words
Can no way change you to a milder form,
I'll woo you like a soldier, at arms' end;
And love you 'gainst the nature of love; force you.
Sil. O heaven!
Pro. I'll force thee yield to my desire.
Val. [*Coming forward.*] Ruffian, let go that rude uncivil touch;
Thou friend of an ill fashion!
Pro. Valentine!
Val. Thou common friend, that's without faith or love;
(For such is a friend now,) treacherous man!
Thou hast beguil'd my hopes: nought but mine eye
Could have persuaded me. Now I dare not say
I have one friend alive: thou wouldst disprove me.
Who should be trusted now, when one's right hand
Is perjur'd to the bosom? Proteus,
I am sorry I must never trust thee more,
But count the world a stranger for thy sake.

[3] *Approv'd* is confirmed by proof.

The private wound is deepest: O time most accurst
'Mongst all foes, that a friend should be the worst

Pro. My shame and guilt confound me. —
Forgive me, Valentine: if hearty sorrow
Be a sufficient ransom for offence,
I tender it here; I do as truly suffer,
As e'er I did commit.

Val. Then I am paid;
And once again I do receive thee honest. —
Who by repentance is not satisfied,
Is nor of heaven, nor earth; for these are pleas'd:
By penitence th' Eternal's wrath's appeas'd: —
And, that my love may appear plain and free,
All that was mine in Silvia, I give thee.[4]

[4] This is a strange passage. Collier and Knight have tried hard, in different ways, to make it look reasonable; but there is an extravagance about it that will not yield to editorial skill. The best comment we have seen upon it is in "Tales from Shakespeare:" "Proteus expressed such a lively sorrow for the injuries he had done to Valentine, that Valentine, whose nature was noble and generous even to a romantic degree, not only forgave and restored him to his former place in his friendship, but in a sudden flight of heroism he said, 'I freely do forgive you; and all the interest I have in Silvia I give it up to you!'" Which shows what Charles Lamb and his sister, "two highly-gifted and simple-minded persons who had been reading Shakespeare together all their lives," regarded as the true sense of the text. Mr. Dyce, speaking of "this overstrained and too generous act of friendship," says: "Nor would Shakespeare probably, if the play had been written in his maturer years, have made Valentine give way to such 'a sudden flight of heroism:' but *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* was evidently an early production of the great Poet; and in many a volume, popular during his youth, he had found similar instances of romantic generosity." This explanation seems much better than the ingenious efforts of Knight and Collier to bring the representation within the lines of nature and reason. How hard it is for them to get round the plain sense of the passage, may be seen in that Knight makes *all* refer to *wrath* in the second line above, construes *in* by *on account of*, and understands *give* in the sense of *give up* or *forego;* so that the meaning turns out to be: "All the wrath that was mine on account of Silvia I forego;" which convicts Julia of a gross

Jul. O me, unhappy! [*Struggling with grief.*

Pro. Look to the boy.

Val. Why, boy! why, wag! how now! what is the matter? Look up; speak.

Jul. O good sir! my master charg'd me to deliver a ring to Madam Silvia; which, out of my neglect, was never done.

Pro. Where is that ring, boy?

Jul. Here 'tis: this is it. [*Gives a ring.*

Pro. How! let me see: why, this is the ring I gave to Julia.

Jul. O! cry you mercy, sir; I have mistook:
This is the ring you sent to Silvia.
[*Shows another ring.*

Pro. But how cam'st thou by this ring?
At my depart I gave this unto Julia.

Jul. And Julia herself did give it me;
And Julia herself hath brought it hither.

Pro. How? Julia!

Jul. Behold her that gave aim[5] to all thy oaths,
And entertain'd them deeply in her heart:
How oft hast thou with perjury cleft the root![6]
O Proteus! let this habit make thee blush:
Be thou asham'd, that I have took upon me
Such an immodest raiment; if shame live
In a disguise of love.[7]

blunder in taking on so at what Valentine says. Collier's more plausible method is, to withdraw Valentine, so that he does not hear what passes between Proteus and Silvia just before, and so, from seeing her thus with his friend, he infers that she is unfaithful or indifferent towards himself. H.

[5] He who gave aim appears to have been called the *mark*, and was stationed near the butts, to inform the archers how near their arrows fell to the butt.

[6] That is, of her heart: the allusion to archery is continued, and to *cleaving the pin* in shooting at the butts.

[7] That is, if it be a shame to wear a disguise in such a cause. H.

It is the lesser blot modesty finds,
Women to change their shapes, than men their minds.

Pro. Than men their minds? 'tis true: O heaven! were man
But constant, he were perfect: that one error
Fills him with faults; makes him run through all the sins:
Inconstancy falls off, ere it begins:
What is in Silvia's face, but I may spy
More fresh in Julia's, with a constant eye?

Val. Come, come, a hand from either:
Let me be blest to make this happy close:
'Twere pity two such friends should be long foes.

Pro. Bear witness, heaven, I have my wish forever.

Jul. And I mine.

Enter Outlaws, with DUKE *and* THURIO.

Out. A prize! a prize! a prize!

Val. Forbear: forbear, I say; it is my lord the duke. —
Your grace is welcome to a man disgrac'd,
Banished Valentine.

Duke. Sir Valentine!

Thu. Yonder is Silvia; and Silvia's mine.

Val. Thurio, give back, or else embrace thy death.
Come not within the measure of my wrath:
Do not name Silvia thine; if once again,
Verona shall not hold thee.[8] Here she stands:

[8] "*Verona* shall not *hold* thee," is the reading of the only authentic copy. Theobald proposed the reading, "*Milan* shall not *behold* thee," which has been adopted by all subsequent editors but there is no authority for the change. If the reading be erroneous Shakespeare must be held accountable for this as well as some other errors in his early productions.

Take but possession of her with a touch; —
I dare thee but to breathe upon my love.

Thu. Sir Valentine, I care not for her, I.
I hold him but a fool, that will endanger
His body for a girl that loves him not:
I claim her not, and therefore she is thine.

Duke. The more degenerate and base art thou,
To make such means[9] for her as thou hast done,
And leave her on such slight conditions. —
Now, by the honour of my ancestry,
I do applaud thy spirit, Valentine,
And think thee worthy of an empress' love.
Know then, I here forget all former griefs,
Cancel all grudge, repeal[10] thee home again,
Plead a new state in thy unrivall'd merit,
To which I thus subscribe, — Sir Valentine,
Thou art a gentleman, and well deriv'd:
Take thou thy Silvia, for thou hast deserv'd her.

Val. I thank your grace; the gift hath made me happy.
I now beseech you, for your daughter's sake,
To grant one boon that I shall ask of you.

Duke. I grant it for thine own, whate'er it be.

Val. These banish'd men, that I have kept withal,[11]
Are men endued with worthy qualities:
Forgive them what they have committed here,
And let them be recall'd from their exile:
They are reformed, civil, full of good,
And fit for great employment, worthy lord.

Duke. Thou hast prevail'd; I pardon them, and thee:
Dispose of them, as thou know'st their deserts.

[9] "*To make such means* for her," to make such *interest* for, to take such disingenuous pains about her.

[10] That is, repeal the sentence of banishment. H

[11] That is, that I have been living with. H

Come, let us go: we will include[12] all jars
With triumphs,[13] mirth, and rare solemnity.

Val. And, as we walk along, I dare be bold
With our discourse to make your grace to smile:
What think you of this page, my lord?

Duke. I think the boy hath grace in him: he blushes.

Val. I warrant you, my lord; more grace than boy.

Duke. What mean you by that saying?

Val. Please you, I'll tell you as we pass along,
That you will wonder what hath fortuned.—
Come, Proteus; 'tis your penance, but to hear
The story of your loves discovered:
That done, our day of marriage shall be yours;
One feast, one house, one mutual happiness.

[*Exeunt.*

[12] *Include* is here used for *conclude*. This is another of Shakspeare's Latinisms.

[13] *Triumphs* are pageants, such as masks and shows.

INTRODUCTION

TO

THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR, as we have it, was first printed in the folio of 1623, where it occupies the third place in the list of Comedies. An imperfect and probably fraudulent edition, however, came out in 1602, and was reprinted in 1619. In this edition the play is but about half as long as in the authentic copy of 1623; the scenes following each other in the same order, except in one instance; and some prose parts being printed in the manner of verse. Much question has been made, whether the impression of 1602 were from a correct copy of an unfinished play, or from a report stolen at the theatre and mangled in the stealing.

Of course every reader of Shakespeare has heard the tradition that Queen Elizabeth, upon witnessing the performance of Henry IV., was so taken with Falstaff that she forthwith requested the Poet to represent him in the quality of a lover; in compliance with which request he wrote The Merry Wives of Windsor. Queen Elizabeth was indeed a great woman, and did some great things: but if it were certain that she was thus the occasion of this play, there are many who would not scruple to set it down as the best thing she had any agency in bringing to pass; and another many who might regard it as the best but one. If this be wrong, there is no help for it; for such, assuredly, will always be the case so long as men can "laugh and grow fat."

But there is much diversity of judgment touching the amount of credit due to this tradition. Mr. Collier says: "When traced to its source, it can be carried back no further than 1702: John Denn s in that year printed his 'Comical Gallant,' founded upon 'The Merry Wives of Windsor,' and in the dedication he states that 'the comedy was written at the command of Queen Elizabeth, and by her direction; and she was so eager to see it acted, that she commanded it to be finished in fourteen days.' Dennis gives

no authority for any part of this assertion: but because he knew Dryden, it is supposed to have come from him; and because Dryden was acquainted with Davenant, it has been conjectured that the latter communicated it to the former. We own that we place little or no reliance on the story, especially recollecting that Dennis had to make out a case in favour of his alterations, by showing that Shakespeare had composed the comedy in an incredibly short period, and consequently that it was capable of improvement."

All which is clever and spirited enough, but strikes us as a rather too summary disposing of the matter; the tradition not being incredible in itself, nor the immediate sources of it unentitled to confidence: for, granting that "Dennis had to make out a case in favour of his alterations," would he not be more likely to avail himself of something generally received, than to get up so questionable a fabrication? The date of his statement was but eighty-six years after the Poet's death; — a time when much traditionary matter, handed down from the reign of Elizabeth, was doubtless in circulation, that had not yet got into print: Dennis moved more or less in the literary circle of which Dryden was the centre; and that circle, however degenerate, was the lineal successor of the glorious constellation gathered about Shakespeare. It is considerable that Dennis gave no reason for the Queen's alleged request; which reason Rowe a few years later stated to be the pleasure she had from Falstaff in Henry IV.; — a difference of statement that rather goes to accredit the substance of the tradition, because it looks as if both drew from a common source, not one from the other; each using such and so much of the traditionary matter as would best serve his turn. Their account, or rather, perhaps, the general belief from which it was taken, was received by Pope, Theobald, and other contemporaries, — men who would not be very apt to let such a matter go unsifted, or help to give it currency unless they thought there was good ground for it.

"An excellent and pleasant conceited comedy of Sir John Falstaff and the Merry Wives of Windsor" was entered in the Registers of the Stationers' Company, Jan. 18, 1602. The title-page of the edition which came out soon after reads thus: "A most pleasant and excellent conceited comedy of Sir John Falstaff and the Merry Wives of Windsor; intermixed with sundry variable and pleasing humours of Sir Hugh the Welch Knight, Justice Shallow, and his wise Cousin M. Slender; with the swaggering vein of Ancient Pistol, and Corporal Nym. By William Shakespeare. As it hath been divers times acted by the Right Honourable my Lord Chamberlain's servants; both before Her Majesty, and elsewhere." We may set it down, therefore, as tolerably certain that The Merry Wives of Windsor was performed before the Queen near the close of 1601, notwithstanding the opinion of

Chalmers, that "she was then in no mood for such fooleries." And probably one reason for getting up the piratical edition of 1602 was, that the play had been "divers times acted, both before Her Majesty and elsewhere." Now, that Queen Elizabeth was capable of appreciating the genius of Falstaff, will hardly be questioned; that she had been present at the performance of Henry IV., is quite probable, considering the great popularity of that play as evinced in that five editions of it were published between 1598 and 1613; that, having seen the irresistible Knight as there presented, she should desire to see more of him, was certainly natural enough: all which being granted, there appears nothing to hinder, either that she should request the Poet to continue the character through another play, or that he should hasten to comply with the request. Moreover, we learn from the "Accounts of the Revels at Court," that The Merry Wives of Windsor was acted before King James, in Nov. 1604. May we not justly conclude, then, that this was probably one of the plays referred to by Ben Jonson in his noble poem, "To the Memory of my beloved Mr. William Shakespeare, and what he hath left us?"

> "Sweet Swan of Avon, what a sight it were,
> To see thee in our waters yet appear;
> And make those flights upon the banks of Thames,
> That so did take Eliza and our James!"

So that, upon the whole, we can by no means bring ourselves to regard the forecited tradition with the contempt which Mr. Collier seems to think it deserves. The only part of it that much troubles us to digest, is that concerning the time wherein it makes the play to have been written: this, we confess, staggers us somewhat: yet, supposing it to be false, it does not greatly invalidate the substance of the tradition; and we are well assured that the play, as published in 1602, might well enough have been written by *Shakespeare* within the time alleged. The question, therefore, turns somewhat upon the point, whether that edition was from a correct copy of an imperfect and unfinished play, a sort of rough draught hastily gotten up for the occasion, or from a false and mutilated copy stolen from the actors' lips by incompetent reporters, to gratify the cupidity of unscrupulous publishers. This question we have not room to discuss; and, if we had, the long discussions, indulged in by former critics to little purpose, shut us up from all hope of being able ever to determine it. We may remark, however, there can be little doubt that the edition of 1602 was fraudulent and surreptitious; though this need not infer but that it may have been from a faithful copy fraudulently obtained for the press. Yet there are some things in it, such as the printing of prose so as to look like verse, which go to show that it was partly taken down as spoken, and partly made up from memory; the pirates o-

parently having no ear to distinguish prose and verse, and so presuming it to be poetry, because written by a poet. That such frauds and piracies were practised with some of Shakespeare' plays, scarce admits of dispute. But, for aught appears, The Merry Wives of Windsor may have been at that time very imperfect and inferior to what it is now, and yet the first edition a stolen and mangled copy of the play as it then was. And, whether from a correct or from a mutilated transcript, that edition contains passages of which no traces are discoverable in the play as it now stands. Such is the following from the fifth act:

> " *Sir Hugh.* Go you and see where brokers sleep,
> And fox-ey'd serjeants, with their mace;
> Go lay the proctors in the street,
> And pinch the lousy serjeant's face:
> Spare none of these when they're a-bed,
> But such whose nose looks blue and red.
> *Quickly.* Away, begone; his mind fulfil,
> And look that none of you stand still:
> Some do that thing, some do this,
> All do something, none amiss."

There being no corresponding passage in the later edition strongly argues that the play, at least in this part, was entirely rewritten after the first copy was taken for the press; for men, whether purloining a manuscript or reporting it as spoken, would obviously be much more apt to omit or alter words and sentences, than to make additions or put in quite other matter. On the other hand, the authentic edition has some passages that can hardly be explained but upon the supposal that the play was revised, and those passages inserted, after the accession of James in the spring of 1603. Such is the odd reason Mrs. Page gives Mrs. Ford for declining to share the honour of Knighthood with Sir John: " These knights will *hack;* and so thou shouldst not alter the article of thy gentry:" which can scarce bear any other sense than as referring to the prodigality with which the King dispensed those honours in the first of his reign; Knighthood being thereby in a way to grow so *hackneyed* that it would rather be an honour not to have been dubbed. And, indeed, perhaps it may as well be noted here, that many of Shakespeare's plays apparently underwent so many revisals and improvements between the first sketching and the last finishing of them, that any allusions they may contain to the events of his time afford a very uncertain clew to the date of their original composition.

There remains a question of some interest as to the time when The Merry Wives was first written; whether before or after Henry IV.; for, if before, this at once upsets that part of the tradition which assigns the huge delight the Queen had at seeing

Falstaff in wit and war, as the cause of her requesting to see him in love. Knight and Halliwell, taking the edition of 1602 as a faithful, though perhaps surreptitious, copy of the play as then written, date "the original sketch" as far back as 1592 or 1593. In proof of this they urge what passes between Sir Hugh Evans, "mine Host de Jarterre," and Dr. Caius respecting "a duke de Jarmany;" because in 1592 a German duke actually did travel in England, with such special privileges and accommodations as are indicated in the play. Mr. Knight's argument runs thus: "Now, if we knew that a real German duke had visited Windsor, (a rare occurrence in the days of Elizabeth,) we should have the date of the comedy pretty exactly fixed. The circumstance would be one of those local and temporary allusions which Shakespeare seized upon to arrest the attention of his audience. We have before us a narrative, printed in the old German language, of the journey to England of the Duke of Wurtemburg in 1592; which narrative, drawn up by his secretary, contains a daily journal of his proceedings. He was accompanied by a considerable retinue, and travelled under the name of "The Count Mombeliard."

From the resemblance of this name to Garmomble, an apparent anagram of Mumpelgart, which occurs in the copy of 1602, Mr. Knight justly infers the identity of the person. Yet the force of his reasoning is not altogether apparent, as it proceeds by a very uncertain measure between the date of an event alluded to and the date of the allusion itself. Surely, in proportion to the rareness of an occurrence and the sensation it caused, it would naturally be remembered and remarked upon afterwards: nor is it easy to see how so rare and remarkable a thing as Mr. Halliwell represents this to have been, was "a matter to be forgotten in 1601." Shakespeare's "local and temporary allusions," be it observed, were not merely for novelty and popularity, or used as ear-catchers to his audience; but for whatsoever matter he saw in them that could be made to serve the general purposes of art: and that the thing in question would not so soon be spoilt for his use, appears in the interest it has for us; and would have, even if we had never heard of any such event occurring in his time.

In further proof of his point Mr. Knight alleges several passages from the finished play, which are not found in the "original sketch," and which apparently refer to things occurring after the supposed date of that sketch. But all such arguments are at once nonsuited by the supposition, which, to say the least, is a probable one, that the edition of 1602 was not from a faithful transcript, however obtained, of an unfinished play, but from a copy fraudulently taken down and made up by unskilful reporters.

There appears no good reason, therefore, but that The Merry Wives of Windsor may have been written after Henry IV., the First Part of which was first published in 1598, and probably

written the year before: that it was written earlier than 1596 nobody pretends. And that The Merry Wives had not been heard of in 1598, is further probable from its not being mentioned by Meres in his Wit's Treasury, which came out that year; for, his purpose being to approve Shakespeare "the most excellent among the English in both" comedy and tragedy, it seems rather unlikely that he would have passed by so apt a document of comic power, had it been known.

A deal of perplexity has been gotten up as to the time of the action in this play; that is, in what period of his life Falstaff undertook the adventures at Windsor, whether before or after his exploits represented in Henry IV., or at some intermediate time: questions scarce worth the discussing or even the raising, but that it would hardly do to ignore a thing about which there has been so much ado. Much of this perplexity seems to have risen from confounding the order in which the several plays were made, with the order of the events described in them. Now, at the close of Henry IV. Falstaff and his companions are banished the neighbourhood of the Court, "till their conversations appear more wise and modest to the world;" and near the opening of Henry V., which follows hard upon the close of the former play, we have an account of Falstaff's death. And because The Merry Wives of Windsor was probably written after both those plays, therefore the Poet has been thought by some to have ventured upon the questionable experiment of bringing Sir John and two of his followers upon the stage after their death; just as though one could not write the latter part of a man's life, and tell the story of his last hours, and then go back and give the history of his boyhood and youth, without breaking the sacred peace of the grave. That the exploits at Windsor were before those at Gadshill, Eastcheap, and Shrewsbury, in the order of time, is shown by Mrs. Quickly's progress; who in the Merry Wives is a maiden and the housekeeper of Dr. Caius; but in the other plays she has become a wife, though still Quickly; then she dwells awhile in widowhood, until, the sweetness of her former marriage having taught her better than to live out of wedlock, "she taketh to herself another mate." And the same thing is further shown in Falstaff's fearing lest the noise of his shames should come to the ears of the Court; which fear could hardly be, but that he still have something there to lose: for he seems not to be aware how completely his genius in other exigencies will triumph over his failures in love-making. Nevertheless, it must be owned that the Poet, probably because the subject never occurred to him, or because he sometimes lost the historical order of things in an overmastering sense of art, did not in all cases take care to shun such anachronisms as criticism hath delighted to find in his plays. Perhaps it should be observed in this connection, that the two parts of Henry IV. cover a period of ten and a half years, from the battle of Homildon, Sept. 1402, to the

death of the King, March, 1413; in which time Falstaff doubtless had intervals of leisure for such adventures as those at Windsor. So that the action of the Comedy, supposing it were not before, might well enough have taken place some time during the action of the History. And if the former seem too early a date for the mention of "the wild Prince and Poins;" it would be considered that the Poet represents the Prince as already noted for his loose and idle courses, his connection with the rioters of Eastcheap having begun even before his father reached the throne.

For the plot and matter of The Merry Wives, Shakespeare was apparently little indebted to any thing but his own invention. "The Two Lovers of Pisa," a tale borrowed from the novels of Straparola, and published in Tarlton's "Newes out of Purgatorie," 1590, is thought to have suggested some of the incidents; and the notion seems probable enough. In that Tale a young gallant falls in love with a jealous old doctor's wife, who is also young, and really encourages the unlawful passion. The gallant, not knowing the doctor, takes him for confidant and counsellor in the prosecution of his suit, and is thus thwarted in all his plans. The naughty wife conceals her lover first in a basket of feathers, then between the ceilings of a room, and again in a box of deeds and valuable papers. If the Poet had any other obligations, they have not been traced clearly enough to be worth the mentioning.

As a specimen of pure comedy, The Merry Wives of Windsor by general concession stands unrivalled; the play being not only replete with the most ludicrous situations and predicaments, but surpassingly rich both in quality and variety of comic characterization. To say nothing of Falstaff, who is an inexhaustible storehouse of laughter-moving preparations, there is comic matter enough in the other persons to keep the world in perpetual laughter. Though historically connected with the reign of Henry IV., the play is otherwise a delineation of the manners and humours of the Poet's time: in which view we need but compare it with Ben Jonson's Every Man in His Humour, great as is the latter, to see "how much easier it was to vanquish the rest of Europe than to contend with Shakespeare."

The action of this play proceeds throughout by intrigue; meaning thereby such a complication of cross-purposes and conflicting aims, wherein the several persons strive to outwit and circumvent one another. And the stratagems all have the appropriate merit of causing a grateful surprise, and a perplexity that interests because it stops short of confusion; while the awkward and grotesque predicaments, into which the persons throw each other by their cross-plottings and counter-plottings, are often a source of exquisite diversion. The play finely illustrates, moreover, though in its own peculiar line, the general order and method of Shakespeare's art; the surrounding parts falling in with the central one, and the subordinate plots drawing, as by a hidden impulse, into harmony with the lead

ing one: if Falstaff be doomed to repeated collapses from a hero into a butt, that others may laugh at him instead of with him, the Welch Parson and French Doctor are also defeated of their revenge, just as they are getting over the preliminary pains and vexations, and while pluming themselves with forthcoming honours are suddenly deplumed into "vlouting-stogs;" Page and his wife no sooner begin to exult in their success than they are taken down by the thrift of a counter-stratagem, and left to the double shame of ignobly failing in a disreputable undertaking; and Ford's jealousy is made to scourge him with the very whip he has twisted for the scourging of its object. Thus all the more prominent characters have to chew the ashes of disappointment in turn, their plans being thwarted, and themselves made ridiculous, just as they are on the point of grasping their several fruitions. But Falstaff is the only one of them that rises by falling and extracts grace out of his very disgraces. For in him the grotesque and ludicrous is evermore laughing and chuckling over itself: he makes comedies extempore out of his own shames and infirmities; and is himself the most delighted spectator of the side-shaking scenes where himself figures as chief actor.

This observation and enjoyment of the comical as exhibited in himself, which forms perhaps the leading characteristic of Sir John, and explains much in him that were else inexplicable, is here seen, however, labouring under something of an eclipse. The truth is, Falstaff is plainly out of his sphere; and he shows a sad want of his usual sagacity and good sense in getting into it,—in supposing for a moment that he could inspire such a passion in such a place: nor does it seem probable that the Poet would have exhibited him thus, but that he were moved thereto by somewhat else than the native promptings of his genius. For of love in any right or respectable sense Sir John is essentially incapable; and to represent him otherwise, had been to contradict, not carry out, his character. Shakespeare doubtless understood this; and, being thus reduced to the alternative of committing a gross breach of decorum or of making the hero unsuccessful, the moral sanity of his genius left him no choice. Accordingly Sir John is here conspicuous not so much for what he practises as for what is practised upon him; he being, in fact, the dupe and victim of his own heroism, and provoking laughter more by that he suffers than by that he does. So that the internal evidence of the play strongly favours the tradition of the Queen's requesting to see Falstaff in love; as such request affords the only clear solution of the Poet's representing one who was plainly a favourite with him in so unsuitable a quality. For, if we may believe Hazlitt, "wits and philosophers seldom shine in that character;" and, whether this be true or not, it is certain that "Sir John by no means comes off with flying colours."

But Falstaff, notwithstanding these drawbacks, is still so far him

self that "naught but himself can be his conqueror." If he be overmatched, it is not so much by the strength or skill of his antagonists, as from his being persuaded, seemingly against his will and for the pleasure of others, into a line of adventure where he is not qualified to thrive. His incomparable art of turning adversities into commodities; the good-humoured strategy whereby he manages to divert off all unpleasant feeling of his vices and frailties; the marvellous agility and aptness of wit which, with a vesture of odd and whimsical constructions, at once hides the offensive and discovers the comical features of his conduct; the same towering impudence and sublime effrontery, which so lift him aloft in his subsequent exploits; and the overpowering eloquence of exaggeration, with which he delights to set off and heighten whatsoever is most ludicrous in his own person or situation;—all these qualities, though not in their full bloom and vigour, are here to be seen in triumphant exercise.

Upon the whole, however, this bringing forth of Sir John more for exposure than for exhibition is not altogether grateful to those whom he has so often convulsed into health: though he still gives us wholesome shakings, we feel that it costs him too much: the rare exhilaration he affords us elsewhere, and even here, invests him with a sort of humorous reverence; insomuch that we can hardly help pitying even while we approve his merited, yet scarcely merited, shames and failures; and we would fain make out some excuse for him on the score of these slips' occurring earlier in his life, when experience had not yet disciplined away the natural vanity which may sometimes lead a man of genius to fancy himself the object of the tender passion. And in like manner we are apt to apologize for the Poet's exposure of his and our favourite, on the ground that, being to represent him in an enterprise where he could not deserve success, nor even work for it but by knavery, he was under a strong moral necessity of causing him not only to be thwarted, but to become the laughing-stock of those who thwart him, and, which is especially galling to one so wit-proud as Sir John, "to stand at the taunt of one that makes fritters of English." And we are the more disposed to leniency towards Falstaff amid his unparalleled swampings, forasmuch as his merry persecutors are but a sort of decorous, respectable, common-place people, who borrow their chief importance from the victim of their mischievous sport; and if they are not so bad as to make us wish him success, neither are they so good that we like to see them grow at his expense. But on this point Mr. Verplanck has spoken so aptly, that mere justice to the subject bids us quote him: "Our choler would rise, despite of us, against Cleopatra herself, should she presume to make a dupe and tool of regal old Jack, the natural lord and master of all about him; and, though not so atrociously immoral as to wish he had succeeded with the Windsor gypsies, we plead guilty to the minor turpitude of sympathy, when he tells

his persecutors, with brightening visage and exultant twinkle of eye, — 'I am glad, though you have ta'en a special stand to strike at me, that your arrow hath glanc'd.'"

A further account of this huge magazine of comedies must be deferred till we encounter him at the noon of his glory, stealing, drinking, lying, reviling, warring, and discoursing of wine, wit, valour, and honour, with Prince Hal at his side to wrestle forth the prodigies of his big-teeming brain.

Sir John's followers are under the cloud with him, being little more than the shadows of what they appear when their master is fully himself; the light of Bardolph's nose is not well kindled yet; Pistol, ancient Pistol's tongue has not yet learned to strut with such potent impotence as it elsewhere waxes great withal. Quickly, however, is altogether herself as far as she goes, and she lets off some brilliancies that would not discredit her maturity in the more congenial atmosphere of Eastcheap; though of course we may not expect her to be the woman now that she will be when she has known Sir John "these twenty-nine years, come peascod time." Acting here in the capacity of a matchmaker and go-between, her perfect impartiality towards all of Anne Page's suitors, both in the service she renders and in the return she accepts, finely exemplifies the indefatigable benevolence of that class of worthies towards themselves, and is so true to the life of a certain perpetual sort of people, as almost to make one believe in the transmigration of souls. — "Mine Host of the Garter" is indeed a model of a host: up to any thing, and brimful of fun, so that it runs out at the ends of his fingers, nothing suits him so well as to uncork the wit-holders of his guests, unless, peradventure, it be to uncork his wine-holders for them. His exhilarating conceit of practical shrewdness, — "Am I politic? am I subtle? am I a Machiavel?" — which serves as oil to make the wheels of his mind run smooth and glib, is richly characteristic, both of himself individually and of the class he represents. — Sir Hugh Evans is an odd marriage of the ludicrous and the respectable. In his officious simplicity he moralizes the play much better, doubtless, than a wiser man could do it. The scene where, in expectation of the fight with the French doctor, he is full of "cholers," and "trempling of mind," and "melancholies," and has "a great dispositions to cry," and strikes up a lullaby to the palpitations of his heart without seeming to know it, while those palpitations in turn scatter his memory and discompose his singing, is replete with a quiet delicacy of humour, hardly to be surpassed. It is quite probable, as hath been said, that both he and Doctor Caius are delineations, slightly caricatured, of what the Poet had seen and conversed with; there being a portrait-like reality and effect about them, with just enough infusion of the ideal to lift them into the region of art.

Hazlitt boldly pronounces Shakespeare "the only writer who

was as great in describing weakness as strength." However this may be, we are pretty sure, that after Falstaff there is not a greater piece of work in the play than Master Abraham Slender, cousin to Robert Shallow Esquire, — a dainty sprout, or rather sapling, of provincial gentry, who, once seen, is never to be forgotten. In his consequential verdancy, his aristocratic official boobyism, and his lean-witted, lack-brain originality, this pithless hereditary squireling is altogether inimitable and irresistible; — a tall though slender specimen of most effective imbecility, whose manners and character must needs be all from within, because he lacks force of nature enough to shape or dress himself by any model. Mr. Hallam, whose judgment in such things is not often at fault, thinks Slender was intended as "a satire on the brilliant youth of the provinces," such as they were "before the introduction of newspapers and turnpike roads; awkward and boobyish among civil people, but at home in rude sports, and proud of exploits at which the town would laugh, yet perhaps with more courage and good-nature than the laughers."

Ford's jealousy is managed with great skill so as to help on the plot, bringing out a series of the richest incidents, and drawing the most savoury issues from the mellow, juicy old sinner upon whom he is practising. The means whereby he labours to justify his passion, spreading temptations and then concerting surprises, are quite as wicked as any thing Falstaff does, and have, besides, the further crime of exceeding meanness; but both their meanness and their wickedness are of the kind that rarely fail to be their own punishment. The way in which his passion is made to sting and lash him into reason, and the crafty discretion of his wife in glutting his disease and thereby making an opportunity to show him what sort of stuff it lives on, are admirable instances of the wisdom with which the Poet delights to underpin his most fantastica creations. The counter-plottings, also, of Page and his wife to sell their daughter against her better sense, are about as far from virtue as the worst purposes of Sir John; though their sins are of a more respectable kind than to expose them to ridicule. But we are the more willing to forget their unhandsome practices herein, because of their good-natured efforts at last to make Falstaff forget his sad miscarriages, and to compose whatsoever vexations and disquietudes still remain, in a well-crowned cup of social merriment. — Anne Page is but an average specimen of discreet, placid, innocent mediocrity, yet with a mind of her own, in whom we can feel no such interest as a rich father causes to be felt by those about her. In her and Fenton a slight dash of romance is given to the play; their love forming a barely audible undertone of poetry in the grand chorus of comicalities, as if on purpose that while the sides are shaken the heart may not be left altogether untouched.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.
FENTON.
SHALLOW, a country Justice.
SLENDER, Cousin to Shallow.
MR. FORD, } two Gentlemen dwelling at Windsor.
MR. PAGE, }
WILLIAM PAGE, a Boy, Son to Mr. Page.
SIR HUGH EVANS, a Welch Parson.
DR. CAIUS, a French Physician.
Host of the Garter Inn.
BARDOLPH, }
PISTOL, } Followers of Falstaff.
NYM, }
ROBIN, Page to Falstaff.
SIMPLE, Servant to Slender.
RUGBY, Servant to Dr. Caius.

MRS. FORD.
MRS. PAGE.
ANNE PAGE, her Daughter, in love with Fenton.
MRS. QUICKLY, Servant to Dr. Caius.

Servants to Page, Ford, &c.

SCENE, Windsor, and the Parts adjacent.

MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

ACT I.

SCENE I. Windsor. Before PAGE'S House.

Enter Justice SHALLOW, SLENDER, *and Sir* HUGH EVANS.

Shal. SIR HUGH,[1] persuade me not; I will make a Star-chamber[2] matter of it: if he were twenty Sir John Falstaffs, he shall not abuse Robert Shallow, Esquire.

Slen. In the county of Gloster, justice of peace, and *coram.*[3]

Shal. Ay, cousin Slender, and *cust-alorum.*

[1] *Sir* was formerly applied to the inferior clergy as well as to knights. Fuller in his Church History says: "Such priests as have Sir before their Christian name were men not graduated in the university; being in orders, but not in degrees; while others, entitled 'masters,' had commenced in the arts." Besides Sir Hugh, Shakespeare has Sir Oliver Mar-text, the Vicar, in As You Like It, Sir Topas in Twelfth Night, and Sir Nathaniel, the Curate, in Love's Labour's Lost. H.

[2] The old court of Star-Chamber had cognizance of such cases. Thus in Jonson's Magnetic Lady, Act iii. sc. 3: "There is a court above, of the Star-chamber, to punish routs and riots." H.

[3] *Corum* is a corruption of *quorum.* A justice of quorum was so called from the words in the commission, *Quorum A. unum esse volumus;* and as there could be no quorum, that is, nothing could be done, without him, of course he had greater dignity than the others. *Cust-alorum,* in the next line, is the sapient Shallow's abbreviation of *custos rotulorum,* keeper of the rolls or records Slender, not understanding this, adds, "and *ratolorum* too." Shallow's official attestation was, *Coram me, Roberto Shallow, armigero;* and his slender nephew, speaking by the book, puts the ablative, *armigero,* for the nominative, *armiger,* esquire. H.

Slen. Ay, and *ratolorum* too; and a gentleman born, master parson; who writes himself *armigero;* in any bill, warrant, quittance, or obligation, *armigero.*

Shal. Ay, that I do; and have done any time these three hundred years.[4]

Slen. All his successors, gone before him, hath done't; and all his ancestors, that come after him, may: they may give the dozen white luces in their coat.

Shal. It is an old coat.

Eva. The dozen white louses do become an old coat well; it agrees well, passant: it is a familiar beast to man, and signifies love.

Shal. The luce is the fresh fish; the salt fish is an old coat.[5]

[4] Shallow here identifies himself with "all his successors gone before him;" an aristocratic way of speaking once common in England, and not wholly laid aside yet. Washington Allston was once the guest of an English nobleman who, though Shallow in nothing else, said he came over with William the Conqueror. We are indebted to Mr. Verplanck for this anecdote, and also for the information that Shallow's mode of speech, though common, is *characteristic* of him. H.

[5] This passage is exceedingly obscure, and perhaps no explanation can make it clear. Shallow is allowed on all hands to be a satire on Sir Thomas Lucy, the Poet's old Stratford enemy, whose coat-of-arms bore three *luces*, not a dozen, as stated by Slender; though one of the family had a coat marked in four divisions, with three luces in each. Luce is the old name for pike, of which there were two kinds, the fresh-water and the salt-water pike. The most probable explanation, then, seems to be this: In the first place Slender blunders, calling them *white* luces, *white* being apparently used to denote the fresh-water pike; and Shallow, proud of his ancestry and therefore scorning the white luce, the fresh fish, corrects this blunder by saying, "It is an *old* coat," inferring that, because it is old, therefore it has the salt-water fish, not the fresh. Then Sir Hugh makes a double blunder, giving a *white* luce to an *old* coat, and mistaking luce for *louse*, the "familiar beast to man." And finally Shallow blunders, mistaking Sir Hugh's "familiar beast" for the white luce

Slen. I may quarter, coz?

Shal. You may, by marrying.

Eva. It is marring indeed, if he quarter it.

Shal. Not a whit.

Eva. Yes, py'r-lady; if he has a quarter of your coat,[6] there is but three skirts for yourself, in my simple conjectures: but that is all one. If Sir John Falstaff have committed disparagements unto you, I am of the church, and will be glad to do my benevolence, to make atonements and compremises between you.

Shal. The Council shall hear it: it is a riot.

Eva. It is not meet the Council hear a riot; there is no fear of Got in a riot: the Council, look you, shall desire to hear the fear of Got, and not to hear a riot: take your vizaments[7] in that.

Shal. Ha! o' my life, if I were young again, the sword should end it.

Eva. It is petter that friends is the sword, and end it: and there is also another device in my prain, which, peradventure, prings goot discretions with it: There is Anne Page, which is daughter to master George Page, which is pretty virginity.

Slen. Mistress Anne Page? She has brown hair, and speaks small like a woman.[8]

and proceeds to correct him by saying, "The luce" (that is, the louse) that you speak of "is the *fresh* fish," and so does not "become an *old* coat well," such as mine is: for "the *salt* fish is an old coat." H.

[6] To *quarter* meant, in heraldic language, to have armorial bearings as an appendage to hereditary arms; as a man, by marrying, may add his wife's titles, if she have any, to his own. Sir Hugh, who must still be talking, however ignorant he may be of the matter in question, goes on from blunder to blunder, mistaking coat-of-arms for coat, and the quartering of heraldry for the cutting of a thing into four parts. H.

[7] Advisement.

[8] To *speak small* means much the same as what old Lear so

Eva. It is that fery person for all the 'orld, as just as you will desire; and seven hundred pounds of monies, and gold, and silver, is her grandsire, upon his death's bed, (Got deliver to a joyful resurrections!) give, when she is able to overtake seventeen years old: it were a goot motion, if we leave our pribbles and prabbles, and desire a marriage between master Abraham and mistress Anne Page.

Slen.[9] Did her grandsire leave her seven hundred pound?

Eva. Ay, and her father is make her a petter penny.

Slen. I know the young gentlewoman; she has good gifts.

Eva. Seven hundred pounds, and possibilities, is goot gifts.

Shal. Well, let us see honest master Page: Is Falstaff there?

Eva. Shall I tell you a lie? I do despise a liar, as I do despise one that is false; or, as I despise one that is not true. The knight, Sir John, is there; and, I beseech you, be ruled by your well-willers. I will peat the door [*Knocks*] for master Page. What, hoa! Got pless your house here!

touchingly says over his dying Cordelia: "Her voice was ever soft, gentle, and low; an excellent thing in woman." So also in Chaucer:

> "The company answered all,
> With voice sweet entuned, and so *small*,
> That methought it the sweetest melody." H.

[9] In the modern editions this and the following speeches of Slender are strangely taken away from him and given to Shallow. There being no apparent cause why they should not belong to the owner, we concur with Collier and Verplanck in restoring them as they are in the original. It seems to be a part of Slender's character, that his fancy begins to take fire as soon as he learns the girl is rich H.

Enter PAGE.

Page. Who's there?

Eva. Here is Got's plessing, and your friend, and justice Shallow: and here young master Slender; that, preadventures, shall tell you another tale, if matters grow to your likings.

Page. I am glad to see your worships well: I thank you for my venison, master Shallow.

Shal. Master Page, I am glad to see you: Much good do it your good heart! I wish'd your venison better; it was ill kill'd: — How doth good mistress Page? — and I thank you always with my heart, la; with my heart.

Page. Sir, I thank you.

Shal. Sir, I thank you; by yea and no, I do.

Page. I am glad to see you, good master Slender.

Slen. How does your fallow greyhound, sir? I heard say, he was outrun on Cotsall.[10]

Page. It could not be judg'd, sir.

Slen. You'll not confess, you'll not confess.

Shal. That he will not; — 'tis your fault, 'tis your fault:[11] — 'Tis a good dog.

Page. A cur, sir.

Shal. Sir, he's a good dog, and a fair dog; can

[10] The Cotswold hills in Gloucestershire were once quite famous for rural sports. Shallow in Henry IV. speaks of "Will Squele, a Cotswold man;" as if it were something of a distinction to be born there. Perhaps it was the Cotswold games that educated Will up into that remarkable company of which the Justice says, "You had not four such swinge-bucklers in all the inns of court again." We learn from Warton that these games continued till "the grand Rebellion broke up every liberal establishment." H.

[11] *Fault* was anciently much used for *misfortune*. Shallow here very politely tries to arrest the unpleasant course of speech which Slender persists in taking. H.

there be more said? he is good, and fair. — Is Sir John Falstaff here?

Page. Sir, he is within; and I would I could do a good office between you.

Eva. It is spoke as a Christians ought to speak.

Shal. He hath wrong'd me, master Page.

Page. Sir, he doth in some sort confess it.

Shal. If it be confessed, it is not redressed: is not that so, master Page? He hath wrong'd me; indeed he hath; — at a word, he hath; — believe me: — Robert Shallow, Esquire, saith he is wronged.

Page. Here comes Sir John.

Enter Sir JOHN FALSTAFF, BARDOLPH, NYM, *and* PISTOL.

Fal. Now, master Shallow; you'll complain of me to the king?

Shal. Knight, you have beaten my men, kill'd my deer, and broke open my lodge.

Fal. But not kiss'd your keeper's daughter?[12]

Shal. Tut, a pin! this shall be answer'd.

Fal. I will answer it straight; — I have done all this: — That is now answer'd.

Shal. The Council shall know this.

Fal. 'Twere better for you, if it were known in counsel: you'll be laugh'd at.

Eva. *Pauca verba*, Sir John; goot worts.

Fal. Good worts?[13] good cabbage! — Slender, I broke your head: What matter have you against me?

[12] Scott in Kenilworth suggests that this was part of the charge made against the Poet by Sir Thomas Lucy. *Council* and *counsel*, just below, are probably a quibble, the one meaning the Star-Chamber, the other being used in the sense of *secresy*. Sir Thomas seems to have gained nothing by his proceedings against the Poet but the honour of being "laughed at." H.

[13] Worts was the ancient term for all the cabbage kind.

Slen. Marry, sir, I have matter in my head against you; and against your coney-catching[14] rascals, Bardolph, Nym, and Pistol. They carried me to the tavern, and made me drunk, and afterwards pick'd my pocket.

Bar. You Banbury cheese![15]

Slen. Ay, it is no matter.

Pist. How now, Mephostophilus?[16]

Slen. Ay, it is no matter.

Nym. Slice, I say! *pauca, pauca;*[17] slice! that's my humour.

Slen. Where's Simple, my man? — can you tell, cousin?

Eva. Peace! I pray you. Now let us understand: There is three umpires in this matter, as I understand; that is — master Page, *fidelicet*, master Page; and there is myself, *fidelicet*, myself; and the three party is, lastly and finally, mine Host of the Garter.

Page. We three, to hear it, and end it between them.

Eva. Fery goot: I will make a prief of it in my note-book; and we will afterwards 'ork upon the cause with as great discreetly as we can.

Fal. Pistol, —

Pist. He hears with ears.

Eva. The tevil and his tam! what phrase is this, "He hears with ear?" Why, it is affectations.

[14] A common name for cheats and sharpers in the time of Elizabeth.

[15] Said in allusion to the thin carcass of Slender. So, in Jack Drum's Entertainment, 1601: "Put off your clothes, and you are like a *Banbury Cheese*, nothing but paring."

[16] The name of a spirit, or familiar, in the old story book of Faustus: to whom there is another allusion Act ii. sc. 2. It was a cant phrase, probably for an ugly fellow.

[17] Few words

Fal. Pistol, did you pick master Slender's purse?

Slen. Ay, by these gloves, did he, (or I would I might never come in mine own great chamber again else,) of seven groats in mill-sixpences, and two Edward shovel-boards,[18] that cost me two shilling and two pence a-piece of Yed Miller, by these gloves.

Fal. Is this true, Pistol?

Eva. No; it is false, if it is a pick-purse.

Pist. Ha, thou mountain-foreigner! — Sir John and master mine,
I combat challenge of this lattin bilbo:[19]
Word of denial in thy labras here;[20]
Word of denial: froth and scum, thou liest.

Slen. By these gloves, then 'twas he.

Nym. Be avis'd, sir, and pass good humours: I will say, "marry trap," with you, if you run the nuthook's[21] humour on me; that is the very note of it.

Slen. By this hat, then he in the red face had it: for though I cannot remember what I did when you made me drunk, yet I am not altogether an ass.

Fal. What say you, Scarlet and John?

Bard. Why, sir, for my part, I say the gentleman had drunk himself out of his five sentences.

Eva. It is his five senses: fie, what the ignorance is!

[18] Mill sixpences were used as counters; and King Edward's shillings used in the game of shuffle-board.

[19] Another allusion to Slender's slenderness. *Bilbo* is from *Bilboa*, in Spain, where fine swords were made: and *lattin* is a mixture of copper and calamine, made into thin plates. The word is used in the north of England for *tin*. H.

[20] "Word of denial in thy labras" is the same as, "the lie in thy teeth." *Labras* is a Pistolism for *lips*. H.

[21] That is, if you say I am a thief; the *nuthook* being used by thieves to hook things out of a window. *Marry trap* seems to have been a word of triumph upon seeing one caught in his own snare. H.

Bard. And being fap,[22] sir, was, as they say, cashier'd; and so conclusions pass'd the carieres.[23]

Slen. Ay, you spake in Latin then too; but 'tis no matter. I'll ne'er be drunk whilst I live again, but in honest, civil, godly company, for this trick: If I be drunk, I'll be drunk with those that have the fear of God, and not with drunken knaves.

Eva. So Got 'udge me, that is a virtuous mind.

Fal. You hear all these matters denied, gentlemen; you hear it.

Enter ANNE PAGE, *with wine; Mrs.* FORD *and Mrs* PAGE *following.*

Page. Nay, daughter, carry the wine in; we'll drink within. [*Exit* ANNE PAGE

Slen. O heaven! this is mistress Anne Page.

Page. How now, mistress Ford?

Fal. Mistress Ford, by my troth, you are very well met: by your leave, good mistress.

[*Kissing her.*

Page. Wife, bid these gentlemen welcome: — Come, we have a hot venison pasty to dinner; come, gentlemen, I hope we shall drink down all unkindness.

[*Exeunt all but* SHAL., SLEN., *and* EVANS.

Slen. I had rather than forty shillings I had my book of Songs and Sonnets[24] here: —

[22] *Fap* was a cant word of the time, meaning *fuddled.* H.

[23] *Cariere,* according to Baret, was "the short turning of a nimble horse, now this way, now that way." The application here is probably too deep for any body but Bardolph; unless it refer to the reeling of a drunken man, now this way, now that. Slender mistook Pistol's *lattin* for *Latin;* and he now thinks that Bardolph speaks the same language. H.

[24] Slender means a popular book of Shakespeare's time:

Enter SIMPLE.

How now, Simple! where have you been? I must wait on myself, must I? You have not the Book of Riddles about you, have you?

Sim. Book of Riddles! why, did you not lend it to Alice Shortcake upon Allhallowmas last, a fortnight afore Michaelmas?[25]

Shal. Come, coz; come, coz; we stay for you. A word with you, coz; marry, this, coz: There is, as 'twere, a tender, a kind of tender, made afar off by Sir Hugh here: — Do you understand me?

Slen. Ay, sir, you shall find me reasonable: if it be so, I shall do that that is reason.

Shal. Nay, but understand me.

Slen. So I do, sir.

Eva. Give ear to his motions, master Slender: I will description the matter to you, if you be capacity of it.

Slen. Nay, I will do as my cousin Shallow says: I pray you, pardon me; he's a justice of peace in his country, simple though I stand here.

Eva. But this is not the question: the question is concerning your marriage.

Shal. Ay, there's the point, sir.

Eva. Marry, is it; the very point of it; to mistress Anne Page.

Slen. Why, if it be so, I will marry her upon any reasonable demands.

Eva. But can you affection the 'oman? Let us command to know that of your mouth, or of your

"*Songes and Sonnettes*, written by the Earle of Surrey and others."

[25] This is an intended blunder. Theobald would in sobriety have corrected it to Martlemas.

lips; for divers philosophers hold that the lips is parcel[26] of the mouth: — Therefore, precisely, can you carry your good will to the maid?

Shal. Cousin Abraham Slender, can you love her?

Slen. I hope, sir, — I will do as it shall become one that would do reason.

Eva. Nay, Got's lords and his ladies! you must speak possitable, if you can carry her your desires towards her.

Shal. That you must: Will you, upon good dowry, marry her?

Slen. I will do a greater thing than that, upon your request, cousin, in any reason.

Shal. Nay, conceive me, conceive me, sweet coz; what I do is to pleasure you, coz: Can you love the maid?

Slen. I will marry her, sir, at your request; but if there be no great love in the beginning, yet heaven may decrease it upon better acquaintance, when we are married, and have more occasion to know one another: I hope upon familiarity will grow more content:[27] but if you say, "marry her," I will marry her; that I am freely dissolved, and dissolutely.

Eva. It is a fery discretion answer; save the faul' is in the 'ort dissolutely: the 'ort is, according to our meaning, resolutely: — His meaning is good.

Shal. Ay, I think my cousin meant well.

Slen. Ay, or else I would I might be hang'd, la.

[26] That is, *part*; a law term, often used in conjunction with its synonyme.

[27] *Content* in the original, but generally altered to *contempt* in modern editions. But the change is needless, as Slender probably mistakes the word, and thence falls into a misapplication of the proverb.

Re-enter ANNE PAGE.

Shal. Here comes fair mistress Anne: — Would I were young for your sake, mistress Anne!

Anne. The dinner is on the table; my father desires your worships' company.

Shal. I will wait on him, fair mistress Anne.

Eva. Od's plessed will! I will not be absence at the grace. [*Exeunt* SHAL. *and* EVANS.

Anne. Will't please your worship to come in, sir?

Slen. No, I thank you, forsooth, heartily; I am very well.

Anne. The dinner attends you, sir.

Slen. I am not a-hungry, I thank you, forsooth: Go, sirrah, for all you are my man, go, wait upon my cousin Shallow.[28] [*Exit* SIMPLE.] A justice of peace sometime may be beholden to his friend for a man. — I keep but three men and a boy yet, till my mother be dead: But what though? yet I live like a poor gentleman born.

Anne. I may not go in without your worship: they will not sit till you come.

Slen. I'faith, I'll eat nothing; I thank you as much as though I did.

Anne. I pray you, sir, walk in.

Slen. I had rather walk here, I thank you: I bruis'd my shin the other day with playing at sword and dagger with a master of fence, three veneys[29] for a dish of stew'd prunes; and, by my troth, I

[28] It was formerly the custom in England for persons to be attended at dinner by their own servants wherever they dined.

[29] *Master of fence* here signifies not merely a fencing-master but a person who had taken his master's degree in the science There were three degrees, a master's, a provost's, and a scholar's. For each of these a prize was played with various weapons, in some open place or square. *Veney* means a *bout*, or a *come-on*; from the French *venir*.

cannot abide the smell of hot meat since. Why do your dogs bark so? be there bears i' the town?

Anne. I think there are, sir; I heard them talk'd of.

Slen. I love the sport well; but I shall as soon quarrel at it as any man in England: — You are afraid, if you see the bear loose, are you not?

Anne. Ay, indeed, sir.

Slen. That's meat and drink to me now: I have seen Sackerson[30] loose twenty times; and have taken him by the chain: but, I warrant you, the women have so cried and shriek'd at it, that it pass'd:[31] — But women, indeed, cannot abide 'em; they are very ill-favour'd rough things.

Re-enter PAGE.

Page. Come, gentle master Slender, come; we stay for you.

Slen. I'll eat nothing; I thank you, sir.

Page. By cock and pye,[32] you shall not choose, sir: come, come.

Slen. Nay, pray you, lead the way.

Page. Come on, sir.

[30] The name of a bear exhibited at Paris Garden, in Southwark

[31] That is, passed all expression.

[32] This phrase occurs in several old plays, and once again in Shakespeare, 2 Henry IV., Act v. sc. 1; but its origin and import have not been satisfactorily explained. The most likely account seems to be, that it was a humorous oath, the *Cock* and *Magpie* being an ancient and favourite alehouse sign. Some think, however, that *cock* was a corruption of the sacred Name, and that *pye* referred to a table in the old Roman Offices, showing the service for the day. That the phrase was not so *understood*, may be gathered from "A Catechisme containing the Summe of Religion," by George Giffard, 1583: "Men suppose that they do not offend when they do not swear falsely; and because they will not take the name of God to abuse it, they swear by *small things* as *by cock and pye*, by the mousefoot, and many such like

Slen. Mistress Anne, yourself shall go first.

Anne. Not I, sir; pray you, keep on.

Slen. Truly, I will not go first: truly, la, I will not do you that wrong.

Anne. I pray you, sir.

Slen. I'll rather be unmannerly than troublesome: You do yourself wrong, indeed, la. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. The same.

Enter Sir HUGH EVANS *and* SIMPLE.

Eva. Go your ways, and ask of Doctor Caius' house, which is the way:[1] and there dwells one mistress Quickly, which is in the manner of his nurse, or his dry nurse, or his cook, or his laundry, his washer, and his wringer.

Simp. Well, sir.

Eva. Nay, it is petter yet: — Give her this letter; for it is a 'oman that altogether's acquaintance with mistress Anne Page: and the letter is, to desire and require her to solicit your master's desires to mistress Anne Page: I pray you, be gone. I will make an end of my dinner: there's pippins and cheese to come. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. A Room in the Garter Inn.

Enter FALSTAFF, *Host*, BARDOLPH, NYM, PISTOL, *and* ROBIN.

Fal. Mine Host of the Garter!

Host. What says my bully-rook?[1] Speak scholarly, and wisely.

[1] That is, "ask which is the way to Doctor Caius' house. *Laundry*, a little after, is Sir Hugh's blunder for *laundress*. H.

[1] *Bully-rook* appears to be mine Host's cant term for a *sharper* H.

Fal. Truly, mine Host, I must turn away some of my followers.

Host. Discard, bully Hercules; cashier: let them wag; trot, trot.

Fal. I sit at ten pounds a week.

Host. Thou'rt an emperor, Cæsar, Keisar, and Pheezar.[1] I will entertain Bardolph; he shall draw, he shall tap: said I well, bully Hector?

Fal. Do so, good mine Host.

Host. I have spoke; let him follow. Let me see thee froth, and lime:[2] I am at a word; follow.

[*Exit Host.*

Fal. Bardolph, follow him: A tapster is a good trade: an old cloak makes a new jerkin; a wither'd servingman, a fresh tapster: Go; adieu.

Bard. It is a life that I have desir'd: I will thrive.

[*Exit* BARD.

Pist. O base Hungarian wight![4] wilt thou the spigot wield?

Nym. He was gotten in drink: Is not the humour conceited? His mind is not heroic, and there's the humour of it.

[1] *Keisar* is an old form of Cæsar, the general word for an emperor; Kings and Keisars being a common phrase. The meaning of *Pheezar* is uncertain. Malone derives it from *pheeze*, to *whip*, or to *beat*, and so used in the Induction to The Taming of The Shrew. H.

[2] To froth beer and to lime sack were tapsters' tricks. Mr. Steevens says the first was done by putting soap in the bottom of the tankard; the other by mixing lime with the wine to make it sparkle in the glass.

[4] So in the folio of 1623. The common reading is *Gongarian*, taken from the quarto of 1602. *Hungarian* means a gipsy, and is equivalent to the *Bohemian* of Quentin Durward. Bishop Hall in his Satires has the pun, —

> "So sharp and meagre that who should them see,
> Would swear they lately came from Hungary;" —

which infers that *Hungarian* was used for a hungry, starved fellow. H.

Fal. I am glad I am so acquit of this tinderbox. his thefts were too open; his filching was like an unskilful singer, he kept not time.

Nym. The good humour is, to steal at a minim's rest.

Pist. Convey, the wise it call: Steal! foh; a fico[5] for the phrase!

Fal. Well, sirs, I am almost out at heels.

Pist. Why then let kibes ensue.

Fal. There is no remedy; I must coney-catch; I must shift.

Pist. Young ravens must have food.

Fal. Which of you know Ford of this town?

Pist. I ken the wight: he is of substance good.

Fal. My honest lads, I will tell you what I am about.

Pist. Two yards, and more.

Fal. No quips now, Pistol: indeed I am in the waist two yards about; but I am now about no waste; I am about thrift. Briefly, I do mean to make love to Ford's wife: I spy entertainment in her; she discourses, she carves,[6] she gives the leer of invitation: I can construe the action of her familiar style, and the hardest voice of her behaviour, to be English'd rightly, is, "I am Sir John Falstaff's."

Pist. He hath studied her well, and translated her will out of honesty into English.

Nym. The anchor is deep: will that humour pass?

Fal. Now, the report goes, she has all the rule of her husband's purse; he hath legions of angels.[7]

[5] *Fico* is a Pistolism for *fig*. H.

[6] It seems to have been a mark of kindness when a lady carved to a gentleman. So, in Vittoria Corombona: "Your husband is wondrous discontented. *Vit.* I did nothing to displease him; I *carved* to him at supper time."

[7] Gold coin.

Pist. As many devils entertain; and, "To her, boy," say I.

Nym. The humour rises; it is good: humour me the angels.

Fal. I have writ me here a letter to her; and here another to Page's wife, who even now gave me good eyes too, examin'd my parts with most judicious eyliads:[8] sometimes the beam of her view gilded my foot, sometimes my portly belly.

Pist. Then did the sun on dunghill shine.

Nym. I thank thee for that humour.

Fal. O! she did so course o'er my exteriors with such a greedy intention,[9] that the appetite of her eye did seem to scorch me up like a burning glass. Here's another letter to her: she bears the purse too; she is a region in Guiana, all gold and bounty. I will be cheater[10] to them both, and they shall be exchequers to me: they shall be my East and West Indies, and I will trade to them both. Go, bear thou this letter to mistress Page; and thou this to mistress Ford: we will thrive, lads, we will thrive.

Pist. Shall I Sir Pandarus of Troy become,
And by my side wear steel? then, Lucifer take all!

Nym. I will run no base humour: here, take the humour-letter: I will keep the 'haviour of reputation.

Fal. [*To* Rob.] Hold, sirrah; bear you these letters tightly:
Sail like my pinnace,[11] to these golden shores. —

[8] *Eyliads* are soft glances, or wanton looks. Cotgrave translates it, "to cast a sheep's eye." H.

[9] That is, intentness.

[10] The *excheators* were officers of the *exchequer*, and popularly called *cheaters*. H.

[11] A *pinnace* was a light vessel built for speed, and was also called a *brigantine*. Hence the word is used for a go-between In Ben Jonson's Bartholomew Fair, Justice Overdo says of the

Rogues, hence! avaunt! vanish like hailstones, go;
Trudge, plod away o' the hoof; seek shelter, pack!
Falstaff will learn the humour of this age,
French thrift, you rogues: myself, and skirted page.
[*Exeunt* FALSTAFF *and* ROBIN.

Pist. Let vultures gripe thy guts![12] for gourd and fullam[13] holds,
And high and low beguile the rich and poor:
Tester[14] I'll have in pouch, when thou shalt lack,
Base Phrygian Turk!

Nym. I have operations, which be humours of revenge.

Pist. Wilt thou revenge?

Nym. By welkin, and her star!

Pist. With wit, or steel?

Nym. With both the humours, I:
I will discuss the humour of this love to Page.

Pist. And I to Ford shall eke unfold,
How Falstaff, varlet vile,
His dove will prove, his gold will hold,
And his soft couch defile.

Nym. My humour shall not cool: I will incense Page to deal with poison; I will possess him with yellowness;[15] for the revolt of mine is dangerous:[16] that is my true humour.

pig-woman, — "She has been before me, punk, *pinnace*, and bawd any time these two and twenty years."

[12] A burlesque on a passage in Marlowe's Tamburlaine:

"and now doth ghastly death
With greedy talents *gripe* my bleeding heart,
And like a harper tyers on my life."

[13] In Decker's Bellman of London, 1640, among the false dice are enumerated "a bale of fullams — a bale of gordes, with as many high men as low men for passage." The false dice were chiefly made at Fulham; hence the name.

[14] Sixpence I'll have in pocket. [15] Jealousy.

[16] Evidently referring to his revolt from Falstaff, which is now his "true humour." H.

Pist. Thou art the Mars of malcontents: I second thee; troop on. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. A Room in Dr. CAIUS's House.

Enter Mrs. QUICKLY, SIMPLE, *and* RUGBY.

Quick. What, John Rugby! — I pray thee, go to the casement, and see if you can see my master, master Doctor Caius, coming: if he do, i'faith, and find any body in the house, here will be an old abusing[1] of God's patience, and the king's English.

Rug. I'll go watch. [*Exit* RUGBY.

Quick. Go; and we'll have a posset for't soon at night, in faith, at the latter end of a sea-coal fire. An honest, willing, kind fellow, as ever servant shall come in house withal: and, I warrant you, no tell-tale, nor no breed-bate:[2] his worst fault is, that he is given to prayer; he is something peevish[3] that way: but nobody but has his fault; — but let that pass. Peter Simple, you say, your name is?

Sim. Ay, for fault of a better.

Quick. And master Slender's your master?

Sim. Ay, forsooth.

Quick. Does he not wear a great round beard, like a glover's paring knife?

Sim. No, forsooth: he hath but a little wee face, with a little yellow beard; a Cain-colour'd beard.[4]

[1] *Old* is here intensive, much the same as *huge*; a common use of the word in the Poet's time. Thus we have *old* coil in Much Ado about Nothing. H.

[2] That is, breeder of debate, maker of strife.

[3] Foolish.

[4] It is said that Cain and Judas in old pictures and tapestry were constantly represented with yellow beards. In an age when but a small part of the nation could read, ideas were frequently borrowed from these representations. The quartos read *kane coloured*, that is, having the colour of cane.

Quick. A softly-sprighted man, is he not?

Sim. Ay, forsooth: but he is as tall a man of his hands,[5] as any is between this and his head; he hath fought with a warrener.[6]

Quick. How say you? — O! I should remember him: Does he not hold up his head, as it were, and strut in his gait?

Sim. Yes, indeed, does he.

Quick. Well, heaven send Anne Page no worse fortune! Tell master parson Evans, I will do what I can for your master: Anne is a good girl, and I wish —

Re-enter RUGBY.

Rug. Out, alas! here comes my master. [*Exit*

Quick. We shall all be shent:[7] Run in here, good young man; go into this closet. [*Shuts* SIMPLE *in the closet.*] He will not stay long. — What, John Rugby! John, what, John, I say! — Go, John, go inquire for my master; I doubt, he be not well, that he comes not home: — [*Sings.*] "and down, down, adown-a," &c.

Enter Doctor CAIUS.[8]

Caius. Vat is you sing? I do not like dese toys: Pray you, go and vetch me in my closet *un boitier*

[5] A common phrase of the time for a man of valour or execution, something like the French *homme haut à la main.* Thus again in Twelfth Night: "As *tall a man* as any's in Illyria." It is one of the new phrases ridiculed by Mercutio, as being used by the "antic, lisping, affected fantasticos" of his age: "A very good blade, a very *tall man!*" H.

[6] The keeper of a warren.

[7] The original meaning of *shent* was *killed* or *ruined;* but it came to be used for *reviled,* or *abused* with rough language, in which sense it occurs several times in Shakespeare. H.

[8] It has been thought strange that Shakespeare should take the name of Caius for his Frenchman, as an eminent physician of that

verd; a box, a green-a box: Do intend vat I speak? a green-a box.

Quick. Ay, forsooth: I'll fetch it you. [*Aside.*] I am glad he went not in himself: if he had found the young man, he would have been horn-mad.

Caius. Fe, fe, fe, fe! ma foi, il fait fort chaud. Je m'en vais à la Cour, — la grande affaire.

Quick. Is it this, sir?

Caius. Ouy; mette le au mon pocket; *Dépêche,* quickly: — Vere is dat knave Rugby?

Quick. What, John Rugby! John!

Rug. Here, sir.

Caius. You are John Rugby, and you are Jack Rugby: Come, take-a your rapier, and come after my heel to de court.

Rug. 'Tis ready, sir, here in the porch.

Caius. By my trot, I tarry too long: — Od's me! *Qu'ay j'oublié?* dere is some simples in my closet dat I vill not for the varld I shall leave behind.

Quick. [*Aside.*] Ah me! he'll find the young man there, and be mad.

Caius. O diable, diable! vat is in my closet? — Villainy! *larron!* [*Pulling* SIMPLE *out.*] Rugby, my rapier!

Quick. Good master, be content.

Caius. Verefore shall I be content-a?

Quick. The young man is an honest man.

Caius. Vat shall de honest man do in my closet? dere is no honest man dat shall come in my closet.

name, founder of Caius College, Oxford, flourished in Elizabeth's reign. But Shakespeare was little acquainted with literary history, and without doubt, from this unusual name, supposed him to have been some foreign quack. The character might however be drawn from the life, for in Jack Dover's Quest of Enquirie, 1604, a story called The Foole of Windsor turns upon a simple outlandish Doctor of Physic.

Quick. I beseech you, be not so phlegmatic: hear the truth of it: He came of an errand to me from parson Hugh.

Caius. Vell.

Sim. Ay, forsooth, to desire her to —

Quick. Peace, I pray you.

Caius. Peace-a your tongue! — Speak-a your tale.

Sim. To desire this honest gentlewoman, your maid, to speak a good word to mistress Anne Page for my master, in the way of marriage.

Quick. This is all, indeed, la; but I'll ne'er put my finger in the fire, and need not.

Caius. Sir Hugh send-a you? — Rugby, *baillez* me some paper: — Tarry you a littel-a while. [*Writes.*

Quick. I am glad he is so quiet: if he had been throughly moved, you should have heard him so loud, and so melancholy. — But notwithstanding, man, I'll do for your master what good I can: and the very yea and the no is, the French Doctor, my master, — I may call him my master, look you, for I keep his house; and I wash, wring, brew, bake, scour, dress meat and drink, make the beds, and do all myself; —

Sim. 'Tis a great charge, to come under one body's hand.

Quick. Are you avis'd o' that? you shall find it a great charge: and to be up early, and down late; — but notwithstanding, to tell you in your ear, (I would have no words of it,) my master himself is in love with mistress Anne Page: but notwithstanding that, I know Anne's mind, — that's neither here nor there.

Caius. You jack'nape, give-a dis letter to Sir Hugh; by gar, it is a shallenge: I vill cut his troat in de park; and I vill teach a scurvy jack-a-

nape priest to meddle or make: — You may be gone; it is not good you tarry here: — by gar, I vill cut all his two stones; by gar, he shall not have a stone to trow at his dog. [*Exit* SIMPLE.

Quick. Alas! he speaks but for his friend.

Caius. It is no matter-a for dat: — do not you tell-a me dat I shall have Anne Page for myself? — by gar, I vill kill de Jack priest; and I have appointed mine Host of *de Jarterre* to measure our weapon: — By gar, I vill myself have Anne Page.

Quick. Sir, the maid loves you, and all shall be well: we must give folks leave to prate: What, the good-jer! [9]

Caius. Rugby, come to the court vit me: — By gar, if I have not Anne Page, I shall turn your head out of my door: — Follow my heels, Rugby.

[*Exeunt* CAIUS *and* RUGBY.

Quick. You shall have An fool's-head of your own. No, I know Anne's mind for that: never a woman in Windsor knows more of Anne's mind than I do; nor can do more than I do with her, I thank heaven.

Fent. [*Within.*] Who's within there, ho?

Quick. Who's there, I trow? Come near the house, I pray you.

Enter FENTON.

Fen. How now, good woman! how dost thou?

Quick. The better, that it pleases your good worship to ask.

Fent. What news? how does pretty mistress Anne?

Quick. In truth, sir, and she is pretty, and honest,

[9] *The goujere;* that is, *morbus Gallicus.* The good-jer and good yeare were common corruptions of this phrase.

and gentle; and one that is your friend, I can tell you that by the way; I praise heaven for it.

Fent. Shall I do any good, thinkest thou? Shall I not lose my suit?

Quick. Troth, sir, all is in his hands above: but notwithstanding, master Fenton, I'll be sworn on a book, she loves you: — Have not your worship a wart above your eye?

Fent. Yes, marry, have I; what of that?

Quick. Well, thereby hangs a tale: — Good faith, it is such another Nan; — but, I detest,[10] an honest maid as ever broke bread: — We had an hour's talk of that wart. — I shall never laugh but in that maid's company! — But, indeed, she is given too much to allicholly and musing: But for you — Well, go to

Fent. Well, I shall see her to-day: Hold, there's money for thee; let me have thy voice in my behalf: if thou seest her before me, commend me —

Quick. Will I? i'faith, that I will: and I will tell your worship more of the wart, the next time we have confidence, and of other wooers.

Fent. Well, farewell; I am in great haste now. [*Exit.*

Quick. Farewell to your worship. — Truly, an honest gentleman: but Anne loves him not; for I know Anne's mind as well as another does: Out upon't! what have I forgot? [*Exit*

[10] She means, I *protest.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. Before PAGE's House.

Enter Mrs. PAGE, *with a letter.*

Mrs. Page. What! have I 'scap'd love-letters in the holiday time of my beauty, and am I now a subject for them? Let me see: [*Reads.*

"Ask me no reason why I love you; for, though love use reason for his precision,[1] he admits him not for his counsellor: You are not young, no more am I; go to then, there's sympathy: you are merry, so am I; Ha! ha! then there's more sympathy: you love sack, and so do I; would you desire better sympathy? Let it suffice thee, mistress Page, (at the least, if the love of soldier can suffice,) that I love thee. I will not say, pity me; 'tis not a soldier-like phrase; but I say, love me. By me,

Thine own true knight,
By day or night,
Or any kind of light,
With all his might
For thee to fight,
JOHN FALSTAFF."

What a Herod of Jewry is this! — O wicked, wicked world! — one that is well nigh worn to pieces with age, to show himself a young gallant! What an unweighed behaviour hath this Flemish drunkard pick'd (with the devil's name) out of my conversation, that he dares in this manner assay me? Why, he hath

[1] The meaning of this passage is at present obscure. Dr. Johnson conjectured, that Shakespeare wrote *physician*, which would make the sense obvious; and the conjecture is rendered probable by a line in one of his Sonnets: "My reason the *physician* to my love."

not been thrice in my company! — What should I say to him? — I was then frugal of my mirth: — heaven forgive me! — Why, I'll exhibit a bill in the parliament for the putting down of fat men. How shall I be reveng'd on him? for reveng'd I will be, as sure as his guts are made of puddings.

Enter Mrs. FORD.

Mrs. Ford. Mistress Page! trust me, I was going to your house.

Mrs. Page. And, trust me, I was coming to you. You look very ill.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, I'll ne'er believe that: I have to show to the contrary.

Mrs. Page. 'Faith, but you do, in my mind.

Mrs. Ford. Well, I do then; yet, I say, I could show you to the contrary: O, mistress Page! give me some counsel.

Mrs. Page. What's the matter, woman?

Mrs. Ford. O woman! if it were not for one trifling respect, I could come to such honour.

Mrs. Page. Hang the trifle, woman; take the honour: What is it? — dispense with trifles; — what is it?

Mrs. Ford. If I would but go to hell for an eternal moment or so, I could be knighted.

Mrs. Page. What? — thou liest! — Sir Alice Ford! — These knights will hack;[2] and so thou shouldst not alter the article of thy gentry.

Mrs. Ford. We burn day-light:[3] here, read, read;

[2] This is supposed to be a covert reflection upon the prodigal distribution of the honour of knighthood by King James. "These knights will soon become so *hackneyed* that your honour will not be increased by becoming one."

[3] A proverb: we burn lamps by day-light; that is, we waste time. H.

—perceive how I might be knighted.—I shall think the worse of fat men, as long as I have an eye to make difference of men's liking: And yet he would not swear; prais'd women's modesty; and gave such orderly and well-behaved reproof to all uncomeliness, that I would have sworn his disposition would have gone to the truth of his words: but they do no more adhere and keep place together, than the hundredth psalm to the tune of "Green sleeves."[4] What tempest, I trow, threw this whale, with so many tuns of oil in his belly, ashore at Windsor? How shall I be revenged on him? I think, the best way were to entertain him with hope, till the wicked fire of lust have melted him in his own grease.—Did you ever hear the like?

Mrs. Page. Letter for letter, but that the name of Page and Ford differs!—To thy great comfort in this mystery of ill opinions, here's the twin-brother of thy letter: but let thine inherit first; for, I protest, mine never shall. I warrant he hath a thousand of these letters, writ with blank space for different names, (sure more,) and these are of the second edition: He will print them out of doubt; for he cares not what he puts into the press, when he would put us two. I had rather be a giantess, and lie under mount Pelion! Well, I will find you twenty lascivious turtles, ere one chaste man.

Mrs. Ford. Why, this is the very same; the very hand, the very words: What doth he think of us?

Mrs. Page. Nay, I know not: It makes me almost ready to wrangle with mine own honesty. I'll

[4] This popular old song, the words of which have not been discovered, appears from several contemporary allusions to have been decidedly smutty. The tune having been regenerated in the name of "Which nobody can deny," many ballads were afterwards set to it. H.

entertain myself like one that I am not acquainted withal; for, sure, unless he know some strain in me, that I know not myself, he never would have boarded me in this fury.

Mrs. Ford. Boarding, call you it? I'll be sure to keep him above deck.

Mrs. Page. So will I: if he come under my hatches, I'll never to sea again. Let's be reveng'd on him: let's appoint him a meeting; give him a show of comfort in his suit; and lead him on with a fine-baited delay, till he hath pawn'd his horses to mine Host of the Garter.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, I will consent to act any villainy against him, that may not sully the chariness[5] of our honesty. O, that my husband saw this letter! it would give eternal food to his jealousy.

Mrs. Page. Why, look, where he comes; and my good man too: he's as far from jealousy, as I am from giving him cause; and that, I hope, is an unmeasurable distance.

Mrs. Ford. You are the happier woman.

Mrs. Page. Let's consult together against this greasy knight: Come hither. [*They retire.*

Enter Ford, Pistol, Page, *and* Nym.

Ford. Well, I hope it be not so.

Pist. Hope is a curtail[6] dog in some affairs:
Sir John affects thy wife.

Ford. Why, sir, my wife is not young.

Pist. He woos both high and low, both rich and poor,

[5] That is, the caution which ought to attend on it.

[6] It was a prevalent notion that the tail of a dog was necessary to him in running: hence a dog that missed his game was called a *curtail*, from which cur is probably derived

Both young and old, one with another, Ford:
He loves the gally-mawfry;[7] Ford, perpend.[8]

Ford. Love my wife?

Pist. With liver burning hot:[9] Prevent, or go thou,
Like Sir Actæon he, with Ring-wood at thy heels:
O, odious is the name!

Ford. What name, sir? —

Pist. The horn, I say: Farewell.
Take heed; have open eye; for thieves do foot by night:
Take heed, ere summer comes, or cuckoo-birds do sing. —
Away, sir corporal Nym. —
Believe it, Page; he speaks sense. [*Exit* PISTOL.

Ford. I will be patient; I will find out this.

Nym. [*To* PAGE.] And this is true; I like not the humour of lying. He hath wronged me in some humours: I should have borne the humour'd letter to her; but I have a sword, and it shall bite upon my necessity. He loves your wife; there's the short and the long. My name is corporal Nym: I speak, and I avouch. 'Tis true: — my name is Nym, and Falstaff loves your wife. — Adieu! I love not the humour of bread and cheese; and there's the humour of it. Adieu. [*Exit* NYM.

Page. "The humour[10] of it," quoth'a! here's a fellow frights English out of his wits.

[7] A medley. [8] Consider.

[9] The *liver* was anciently supposed to be the seat of the amorous passions.

[10] The abuse of the word *humour* by the coxcombs of that age has been admirably satirized by Ben Jonson. After a very pertinent disquisition on the real meaning and true application of the word, he concludes thus:

Asp. But that a rook by wearing a pied feather,
The cable hatband, or the three-pil'd ruff,

Ford. [*To himself.*] I will seek out Falstaff.

Page. I never heard such a drawling affecting[11] rogue.

Ford. [*To himself.*] If I do find it, well.

Page. I will not believe such a Cataian,[12] though the priest o' the town commended him for a true man.

Ford. [*To himself.*] 'Twas a good sensible fellow: Well.

Page. How now, Meg?

Mrs. Page. Whither go you, George? — Hark you.

Mrs. Ford. How now, sweet Frank! why art thou melancholy?

Ford. I melancholy! I am not melancholy. — Get you home, go.

Mrs. Ford. 'Faith thou hast some crotchets in thy head now. — Will you go, mistress Page?

Mrs. Page. Have with you. — You'll come to dinner, George? — [*Aside to Mrs.* FORD.] Look, who comes yonder: she shall be our messenger to this paltry knight.

Enter Mrs. QUICKLY.

Mrs. Ford. Trust me, I thought on her: she'll fit it.

> A yard of shoe-tie, or the Switzer's knot
> On his French garters, should affect a humour,
> O, it is more than most ridiculous!
> *Cor.* He speaks pure truth; now, if an idiot
> Have but an apish or fantastic strain,
> It is his *humour.* —
> Induction to Every Man Out of his Humour.

[11] That is, affected. The active participle was sometimes used for the passive; as in Winter's Tale, "your *discontenting* father," for your *discontented* father. H.

[12] That is, a Chinese; *Cataia*, or *Cathay*, being the name given to China by the old travellers, some of whom have mentioned the dexterous thieving of the people there: hence a sharper or thief was sometimes called a *Cataian*.

Mrs. Page. You are come to see my daughter Anne?

Quick. Ay, forsooth: And, I pray, how does good mistress Anne?

Mrs. Page. Go in with us, and see: we have an hour's talk with you. [*Exeunt Mrs.* PAGE, *Mrs.* FORD, *and Mrs.* QUICKLY.

Page. How now, master Ford?

Ford. You heard what this knave told me, did you not?

Page. Yes; and you heard what the other told me?

Ford. Do you think there is truth in them?

Page. Hang 'em, slaves! I do not think the knight would offer it: but these that accuse him, in his intent towards our wives, are a yoke of his discarded men; very rogues, now they be out of service.

Ford. Were they his men?

Page. Marry, were they.

Ford. I like it never the better for that. — Does he lie at the Garter?

Page. Ay, marry, does he. If he should intend this voyage towards my wife, I would turn her loose to him; and what he gets more of her than sharp words, let it lie on my head.

Ford. I do not misdoubt my wife; but I would be loth to turn them together: A man may be too confident: I would have nothing lie on my head; I cannot be thus satisfied.

Page. Look, where my ranting Host of the Garter comes: there is either liquor in his pate, or money in his purse, when he looks so merrily. — How now, mine Host?

Enter Host and SHALLOW.

Host. How now, bully-rook! thou'rt a gentleman. Cavalero-justice, I say!

Shal. I follow, mine Host, I follow. — Good even and twenty, good master Page! Master Page, will you go with us? we have sport in hand.

Host. Tell him, cavalero-justice; tell him, bully-rook.

Shal. Sir, there is a fray to be fought between Sir Hugh the Welch priest and Caius the French doctor.

Ford. Good mine Host o' the Garter, a word with you.

Host. What say'st thou, bully-rook?

[*They go aside.*

Shal. [*To* PAGE.] Will you go with us to behold it? My merry Host hath had the measuring of their weapons; and, I think, hath appointed them contrary places: for, believe me, I hear the parson is no jester. Hark, I will tell you what our sport shall be.

Host. Hast thou no suit against my knight, my guest-cavalier?

Ford. None, I protest: but I'll give you a pottle of burnt sack to give me recourse to him, and tell him my name is Brook; only for a jest.

Host. My hand, bully: thou shalt have egress and regress; said I well? and thy name shall be Brook: It is a merry knight. — Will you go on, sirs?[13]

[13] "Will you goe An-heirs?" is the reading of the folio. *An-heirs* is unintelligible, but may have been a proper name understood at the time, like *Anaides* in Ben Jonson's Cynthia's Revels. But it is most likely a misprint, and scarce any two commentators are agreed as to the right word. Steevens proposes *on hearts;* Malone, *and hear us;* Boaden, *Cavaliers:* Knight adopts *on, heers;* Verplanck, *Mynheers.* The last three are certainly much in the style of mine Host; his fondness for using foreign words which he has picked up from his guests being all along apparent. Just below, the Host says, "Here, boys, here, here! shall we wag?" which suggests that the true reading in this place may be, — "Will you go *on here?*" The reading in the text is Mr

Shal. Have with you, mine Host.

Page. I have heard, the Frenchman hath good skill in his rapier.

Shal. Tut, sir, I could have told you more: In these times you stand on distance, your passes, stoccadoes, and I know not what: 'tis the heart, master Page; 'tis here, 'tis here. I have seen the time, with my long sword,[14] I would have made you four tall fellows skip like rats.

Host. Here, boys, here, here! shall we wag?

Page. Have with you. — I had rather hear them scold than fight. [*Exeunt Host*, SHAL. *and* PAGE.

Ford. Though Page be a secure fool, and stands so firmly on his wife's fidelity, yet I cannot put off my opinion so easily: She was in his company at Page's house; and what they made[15] there I know not. Well, I will look further into't; and I have a disguise to sound Falstaff: If I find her honest, I lose not my labour; if she be otherwise, 'tis labour well bestowed. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. A Room in the Garter Inn.

Enter FALSTAFF *and* PISTOL.

Fal. I will not lend thee a penny.

Pist. Why, then the world's mine oyster,
Which I with sword will open. —
I will retort the sum in equipage.[1]

Halliwell's; which we prefer, on the whole, as being the one that might most naturally be corrupted by a printer into that of the original. H.

[14] Before the introduction of rapiers the swords in use were of an enormous length and sometimes used with both hands. Shallow, with an old man's vanity, censures the innovation, and ridicules the terms and use of the rapier.

[15] That is, what they *did* there. In Act iv. Sc. 2, of this play we have again, what *make* you here? for what *do* you here?

[1] *Equipage* appears to have been a cant term for stolen goods

Fal. Not a penny. I have been content, sir, you ıould lay my countenance to pawn: I have grated ɔon my good friends for three reprieves for you and ɔur conch-fellow[2] Nym; or else you had look'd through the grate like a geminy of baboons. I am damn'd in hell, for swearing to gentlemen my friends, you were good soldiers, and tall fellows: and when mistress Bridget lost the handle of her fan,[3] I took't upon mine honour thou hadst it not.

Pist. Didst thou not share? hadst thou not fifteen pence?

Fal. Reason, you rogue, reason: Think'st thou, I'll endanger my soul gratis? At a word, hang no more about me, I am no gibbet for you: — go. — A short knife and a throng;[4] — to your manor of Pickt-hatch,[5] go. — You'll not bear a letter for me, you rogue! you stand upon your honour! — Why, thou unconfinable baseness, it is as much as I can do to keep the terms of my honour precise. I, ay, I myself sometimes, leaving the fear of heaven on the left hand, and hiding mine honour in my necessity, am fain to shuffle, to hedge, and to lurch; and yet you,

[2] That is, he who *draws* along with you, who is joined with you in all your knavery.

[3] Fans were costly appendages of female dress in Shakespeare's time. They consisted of ostrich and other feathers, fixed into handles, some of which were made of gold, silver, or ivory of curious workmanship. Thus in the second Sestyad of Marlowe's Hero and Leander:

"Her painted fan of curled plumes let fall."

[4] That is, go and *cut purses in a crowd.* Purses were then worn hanging at the girdle.

[5] *Pick't-hatch* was in Turnbull Street, Cow-Cross, Clerkenwell, a haunt of the worst part of both sexes. The unseasonable and obstreperous irruptions of the swash-bucklers of that age rendered a *hatch* or half door with spikes upon it a necessary defence to a brothel, and hence the term became a cant phrase to denote a part of the town noted for brothels.

rogue, will ensconce[6] your rags, your cat-a-mountain looks, your red-lattice phrases, and your bold-beating oaths,[7] under the shelter of your honour! You will not do it, you?

Pist. I do relent: what wouldst thou more of man?

Enter ROBIN.

Rob. Sir, here's a woman would speak with you.

Fal. Let her approach.

Enter Mrs. QUICKLY.

Quick. Give your worship good-morrow.

Fal. Good-morrow, good wife.

Quick. Not so, an't please your worship.

Fal. Good maid, then.

Quick. I'll be sworn; as my mother was, the first hour I was born.

Fal. I do believe the swearer: What with me?

Quick. Shall I vouchsafe your worship a word or two?

Fal. Two thousand, fair woman; and I'll vouchsafe thee the hearing.

Quick. There is one mistress Ford, sir; — I pray, come a little nearer this ways: — I myself dwell with master doctor Caius.

Fal. Well, one Mistress Ford, you say, —

[6] *A sconce* is a fortification; *to ensconce* is therefore to protect as with a fort.

[7] *Red-lattice* windows were formerly the style of ale-houses. Thus Falstaff's page in Henry IV. says of Bardolph, — "He called me even now, my lord, through a red-lattice." What *bold-beating oaths* may mean, the commentators have not told us. Mr. Dyce says, — "I have little doubt that Hanmer restored the genuine text when he printed, 'your red-lattice phrases and your *bull-baiting* oaths.'"

Quick. Your worship says very true: I pray your worship, come a little nearer this ways.

Fal. I warrant thee, nobody hears: — mine own people, mine own people.

Quick. Are they so? Heaven bless them, and make them his servants!

Fal. Well: mistress Ford; — what of her?

Quick. Why, sir, she's a good creature. Lord, Lord! your worship's a wanton: Well, heaven forgive you, and all of us, I pray!

Fal. Mistress Ford; — come, mistress Ford, —

Quick. Marry, this is the short and the long of it: you have brought her into such a canaries[8] as 'tis wonderful. The best courtier of them all, when the court lay at Windsor, could never have brought her to such a canary: yet there has been knights, and lords, and gentlemen, with their coaches; I warrant you, coach after coach, letter after letter, gift after gift; smelling so sweetly, all musk, and so rushling, I warrant you, in silk and gold; and in such alligant terms; and in such wine and sugar of the best, and the fairest, that would have won any woman's heart; and, I warrant you, they could never get an eye-wink of her. — I had myself twenty angels given me this morning: but I defy all angels, (in any such sort, as they say,) but in the way of honesty: — and, I warrant you, they could never get her so much as sip on a cup with the proudest of them all: and yet there has been earls, nay, which is more, pensioners;[9] but I warrant you, all is one with her.

[8] Mrs. Quickly's blunder for *quandaries*.

[9] That is, gentlemen of the band of Pensioners. Their dress was remarkably splendid, and therefore likely to attract the notice of Mrs. Quickly. Hence Shakespeare, in A Midsummer-Night's Dream, has selected the golden-coated cowslips to be *pensioners* to the Fairy Queen.

Fal. But what says she to me? be brief, my good she Mercury.

Quick. Marry, she hath receiv'd your letter; for the which she thanks you a thousand times: and she gives you to notify, that her husband will be absence from his house between ten and eleven.

Fal. Ten and eleven?

Quick. Ay, forsooth; and then you may come and see the picture, she says, that you wot of: — master Ford, her husband, will be from home. Alas! the sweet woman leads an ill life with him; he's a very jealousy man; she leads a very frampold [10] life with him, good heart.

Fal. Ten and eleven: Woman, commend me to her; I will not fail her.

Quick. Why, you say well: But I have another messenger to your worship: Mistress Page hath her hearty commendations to you too; — and let me tell you in your ear, she's as fartuous a civil modest wife, and one (I tell you) that will not miss you morning nor evening prayer, as any is in Windsor, whoe'er be the other: and she bade me tell your worship, that her husband is seldom from home; but she hopes there will come a time. I never knew a woman so dote upon a man: surely, I think you have charms, la; yes, in truth.

Fal. Not I, I assure thee; setting the attraction of my good parts aside, I have no other charms.

Quick. Blessing on your heart for't!

Fal. But, I pray thee, tell me this: has Ford's wife, and Page's wife, acquainted each other how they love me?

Quick. That were a jest, indeed! — they have not

[10] *Frampold* here means *uneasy* or *vexatious*. This obsolete word is of uncertain etymology.

so little grace, I hope: — that were a trick, indeed! But mistress Page would desire you to send her your little page, of all loves:[11] her husband has a marvellous infection to the little page; and, truly, master Page is an honest man. Never a wife in Windsor leads a better life than she does: do what she will, say what she will, take all, pay all, go to bed when she list, rise when she list, all is as she will; and, truly, she deserves it; for if there be a kind woman in Windsor, she is one. You must send her your page; no remedy.

Fal. Why, I will.

Quick. Nay, but do so then: and, look you, he may come and go between you both; and, in any case, have a nay-word,[12] that you may know one another's mind, and the boy never need to understand any thing; for 'tis not good that children should know any wickedness: old folks, you know have discretion, as they say, and know the world.

Fal. Fare thee well: commend me to them both: There's my purse; I am yet thy debtor. — Boy, go along with this woman. — This news distracts me:

[*Exeunt* QUICKLY *and* ROBIN.

Pist. This punk is one of Cupid's carriers: —
Clap on more sails; pursue, up with your fights:[13]
Give fire! she is my prize, or ocean whelm them all! [*Exit* PISTOL.

Fal. Say'st thou so, old Jack? go thy ways; I'll make more of thy old body than I have done. Will they yet look after thee? Wilt thou, after the ex-

[11] *Of all loves* signifies no more than *by all means*. It is again used in Othello and in A Midsummer-Night's Dream.

[12] A *watchword*.

[13] *Fights* are the waist cloths which hang round about the ship to hinder men from being seen in fight; or any place wherein men may cover themselves, and yet use their arms.

pense of so much money, be now a gainer? Good body, I thank thee: let them say, 'tis grossly done; so it be fairly done, no matter.

Enter BARDOLPH.

Bard. Sir John, there's one master Brook below would fain speak with you, and be acquainted with you: and hath sent your worship a morning's draught of sack.[14]

Fal. Brook is his name?

Bard. Ay, sir.

Fal. Call him in: [*Exit* BARDOLPH.] Such Brooks are welcome to me, that o'erflow such liquor. Ah, ha! mistress Ford and mistress Page, have I encompass'd you? go to; *via!*[15]

Re-enter BARDOLPH, *with* FORD *disguised.*

Ford. Bless you, sir.

Fal. And you, sir: Would you speak with me?

Ford. I make bold to press with so little preparation upon you.

Fal. You're welcome: What's your will? Give us leave, drawer. [*Exit* BARDOLPH.

Ford. Sir, I am a gentleman that have spent much: my name is Brook.

[14] It seems to have been a common custom in taverns, in Shakespeare's time, to send presents of wine from one room to another either as a memorial of friendship, or by way of introduction to acquaintance. In the Parliamentary History, we have the following passage from The Life of General Monk, by Dr. Price: "I came to the Three Tuns, before Guildhall, where the general had quartered two nights before. I entered the tavern with a servant and portmanteau, and asked for a room, which I had scarce got into but *wine followed me as a present* from some citizens desiring leave to drink their morning's draught with me."

[15] *Via*, an Italian word, which Florio explains: — "An adverb of encouragement, on away, go to, away forward, go on, dispatch."

Fal. Good master Brook, I desire more acquaintance of you.

Ford. Good Sir John, I sue for yours: not to charge you; for I must let you understand, I think myself in better plight for a lender than you are: the which hath something embolden'd me to this unseason'd intrusion; for they say, if money go before, all ways do lie open.

Fal. Money is a good soldier, sir, and will on.

Ford. Troth, and I have a bag of money here troubles me: if you will help me to bear it, Sir John, take all, or half, for easing me of the carriage.

Fal. Sir, I know not how I may deserve to be your porter.

Ford. I will tell you, sir, if you will give me the hearing.

Fal. Speak, good master Brook; I shall be glad to be your servant.

Ford. Sir, I hear you are a scholar, — I will be brief with you, — and you have been a man long known to me, though I had never so good means, as desire, to make myself acquainted with you. I shall discover a thing to you, wherein I must very much lay open mine own imperfection: but, good Sir John, as you have one eye upon my follies, as you hear them unfolded, turn another into the register of your own; that I may pass with a reproof the easier, sith[16] you yourself know how easy it is to be such an offender.

Fal. Very well, sir; proceed.

Ford. There is a gentlewoman in this town, her husband's name is Ford.

Fal. Well, sir.

Ford. I have long lov'd her, and, I protest to

[16] Since.

you, bestowed much on her; followed her with a doting observance; engross'd opportunities to meet her; fee'd every slight occasion that could but niggardly give me sight of her; not only bought many presents to give her, but have given largely to many, to know what she would have given: briefly, I have pursu'd her as love hath pursued me; which hath been on the wing of all occasions. But whatsoever I have merited, either in my mind or in my means, meed, I am sure, I have received none; unless experience be a jewel: that I have purchased at an infinite rate; and that hath taught me to say this:

Love like a shadow flies, when substance love pursues;
Pursuing that that flies, and flying what pursues.

Fal. Have you receiv'd no promise of satisfaction at her hands?

Ford. Never.

Fal. Have you importun'd her to such a purpose?

Ford. Never.

Fal. Of what quality was your love, then?

Ford. Like a fair house built on another man's ground; so that I have lost my edifice, by mistaking the place where I erected it.

Fal. To what purpose have you unfolded this to me?

Ford. When I have told you that, I have told you all. Some say, that, though she appear honest to me, yet in other places she enlargeth her mirth so far, that there is shrewd construction made of her. Now, Sir John, here is the heart of my purpose: You are a gentleman of excellent breeding, admirable discourse, of great admittance,[17] authentic in your

[17] That is, admitted into all, or the greatest companies

place and person, generally allow'd for your many war-like, court-like, and learned preparations.

Fal. O, sir!

Ford. Believe it, for you know it: — There is money; spend it, spend it: spend more; spend all I have; only give me so much of your time in exchange of it, as to lay an amiable siege to the honesty of this Ford's wife: use your art of wooing, win her consent to you; if any man may, you may as soon as any.

Fal. Would it apply well to the vehemency of your affection, that I should win what you would enjoy? Methinks you prescribe to yourself very preposterously.

Ford. O! understand my drift: She dwells so securely on the excellency of her honour, that the folly of my soul dares not present itself: she is too bright to be look'd against. Now, could I come to her with any detection in my hand, my desires had instance and argument to commend themselves; I could drive her then from the ward of her purity, her reputation, her marriage-vow, and a thousand other her defences, which now are too strongly embattled against me: What say you to't, Sir John?

Fal. Master Brook, I will first make bold with your money; next give me your hand; and last, as I am a gentleman, you shall, if you will, enjoy Ford's wife.

Ford. O good sir!

Fal. I say you shall.

Ford. Want no money, Sir John; you shall want none.

Fal. Want no mistress Ford, master Brook; you shall want none. I shall be with her, (I may tell you,) by her own appointment; even as you came

in to me, her assistant, or go-between, parted from me: I say I shall be with her between ten and eleven; for at that time the jealous rascally knave, her husband, will be forth. Come you to me at night; you shall know how I speed.

Ford. I am blest in your acquaintance. Do you know Ford, sir?

Fal. Hang him, poor cuckoldly knave! I know him not: — yet I wrong him to call him poor; they say the jealous wittolly knave hath masses of money; for the which his wife seems to me well-favour'd: I will use her as the key of the cuckoldly rogue's coffer; and there's my harvest-home.

Ford. I would you knew Ford, sir, that you might avoid him, if you saw him.

Fal. Hang him, mechanical salt-butter rogue! I will stare him out of his wits; I will awe him with my cudgel: it shall hang like a meteor o'er the cuckold's horns. Master Brook, thou shalt know I will predominate o'er the peasant, and thou shalt lie with his wife. — Come to me soon at night: — Ford's a knave, and I will aggravate his style;[18] thou, master Brook, shalt know him for a knave and cuckold: — come to me soon at night. [*Exit.*

Ford. What a damn'd Epicurean rascal is this! — My heart is ready to crack with impatience. — Who says this is improvident jealousy? — My wife hath sent to him, the hour is fix'd, the match is made. Would any man have thought this? — See the hell of having a false woman! my bed shall be

[18] That is, *I will add more titles to those he already has.* The phrase is from the Herald's Office. Thus in Heywood's Golden Age: "I will create lords of a greater *style*;" and in Spenser's Faery Queen:

"As to abandon that which doth contain
Your honour's *style*, that is, your warlike shield." W.

abus'd, my coffers ransack'd, my reputation gnawn at; and I shall not only receive this villanous wrong but stand under the adoption of abominable terms, and by him that does me this wrong. Terms! names! — Amaimon sounds well; Lucifer, well; Barbason,[19] well; yet they are devils' additions, the names of fiends: but cuckold! wittol[20] cuckold! the devil himself hath not such a name. Page is an ass, a secure ass; he will trust his wife, he will not be jealous: I will rather trust a Fleming with my butter, parson Hugh the Welchman with my cheese, an Irishman with my aqua-vitæ[21] bottle, or a thief to walk my ambling gelding, than my wife with herself: then she plots, then she ruminates, then she devises; and what they think in their hearts they may effect, they will break their hearts but they will effect. Heaven be prais'd for my jealousy! — Eleven o'clock the hour: — I will prevent this, detect my wife, be reveng'd on Falstaff, and laugh at Page. I will about it; better three hours too soon than a minute too late. Fie, fie, fie! cuckold! cuckold! cuckold!

[*Exit*

SCENE III. Windsor Park.

Enter CAIUS *and* RUGBY.

Caius. Jack Rugby!

Rug. Sir.

Caius. Vat is de clock, Jack?

[19] Reginald Scot, in his Discovery of Witchcraft, may be consulted concerning these demons. "*Amaimon*," he says, "was King of the East, and *Barbatos* a great countie or earle." But Randle Holme, in his Academy of Armory, informs us that "*Amaymon* is the chief whose dominion is on the north part of the infernal gulph; and that *Barbatos* is like a Sagittarius, and has thirty legions under him."

[20] A tame contented cuckold knowing himself to be one. From the Saxon *wittan*, to know.

[21] Usquebaugh.

Rug 'Tis past the hour, sir, that Sir Hugh promis'd to meet.

Caius. By gar, he has save his soul, dat he is no come: he has pray his Pible vell, dat he is no come: by gar, Jack Rugby, he is dead already, if he be come.

Rug. He is wise, sir; he knew your worship would kill him, if he came.

Caius. By gar, de herring is no dead, so as I vill kill him. Take your rapier, Jack; I vill tell you how I vill kill him.

Rug. Alas, sir! I cannot fence.

Caius. Villainy, take your rapier.

Rug. Forbear; here's company.

Enter Host, SHALLOW, SLENDER, *and* PAGE.

Host. 'Bless thee, bully doctor.

Shal. Save you, master doctor Caius.

Page. Now, good master doctor!

Slen. Give you good-morrow, sir.

Caius. Vat be all you, one, two, tree, four, come for?

Host. To see thee fight, to see thee foin,[1] to see thee traverse, to see thee here, to see thee there; to see thee pass thy punto, thy stock, thy reverse, thy distance, thy montánt.[2] Is he dead, my Ethiopian? is he dead, my Francisco? ha, bully! What says my Æsculapius? my Galen? my heart of elder![3] ha! is he dead, bully-Stale?[4] is he dead?

[1] The ancient term for making a thrust in fencing.

[2] Terms used in fencing; *punto, stock,* (stoccado,) *reverse,* (rèverso,) and *montánt,* being from the Italian. In Much Ado about Nothing, Beatrice calls Benedick Signior *Montanto.* H.

[3] *Heart of elder.* The joke is that elder has a heart of *pith*

[4] *Bully-Stale* and *king-Urinal* will be sufficiently obvious to those who recollect the prevalence of empirical water-doctors

Caius. By gar, he is de coward Jack priest of de vorld; he is not show his face.

Host. Thou art a Castilian king-Urinal! Hector of Greece, my boy!

Caius. I pray you, bear vitness dat me have stay six or seven, two, tree hours for him, and he is no come.

Shal. He is the wiser man, master doctor: he is a curer of souls, and you a curer of bodies; if you should fight, you go against the hair of your professions: is it not true, master Page?

Page. Master Shallow, you have yourself been a great fighter, though now a man of peace.

Shal. Bodykins, master Page, though I now be old, and of the peace, if I see a sword out, my finger itches to make one: though we are justices, and doctors, and churchmen, master Page, we have some salt of our youth in us; we are the sons of women, master Page.

Page. 'Tis true, master Shallow.

Shal. It will be found so, master Page. Master doctor Caius, I am come to fetch you home. I am sworn of the peace: you have show'd yourself a wise physician, and Sir Hugh hath shown himself a wise and patient churchman: You must go with me, master doctor.

Host. Pardon, guest-justice: — A word, mon sieur Mock-water.[5]

Caius. Mock-vater! vat is dat?

Host. Mock-water, in our English tongue, is valour, bully.

Castilian appears to have been generally used as a term of reproach after the defeat of the Spanish Armada. The Host avails himself of the poor doctor's ignorance of English phraseology in applying to him these high-sounding opprobrious epithets; he here means to call him *coward*.

[5] Probably some allusion to the doctor's medical practice. H.

Caius. By gar, then I have as much mock-vater as de Englishman: — Scurvy jack-dog priest! by gar, me vil cut his ears.

Host. He will clapper-claw thee tightly, bully.

Caius. Clapper-de-claw! vat is dat?

Host. That is, he will make thee amends.

Caius. By gar, me do look, he shall clapper-de-claw me; for, by gar, me vill have it.

Host. And I will provoke him to't, or let him wag.

Caius. Me tank you for dat.

Host. And moreover, bully, — But first, master guest, and master Page, and eke cavalero Slender, go you through the town to Frogmore.

[*Aside to them.*

Page. Sir Hugh is there, is he?

Host. He is there: see what humour he is in; and I will bring the doctor about by the fields: will it do well?

Shal. We will do it.

Page, Shal., and Slen. Adieu, good master doctor.

[*Exeunt* PAGE, SHAL., *and* SLEN.

Caius. By gar, me vill kill de priest; for he speak for a jack-an-ape to Anne Page.

Host. Let him die: Sheath thy impatience; throw cold water on thy choler: go about the fields with me through Frogmore; I will bring thee where mistress Anne Page is, at a farm-house a feasting; and thou shalt woo her. Cried I aim?[6] said I well?

[6] The usual reading here is, *Cride-game, said I well?* What is meant by *Cride-game*, and whether it be used as an epithet of Dr. Caius or of Anne Page, nobody can tell. Much learned ink has been shed on the question; but to little purpose, save to show that the writers could not ascertain the right reading. We have adopted the one proposed by Mr. Dyce: *Cried I aim?* that is, did I give you encouragement? *said I well?* This reading is

Caius. By gar, me dank you vor dat: by gar, I love you; and I shall procure-a you de good guest, de earl, de knight, de lords, de gentlemen, my patients.

Host. For the which I will be thy adversary towards Anne Page: said I well?

Caius. By gar, 'tis good; vell said.

Host. Let us wag, then.

Caius. Come at my heels, Jack Rugby. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. A Field near Frogmore.

Enter Sir HUGH EVANS *and* SIMPLE.

Eva. I pray you now, good master Slender's serving-man, and friend Simple by your name, which way have you look'd for master Caius, that calls himself Doctor of Physic?

Sim. Marry, sir, the Petty-ward, the Park-ward,[1] every way; old Windsor way, and every way but the town way.

Eva. I most fehemently desire you, you will also look that way.

Sim. I will, sir. [*Retiring.*

Eva. Pless my soul! how full of cholers I am, and trempling of mind! — I shall be glad, if he have deceived me. — How melancholies I am! — I will

supported by what Ford says afterwards: "To these violent proceedings all my neighbours shall *cry aim.*" See Act iii. sc. 2, note 2. H.

[1] These were names of streets or places about Windsor. Probably the Little Park was then sometimes called Petty. Thus a part of Cambridge is named Petty-cury, and in Westminster is a place known as Petty-France. H.

knog his urinals about his knave's costard, when I have good opportunities for the 'ork: — pless my soul! [*Sings.*

To shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals;
There will we make our peds of roses,
And a thousand fragrant posies.
To shallow —

Mercy on me! I have a great dispositions to cry.

Melodious birds sing madrigals; —
Whenas I sat in Pabylon,[8] —
And a thousand vagram posies.
To shallow —

Sim. [*Coming forward.*] Yonder he is coming this way, Sir Hugh.

Eva. He's welcome. —

To shallow rivers, to whose falls —

Heaven prosper the right! — What weapons is he?

[8] In his "cholers and trempling of mind" Sir Hugh unconsciously runs parts of Psalms and ballads together. This line is from an old version of the 137th Psalm:

"Whenas wee sate in Babylon,
The rivers round about,
And in remembrance of Sion
The teares for griefe burst out."

The other lines are from the charming pastoral thus mentioned by Izaak Walton: "'Twas a handsome Milk-maid, that had not yet attained so much age and wisdom as to load her mind with any fears of many things that will never be; but she cast away all care, and sung like a nightingale: her voice was good, and the ditty fitted for it; 'twas that smoothe song which was made by Kit Marlowe, now at least fifty years ago; and the Milk-maid's mother sung an answer to it, which was made by Sir Walter Raleigh in his younger days. They were old-fashioned poetry, but choicely good." Both songs may be found at the end of the play. — The humour of these musical snatches, broken and disordered as they are by the anger and fear of the pugnacious parson, is most rare and exquisite. B

Sim. No weapons, sir. There comes my master, master Shallow, and another gentleman from Frogmore, over the stile, this way.

Eva. Pray you, give me my gown; or else keep it in your arms.

Enter PAGE, SHALLOW, *and* SLENDER.

Shal. How now, master parson! Good morrow, good Sir Hugh. Keep a gamester from the dice, and a good student from his book, and it is wonderful.

Slen. Ah, sweet Anne Page!

Page. Save you, good Sir Hugh!

Eva. Pless you from his mercy sake, all of you!

Shal. What! the sword and the word? do you study them both, master parson?

Page. And youthful still, in your doublet and hose, this raw rheumatic day?

Eva. There is reasons and causes for it.

Page. We are come to you to do a good office, master parson.

Eva. Fery well: What is it?

Page. Yonder is a most reverend gentleman, who, belike having received wrong by some person, is at most odds with his own gravity and patience that ever you saw.

Shal. I have lived fourscore years and upward; I never heard a man of his place, gravity, and learning, so wide of his own respect.

Eva. What is he?

Page. I think you know him; master doctor Caius, the renowned French physician.

Eva. Got's will, and his passion of my heart! I had as lief you would tell me of a mess of porridge.

Page. Why?

Eva. He has no more knowledge in Hibbocrates

and Galen, — and he is a knave besides; a cowardly knave, as you would desires to be acquainted withal.

Page. I warrant you, he's the man should fight with him.

Slen. O, sweet Anne Page!

Shal. It appears so by his weapons: — Keep them asunder: — here comes doctor Caius.

Enter Host, CAIUS, *and* RUGBY.

Page. Nay, good master parson, keep in your weapon.

Shal. So do you, good master doctor.

Host. Disarm them, and let them question; let them keep their limbs whole, and hack our English.

Caius. I pray you, let-a me speak a word vit your ear: Verefore vill you not meet-a me?

Eva. Pray you, use your patience: In good time.

Caius. By gar, you are de coward, de Jack dog, John ape.

Eva. Pray you, let us not be laughing-stogs to other men's humours; I desire you in friendship, and I will one way or other make you amends. — I will knog your urinals about your knave's cogscomb, for missing your meetings and appointments.

Caius. Diable! — Jack Rugby, — mine Host *de Jarterre*, have I not stay for him, to kill him? have I not, at de place I did appoint?

Eva. As I am a Christians soul, now, look you, this is the place appointed: I'll be judgment by mine Host of the Garter.

Host. Peace, I say! Gallia and Guallia, French and Welch; soul-curer and body-curer.

Caius. Ay, dat is very good: excellent!

Host. Peace, I say! hear mine Host of the Garter. Am I politic? am I subtle? am I a Machiavel? Shall I lose my doctor? no; he gives me the potions and the motions. Shall I lose my parson? my priest, my Sir Hugh! no; he gives me the proverbs and the noverbs. — Give me thy hand, terrestrial; so: — Give me thy hand, celestial; so. — Boys of art, I have deceiv'd you both; I have directed you to wrong places: your hearts are mighty, your skins are whole, and let burnt sack be the issue. — Come, lay their swords to pawn. — Follow me, lad of peace; follow, follow, follow.

Shal. Trust me, a mad host: — Follow, gentlemen, follow.

Slen. O, sweet Anne Page!

[*Exeunt* SHAL., SLEN., PAGE, *and Host.*

Caius. Ha! do I perceive dat? have you make-a de sot[3] of us? ha, ha!

Eva. This is well; he has made us his vlouting-stog. — I desire you, that we may be friends; and let us knog our prains together, to be revenge on this same scall,[4] scurvy, cogging companion, the Host of the Garter.

Caius. By gar, vit all my heart: He promise to bring me vere is Anne Page: by gar, he deceive me too.

Eva. Well, I will smite his noddles: — Pray you, follow. [*Exeunt.*

[3] Fool: from the French.

[4] That is, *scall'd-head*, a term of reproach. Chaucer imprecates on the scrivener who miswrites his verse:

"Under thy long locks mayest thou have the *scalle*."

SCENE II. A Street in Windsor.

Enter Mrs. PAGE *and* ROBIN.

Mrs. Page. Nay, keep your way, little gallant: you were wont to be a follower, but now you are a leader: Whether had you rather, lead mine eyes, or eye your master's heels?

Rob. I had rather, forsooth, go before you like a man, than follow him like a dwarf.

Mrs. Page. O! you are a flattering boy: now, I see, you'll be a courtier.

Enter FORD.

Ford. Well met, mistress Page: Whither go you?

Mrs. Page. Truly, sir, to see your wife: Is she at home?

Ford. Ay; and as idle as she may hang together, for want of company. I think, if your husbands were dead, you two would marry.

Mrs. Page. Be sure of that, — two other husbands.

Ford. Where had you this pretty weather-cock?

Mrs. Page. I cannot tell what the dickens his name is my husband had him of: What do you call your knight's name, sirrah?

Rob. Sir John Falstaff.

Ford. Sir John Falstaff!

Mrs. Page. He, he; I can never hit on's name. There is such a league between my good man and he! — Is your wife at home, indeed?

Ford. Indeed, she is.

Mrs. Page. By your leave, sir; — I am sick, till I see her. [*Exeunt Mrs.* PAGE *and* ROBIN.

Ford. Has Page any brains? hath he any eyes?

hath he any thinking? Sure, they sleep; he hath no use of them. Why, this boy will carry a letter twenty mile,[1] as easy as a cannon will shoot point blank twelve score. He pieces out his wife's inclination; he gives her folly motion and advantage: and now she's going to my wife, and Falstaff's boy with her. A man may hear this shower sing in the wind!—and Falstaff's boy with her!—Good plots!—they are laid; and our revolted wives share damnation together. Well; I will take him; then torture my wife, pluck the borrowed veil of modesty from the so-seeming mistress Page, divulge Page himself for a secure and wilful Actæon; and to these violent proceedings all my neighbours shall cry aim.[2] [*Clock strikes.*] The clock gives me my cue, and my assurance bids me search where I shall find Falstaff: I shall be rather praus'd for this, than mock'd; for it is as positive as the earth is firm, that Falstaff is there: I will go.

Enter PAGE, SHALLOW, SLENDER, *Host*, *Sir* HUGH EVANS, CAIUS, *and* RUGBY.

Shal., Page, &c. Well met, master Ford.

Ford. Trust me, a good knot: I have good cheer at home; and I pray you all go with me.

Shal. I must excuse myself, master Ford.

[1] The use of the singular for the plural, especially in statements of time and distance, was not uncommon in Shakespeare's time. Thus in The Tempest Prospero says,—"Twelve *year* since, Miranda, twelve year since, thy father was the duke of Milan." H.

[2] To *cry aim*, in archery, was *to encourage* the archers by crying out *aim* when they were about to shoot. Hence it came to be used for to applaud or encourage, in a general sense. It seems that the spectators in general cried *aim* occasionally, as a mere word of encouragement or applause. Thus, in K. John, Act ii. sc. 1:

"It ill beseems this presence to *cry aim*
To these ill-tuned repetitions."

Slen. And so must I, sir: we have appointed to dine with mistress Anne, and I would not break with her for more money than I'll speak of.

Shal. We have linger'd about a match between Anne Page and my cousin Slender, and this day we shall have our answer.

Slen. I hope I have your good will, father Page.

Page. You have, master Slender; I stand wholly for you:—but my wife, master doctor, is for you altogether.

Caius. Ay, by gar; and de maid is love-a me. my nursh-a Quickly tell me so mush.

Host. What say you to young master Fenton? he capers, he dances, he has eyes of youth, he writes verses, he speaks holiday,[3] he smells April and May: he will carry't, he will carry't; 'tis in his buttons;[4] he will carry't.

Page. Not by my consent, I promise you. The gentleman is of no having:[5] he kept company with the wild Prince and Poins; he is of too high a region; he knows too much. No, he shall not knit a knot in his fortunes with the finger of my substance: if he take her, let him take her simply: the wealth

[3] To speak out of the common style. Thus in Hotspur's account of the dandy lord: "With many *holiday* and lady terms he questioned me." *He smells April and May;* that is, smells *of* them. H.

[4] This is generally thought an allusion to the custom among rustic lovers of carrying the flowers, called bachelor's buttons, in their pockets, to try whether they will grow there; the growing being held as a pledge of success in their loves. We are told, however, that a similar phrase,—"It does not lie in your breeches,"—means, It is not within *your compass*, that is, your power. So that the phrase, *'tis in his buttons*, would mean, *he's the man to do it;* a sense which the context plainly warrants, if not requires. H.

[5] That is, fortune or possessions. So, in Twelfth Night:

"My *having* is not much;
I'll make division of my present with you:
Hold, there is half my coffer."

I have waits on my consent, and my consent goes not that way.

Ford. I beseech you, heartily, some of you go home with me to dinner: besides your cheer, you shall have sport; I will show you a monster. — Master doctor, you shall go: — so shall you, master Page; — and you, Sir Hugh.

Shal. Well, fare you well: — We shall have the freer wooing at master Page's.

[*Exeunt* SHAL. *and* SLEN.

Caius. Go home, John Rugby; I come anon.

[*Exit* RUGBY.

Host. Farewell, my hearts: I will to my honest knight Falstaff, and drink canary with him.

[*Exit Host.*

Ford. [*Aside.*] I think I shall drink in pipe-wine[6] first with him; I'll make him dance. Will you go, gentles?

All. Have with you, to see this monster.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. A Room in FORD'S House.

Enter Mrs. FORD *and Mrs.* PAGE.

Mrs. Ford. What, John! what, Robert!

Mrs. Page. Quickly, quickly: Is the buck basket —

Mrs. Ford. I warrant: — What, Robin, I say!

Enter Servants with a large basket.

Mrs. Page. Come, come, come.

Mrs. Ford. Here, set it down.

[6] *Canary* is the name of a dance as well as of a wine. *Pipe-wine* is wine not from the bottle but the pipe or cask. The jest consists in the ambiguity of the word, which signifies both a cask of wine and a musical instrument. — "I'll give him *pipe* wine, which will make him *dance*."

Mrs. Page Give your men the charge: we must be brief.

Mrs. Ford. Marry, as I told you before, John and Robert, be ready here hard by in the brewhouse; and, when I suddenly call you, come forth, and (without any pause or staggering) take this basket on your shoulders: that done, trudge with it in all haste, and carry it among the whitsters [1] in Datchet mead, and there empty it in the muddy ditch, close by the Thames' side.

Mrs. Page. You will do it?

Mrs. Ford. I have told them over and over; they lack no direction: Be gone, and come when you are called. [*Exeunt Servants.*

Mrs. Page. Here comes little Robin.

Enter ROBIN.

Mrs. Ford. How now, my eyas-musket? [2] what news with you?

Rob. My master Sir John is come in at your back door, mistress Ford; and requests your company.

Mrs. Page. You little Jack-a-Lent,[3] have you been true to us?

[1] Bleachers of linen.

[2] The *musket* is a small sparrow-hawk; *eyas* a general name for a young unfledged hawk of any kind. Thus in Spenser, Faery Queen, Book I. Can. xi. stan. 34:

> "As eagle, fresh out of the ocean wave,
> Where he hath lefte his plumes all hory gray,
> And deckt himselfe with fethers youthly gay,
> Like *eyas hawke* up mounts unto the skies,
> His newly-budded pineons to assay."

And again in his Hymn of Heavenly Love:

> "Ere flitting Time could wag his *eyas wings*
> About that mightie bound which doth embrace
> The rolling spheres." H.

[3] A puppet that used to be thrown at in Lent. So, in Jonson's

Rob. Ay, I'll be sworn: My master knows not of your being here; and hath threaten'd to put me into everlasting liberty, if I tell you of it; for he swears he'll turn me away.

Mrs. Page. Thou art a good boy: this secrecy of thine shall be a tailor to thee, and shall make thee a new doublet and hose. — I'll go hide me.

Mrs. Ford. Do so: — Go tell thy master, I am alone. Mistress Page, remember you your cue.

[*Exit* ROBIN.

Mrs. Page. I warrant thee: if I do not act it, hiss me. [*Exit Mrs.* PAGE.

Mrs. Ford. Go to then: we'll use this unwholesome humidity, this gross watery pumpion; — we'll teach him to know turtles from jays.[4]

Enter FALSTAFF.

Fal. Have I caught thee, my heavenly jewel?[5] Why, now let me die, for I have liv'd long enough; this is the period of my ambition: O this blessed hour!

Mrs. Ford. O, sweet Sir John!

Fal. Mistress Ford, I cannot cog, I cannot prate, mistress Ford. Now shall I sin in my wish: I

Tale of a Tub: "On an Ash-Wednesday, where thou didst stand six weeks the Jack o' Lent, for boys to hurl three throws a penny at thee." And so, in Quarles:

"How like a Jack-a-Lent
He stands, for boys to spend their Shrove-tide throws,
Or like a puppet made to frighten crows." H

[4] That is, honest women from *loose ones*. The word *Putta* in Italian signifies both a *jay* and a loose woman. So, in Cymbeline: "some *jay* of Italy whose mother was her painting."

[5] The second song in Sidney's Astrophel and Stella begins thus

"Have I caught my heavenly jewel
Teaching sleep most fair to be?" H

would thy husband were dead: I'll speak it before the best lord, I would make thee my lady.

Mrs. Ford. I your lady, Sir John! alas, I should be a pitiful lady.

Fal. Let the court of France show me such another! I see how thine eye would emulate the diamond: Thou hast the right arched beauty of the brow, that becomes the ship-tire, the tire-valiant, or any tire of Venetian admittance.[6]

Mrs. Ford. A plain kerchief, Sir John: my brows become nothing else; nor that well neither.

Fal. Thou art a tyrant to say so: thou wouldst make an absolute courtier; and the firm fixture of thy foot would give an excellent motion to thy gait, in a semicircled farthingale. I see what thou wert, if Fortune thy foe were not, Nature thy friend:[7] Come, thou canst not hide it.

Mrs. Ford. Believe me, there's no such thing in me.

Fal. What made me love thee? let that persuade thee, there's something extraordinary in thee. Come, I cannot cog, and say thou art this and that, like a many of these lisping hawthorn-buds, that come like women in men's apparel, and smell like Bucklersbury in simple-time;[8] I cannot: but I love thee, none but thee; and thou deservest it.

[6] That is, any fanciful head-dress worn by the celebrated beauties of Venice, or approved by them. In how much request the Venetian *tire* or head-dress was formerly held, appears from Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy, 1624: "Let her have the Spanish gait, the *Venetian tire*, Italian compliments and endowments." The *ship-tire* was probably a flaunting head-dress, with ribands flying like streamers.

[7] That is, "if Fortune were not thy foe, Nature *being* thy friend." *Fortune my foe* was the beginning of a popular old ballad, wherein were sung the evils that fall upon men through the caprice of Fortune. H.

[8] *Simples*, that is, herbs, were sold at the many apothecary

Mrs. Ford. Do not betray me, sir: I fear you love mistress Page.

Fal. Thou mightst as well say, I love to walk by the Counter-gate;[9] which is as hateful to me as the reek of a lime-kiln.

Mrs. Ford. Well, heaven knows how I love you; and you shall one day find it.

Fal. Keep that in mind; I'll deserve it.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, I must tell you, so you do; or else I could not be in that mind.

Rob. [*Within.*] Mistress Ford! mistress Ford! here's mistress Page at the door, sweating, and blowing, and looking wildly, and would needs speak with you presently.

Fal. She shall not see me: I will ensconce me behind the arras.[10]

Mrs. Ford. Pray you, do so: she's a very tattling woman. — [FALSTAFF *hides himself.*

Enter Mrs. PAGE *and* ROBIN.

What's the matter? how now?

Mrs. Page. O mistress Ford! what have you done? You're sham'd, you're overthrown, you're undone for ever.

Mrs. Ford. What's the matter, good mistress Page?

shops in Bucklersbury; thus in *simple-time* filling the air with the fragrance of rosemary and lavender. H.

[9] The name of this prison was a frequent subject of jocularity with our ancestors. Thus Baret in his Alvearie, 1573: "We saie merrily of him who hath been in the *Counter* or such like places of prison: He can sing his *counter-tenor* very well. And in anger we say: I will make you sing a counter-tenor for this geare; meaning imprisonment."

[10] The spaces left between the walls and wooden frames on which the tapestry was hung, were not more commodious to our ancestors, than to the authors of ancient dramatic pieces.

Mrs. Page. O well-a-day, mistress Ford! having an honest man to your husband, to give him such cause of suspicion!

Mrs. Ford. What cause of suspicion?

Mrs. Page. What cause of suspicion? — Out upon you! how am I mistook in you!

Mrs. Ford. Why, alas! what's the matter?

Mrs. Page. Your husband's coming hither, woman, with all the officers in Windsor, to search for a gentleman, that, he says, is here now in the house, by your consent, to take an ill advantage of his absence: You are undone.

Mrs. Ford. 'Tis not so, I hope.

Mrs. Page. Pray heaven it be not so, that you have such a man here; but 'tis most certain your husband's coming with half Windsor at his heels, to search for such a one: I come before to tell you. If you know yourself clear, why, I am glad of it; but if you have a friend here, convey, convey him out. Be not amaz'd; call all your senses to you: defend your reputation, or bid farewell to your good life for ever.

Mrs. Ford. What shall I do? — There is a gentleman, my dear friend; and I fear not mine own shame so much as his peril: I had rather than a thousand pound he were out of the house.

Mrs. Page. For shame! never stand, "you had rather," and "you had rather:" your husband's here at hand; bethink you of some conveyance: in the house you cannot hide him. — O, how have you deceiv'd me! — Look, here is a basket: if he be of any reasonable stature, he may creep in here; and throw foul linen upon him, as if it were going to bucking: Or, it is whiting-time,[11] send him by your two men to Datchet mead.

[11] Bleaching time

Mrs. Ford. He's too big to go in there: What shall I do?

Re-enter FALSTAFF.

Fal. Let me see't; let me see't! O, let me see't! I'll in, I'll in: — follow your friend's counsel: — I'll in.

Mrs. Page. What! Sir John Falstaff! Are these your letters, knight?

Fal. I love thee: help me away: let me creep in here; I'll never —

[*He goes into the basket; they cover him with foul linen.*

Mrs. Page. Help to cover your master, boy: Call your men, mistress Ford. — You dissembling knight!

Mrs. Ford. What, John! Robert! John! [*Exit* ROBIN: *Re-enter Servants.*] Go, take up these clothes here, quickly; where's the cowl-staff?[12] look, how you drumble:[13] carry them to the laundress in Datchet mead; quickly, come.

Enter FORD, PAGE, CAIUS, *and Sir* HUGH EVANS.

Ford. Pray you, come near: if I suspect without cause, why, then make sport at me, then let me

[12] A staff used for carrying a *cowl* or tub with two handles to fetch water in. "*Bicollo*, a *cowle-staffe* to carie behind and before with, as they use in Italy to carie two buckets at once." — *Florio's Dictionary*, 1598.

[13] To *drumble* and *drone* meant *to move sluggishly*. To *drumble*, in Devonshire, means to mutter in a sullen and inarticulate voice. A *drumble* drone, in the western dialect, signifies a drone or humble-bee. That master genius of modern times, who knows so skilfully how to adapt his language to the characters and manners of the age in which his fable is laid, has adopted this word in The Fortunes of Nigel, vol. ii. p. 293: "Why how she *drumbles!* — I warrant she stops to take a sip on the road."

be your jest; I deserve it. — How now! whither bear you this?

Serv. To the laundress, forsooth.

Mrs. Ford. Why, what have you to do whither they bear it? You were best meddle with buck washing.

Ford. Buck! I would I could wash myself of the buck! Buck, buck, buck? Ay, buck; I warrant you, buck; and of the season too, it shall appear. [*Exeunt Servants with the basket.*] Gentlemen, I have dream'd to-night; I'll tell you my dream. Here, here, here be my keys: ascend my chambers, search, seek, find out: I'll warrant we'll unkennel the fox: — Let me stop this way first: — So, now uncape.[14]

Page. Good master Ford, be contented: you wrong yourself too much.

Ford. True, master Page. — Up, gentlemen; you shall see sport anon: follow me, gentlemen.

[*Exit.*

Eva. This is fery fantastical humours, and jealousies.

Caius. By gar, 'tis no de fashion of France: it is not jealous in France.

Page. Nay, follow him, gentlemen: see the issue of his search. [*Exeunt* EVANS, PAGE, *and* CAIUS.

Mrs. Page. Is there not a double excellency in this?

Mrs. Ford. I know not which pleases me better, that my husband is deceived, or Sir John.

Mrs. Page. What a taking was he in, when your husband ask'd what[15] was in the basket!

[14] To *uncape* a fox seems, in the old language of the chase, to have meant, to *unearth* a fox. H.

[15] The old copies read, "*who* was in the basket?" which is clearly a mistake, as Ford evidently did not suspect a person to

Mrs. Ford. I am half afraid he will have need of washing; so, throwing him into the water will do him a benefit.

Mrs. Page. Hang him, dishonest rascal! I would all of the same strain were in the same distress.

Mrs. Ford. I think my husband hath some special suspicion of Falstaff's being here; for I never saw him so gross in his jealousy till now.

Mrs. Page. I will lay a plot to try that: And we will yet have more tricks with Falstaff: his dissolute disease will scarce obey this medicine.

Mrs. Ford. Shall we send that foolish carrion, mistress Quickly, to him, and excuse his throwing into the water; and give him another hope, to betray him to another punishment?

Mrs. Page. We'll do it: let him be sent for tomorrow eight o'clock, to have amends.

Re-enter FORD, PAGE, CAIUS, *and Sir* HUGH EVANS.

Ford. I cannot find him: may be the knave bragg'd of that he could not compass.

Mrs. Page. Heard you that?

Mrs. Ford. You use me well, master Ford, do you?

Ford. Ay, I do so.

Mrs. Ford. Heaven make you better than your thoughts!

Ford. Amen.

Mrs. Page. You do yourself mighty wrong, master Ford.

Ford. Ay, ay; I must bear it.

be there. In the account Falstaff gives Brook of his buck-basket experiences he says: "The jealous knave ask'd them once or twice *what* was in the basket." As no such question occurs in this scene, we must suppose that Ford said some things which the poet did not see fit to report. H.

Eva. If there be any pody in the house, and in the chambers, and in the coffers, and in the presses, heaven forgive my sins at the day of judgment!

Caius. Be gar, nor I too: dere is no bodies.

Page. Fie, fie, master Ford! are you not asham'd? What spirit, what devil suggests this imagination? I would not have your distemper in this kind for the wealth of Windsor Castle.

Ford. 'Tis my fault, master Page: I suffer for it.

Eva. You suffer for a pad conscience: your wife is as honest a 'omans as I will desires among five thousand, and five hundred too.

Caius. By gar, I see 'tis an honest woman.

Ford. Well;—I promis'd you a dinner:—Come, come, walk in the park: I pray you, pardon me; I will hereafter make known to you why I have done this.—Come, wife;—Come, mistress Page: I pray you pardon me; pray heartily, pardon me.

Page. Let's go in, gentlemen; but, trust me, we'll mock him. I do invite you to-morrow morning to my house to breakfast; after, we'll a birding together: I have a fine hawk for the bush: Shall it be so?

Ford. Any thing.

Eva. If there is one, I shall make two in the company.

Caius. If there be one or two, I shall make-a de turd.

Ford. Pray you go, master Page.

Eva. I pray you now, remembrance to-morrow on the lousy knave, mine Host.

Caius. Dat is good; by gar, vit all my heart.

Eva. A lousy knave! to have his gibes, and his mockeries. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. A Room in Page's House.

Enter Fenton *and* Anne Page.

Fent. I see I cannot get thy father's love;
Therefore, no more turn me to him, sweet Nan.
Anne. Alas! how then?
Fent. Why, thou must be thyself.
He doth object, I am too great of birth;
And that, my state being gall'd with my expense,
I seek to heal it only by his wealth:
Besides these, other bars he lays before me,—
My riots past, my wild societies;
And tells me, 'tis a thing impossible
I should love thee, but as a property.
Anne. May be, he tells you true.
Fent. No, heaven so speed me in my time to come!
Albeit, I will confess thy father's wealth[1]
Was the first motive that I woo'd thee, Anne;
Yet, wooing thee, I found thee of more value
Than stamps in gold, or sums in sealed bags;
And 'tis the very riches of thyself
That now I aim at.
Anne. Gentle master Fenton,
Yet seek my father's love; still seek it, sir:

[1] Some light may be given to those who shall endeavour to calculate the increase of English wealth, by observing that Latimer, in the time of Edward VI. mentions it as a proof of his father's prosperity, "that though but a yeoman, he gave his daughters five pounds each for their portion." At the latter end of Elizabeth, seven hundred pounds were such a temptation to courtship, as made all other motives suspected. Congreve makes twelve thousand pounds more than a counterbalance to the affection of Belinda. No poet will now fly his favourite character at less than fifty thousand.

If opportunity and humblest suit
Cannot attain it, why then, — Hark you hither.
[*They converse apart.*

Enter SHALLOW, SLENDER, *and Mrs.* QUICKLY.

Shal. Break their talk, mistress Quickly; my kinsman shall speak for himself.

Slen. I'll make a shaft or a bolt on't:[2] Slid! 'tis but venturing.

Shal. Be not dismay'd.

Slen. No, she shall not dismay me: I care not for that, — but that I am afeard.

Quick. Hark ye; master Slender would speak a word with you.

Anne. I come to him. — This is my father's choice.
[*Aside.*] O, what a world of vile ill-favour'd faults
Looks handsome in three hundred pounds a year!

Quick. And how does good master Fenton? Pray you, a word with you.

Shal. She's coming; to her, coz. O boy! thou hadst a father.

Slen. I had a father, mistress Anne; — my uncle can tell you good jests of him. — Pray you, uncle, tell mistress Anne the jest, how my father stole two geese out of a pen, good uncle.

Shal. Mistress Anne, my cousin loves you.

Slen. Ay, that I do; as well as I love any woman in Gloucestershire.

Shal. He will maintain you like a gentlewoman.

Slen. Ay, that I will, come cut and long-tail,[3] under the degree of a 'squire.

[2] A *shaft* was a long arrow, and a *bolt* a thick short one. The proverb probably means, "I'll make something or other of it. — I will do it by some means or other."

[3] The sense is obviously, "Come who will to contend with

Shal. He will make you a hundred and fifty pounds jointure.

Anne. Good master Shallow, let him woo for himself.

Shal. Marry, I thank you for it; I thank you for that good comfort. She calls you, coz: I'll leave you.

Anne. Now, master Slender.

Slen. Now, good mistress Anne.

Anne. What is your will?

Slen. My will? od's heartlings! that's a pretty jest, indeed: I ne'er made my will yet, I thank heaven; I am not such a sickly creature, I give heaven praise.

Anne. I mean, master Slender, what would you with me?

Slen. Truly, for mine own part, I would little or nothing with you: Your father, and my uncle, have made motions: if it be my luck, so; if not, happy man be his dole![4] They can tell you how things go, better than I can: You may ask your father; here he comes.

Enter PAGE *and Mrs.* PAGE.

Page. Now, master Slender! — Love him, daughter Anne. —
Why, how now! what does master Fenton here?

me, under the degree of a squire." *Cut and long-tail* means all kinds of curtail dogs, and sporting dogs, and all others. It is a phrase of frequent occurrence in writers of the period; every kind of dog being comprehended under *cut and long-tail*, every rank of people in the expression when metaphorically used.

[4] This is a proverbial expression of frequent occurrence. The apparent signification here is: "Happiness be his portion who succeeds best," but the general meaning of the phrase may be interpreted: "Let his portion or lot be happy man." *Dole* is the past participle and past tense of the Anglo-Saxon verb *Dælan*, to deal, to divide, to distribute.

You wrong me, sir, thus still to haunt my house:
I told you, sir, my daughter is dispos'd of.

Fent. Nay, master Page, be not impatient.

Mrs. Page. Good master Fenton, come not to my child.

Page. She is no match for you.

Fent. Sir, will you hear me?

Page. No, good master Fenton.
Come, master Shallow; come, son Slender; in: —
Knowing my mind, you wrong me, master Fenton.

[*Exeunt* PAGE, SHAL., *and* SLEN.

Quick. Speak to mistress Page.

Fent. Good mistress Page, for that I love your daughter
In such a righteous fashion as I do,
Perforce, against all checks, rebukes, and manners,
I must advance the colours of my love,
And not retire: Let me have your good will.

Anne. Good mother, do not marry me to yond' fool.

Mrs. Page. I mean it not: I seek you a better husband.

Quick. That's my master, master doctor.

Anne. Alas, I had rather be set quick i' the earth,
And bowl'd to death with turnips.[5]

Mrs. Page. Come, trouble not yourself: Good master Fenton,
I will not be your friend, nor enemy.
My daughter will I question how she loves you,
And as I find her, so am I affected;
Till then, farewell, sir: — She must needs go in;
Her father will be angry.

[*Exeunt Mrs.* PAGE *and* ANNE.

[5] Thus in Jonson's Bartholomew Fair: "Would I had been set in the ground, all but the head of me, and had my brains bowl'd at."

Fent. Farewell, gentle mistress; farewell, Nan.

Quick. This is my doing, now: — Nay, said I, will you cast away your child on a fool, and a physician? look on master Fenton. — This is my doing.

Fent. I thank thee; and I pray thee, once[6] to-night
Give my sweet Nan this ring: There's for thy pains.
[*Exit.*

Quick. Now heaven send thee good fortune! A kind heart he hath: a woman would run through fire and water for such a kind heart. But yet I would my master had mistress Anne; or I would master Slender had her; or, in sooth, I would master Fenton had her: I will do what I can for them all three; for so I have promis'd, and I'll be as good as my word; but speciously for master Fenton. Well, I must of another errand to Sir John Falstaff from my two mistresses: What a beast am I to slack it!
[*Exit.*

SCENE V. A Room in the Garter Inn.

Enter FALSTAFF *and* BARDOLPH.

Fal. Bardolph, I say!

Bard. Here, sir.

Fal. Go fetch me a quart of sack; put a toast in't. [*Exit* BARD.] Have I liv'd to be carried in a basket, like a barrow of butcher's offal; and to be thrown into the Thames? Well; if I be serv'd such another trick, I'll have my brains ta'en out, and butter'd, and give them to a dog for a new year's gift. The rogues slighted me into the river with as little remorse as they would have drown'd a blind

[6] That is, *sometime* to-night.

bitch's puppies,[1] fifteen i' the litter: and you may know by my size, that I have a kind of alacrity in sinking; if the bottom were as deep as hell, I should down. I had been drown'd, but that the shore was shelvy and shallow, — a death that I abhor; for the water swells a man; and what a thing should I have been, when I had been swell'd! I should have been a mountain of mummy.

Re-enter BARDOLPH, *with the wine.*

Bard. Here's mistress Quickly, sir, to speak with you.

Fal. Come, let me pour in some sack to the Thames water; for my belly's as cold, as if I had swallow'd snow-balls for pills to cool the reins. Call her in.

Bard. Come in, woman.

Enter Mrs. QUICKLY.

Quick. By your leave. I cry you mercy: give your worship good-morrow.

Fal. Take away these chalices:[2] Go brew me a posset of sack finely.

Bar. With eggs, sir?

Fal. Simple of itself; I'll no pullet-sperm in my brewage. — [*Exit* BARDOLPH.] — How now?

Quick. Marry, sir, I come to your worship from mistress Ford.

Fal. Mistress Ford! I have had ford enough: I

[1] So in all the old copies, meaning, of course, *a bitch's blind puppies.* Falstaff was not in a state of mind to stand upon the niceties of grammar, and so he left his errors to be corrected by modern editors; who, accordingly, have given what he meant not what he said. H.

[2] Cups.

was thrown into the ford; I have my belly fully of ford.

Quick. Alas the day! good heart, that was not her fault: she does so take on with her men; they mistook their erection.

Fal. So did I mine, to build upon a foolish woman's promise.

Quick. Well, she laments, sir, for it, that it would yearn your heart to see it. Her husband goes this morning a-birding: she desires you once more to come to her between eight and nine. I must carry her word quickly: she'll make you amends, I warrant you.

Fal. Well, I will visit her: tell her so; and bid her think what a man is: let her consider his frailty, and then judge of my merit.

Quick. I will tell her.

Fal. Do so. Between nine and ten say'st thou?

Quick. Eight and nine, sir.

Fal. Well, be gone: I will not miss her.

Quick. Peace be with you, sir? [*Exit.*

Fal. I marvel I hear not of master Brook: he sent me word to stay within: I like his money well. O! here be comes.

Enter Ford.

Ford. Bless you, sir.

Fal. Now, master Brook! you come to know what hath pass'd between me and Ford's wife?

Ford. That, indeed, Sir John, is my business.

Fal. Master Brook, I will not lie to you: I was at her house the hour she appointed me.

Ford. And how sped you, sir?

Fal. Very ill-favouredly, master Brook.

Ford. How so, sir? Did she change her determination?

Fal. No, master Brook; but the peaking cornuto, her husband, master Brook, dwelling in a continual 'larum of jealousy, comes me in the instant of our encounter, after we had embrac'd, kiss'd, protested, and, as it were, spoke the prologue of our comedy; and at his heels a rabble of his companions, thither provoked and instigated by his distemper, and, for sooth, to search his house for his wife's love.

Ford. What, while you were there?

Fal. While I was there.

Ford. And did he search for you, and could not find you?

Fal. You shall hear. As good luck would have it, comes in one mistress Page; gives intelligence of Ford's approach; and, by her invention, and Ford's wife's distraction,[3] they convey'd me into a buck-basket.

Ford. A buck-basket?

Fal. By the Lord, a buck-basket! ramm'd me in with foul shirts and smocks, socks, foul stockings, and greasy napkins; that, master Brook, there was the rankest compound of villanous smell, that ever offended nostril.

Ford. And how long lay you there?

Fal. Nay, you shall hear, master Brook, what I have suffer'd to bring this woman to evil for your good. Being thus cramm'd in the basket, a couple of Ford's knaves, his hinds, were call'd forth by their mistress, to carry me in the name of foul clothes to Datchet-lane: they took me on their shoulders; met the jealous knave their master in the door, who ask'd them once or twice what they had in their basket: I quak'd for fear, lest the lunatic knave

[3] M. Mason proposes to read *direction*, but perhaps the change is not necessary.

would have search'd it; but Fate, ordaining he should be a cuckold, held his hand. Well; on went he for a search, and away went I for foul clothes. But mark the sequel, master Brook: I suffered the pangs of three several deaths: first, an intolerable fright, to be detected with[4] a jealous rotten bellwether: next, to be compass'd like a good bilbo[5] in the circumference of a peck, hilt to point, heel to head: and then, to be stopp'd in, like a strong distillation, with stinking clothes that fretted in their own grease: Think of that, — a man of my kidney, — think of that; that am as subject to heat as butter; a man of continual dissolution and thaw: it was a miracle to 'scape suffocation. And in the height of this bath, when I was more than half stew'd in grease, like a Dutch dish, to be thrown into the Thames, and cool'd, glowing hot, in that surge, like a horse-shoe; think of that, — hissing hot, — think of that, master Brook!

Ford. In good sadness, sir, I am sorry that for my sake you have suffer'd all this. My suit then is desperate: you'll undertake her no more.

Fal. Master Brook, I will be thrown into Ætna, as I have been into Thames, ere I will leave her thus. Her husband is this morning gone a-birding: I have received from her another embassy of

[4] *With, by,* and *of,* were used indiscriminately with much license by our ancestors. Thus in a subsequent passage of this play we have: "I sooner would suspect the sun *with* cold." *Detected* appears to have been used in the sense of *suspected, impeached.* Cavendish, in his Visions, has this very phrase: "What is he of our bloode that wold not be sory to heare our names *with* vile fame *so detected.*" *Detected* must have the same meaning here, for Falstaff was not *discovered,* but *suspected by* the jealous Ford. Some modern editors have unwarrantably substituted *by* for *with.*

[5] A Bilbo is a Spanish blade remarkable for its temper and flexibility. The best were made at Bilboa, a town in Biscay.

meeting; 'twixt eight and nine is the hour, master Brook.

Ford. 'Tis past eight already, sir.

Fal. Is it? I will then address[6] me to my appointment. Come to me at your convenient leisure, and you shall know how I speed; and the conclusion shall be crowned with your enjoying her: Adieu. You shall have her, master Brook; master Brook, you shall cuckold Ford. [*Exit.*

Ford. Hum: ha! is this a vision? is this a dream? do I sleep? Master Ford, awake! awake, master Ford! there's a hole made in your best coat, master Ford. This 'tis to be married! this 'tis to have linen, and buck-baskets! — Well, I will proclaim myself what I am: I will now take the lecher; he is at my house: he cannot 'scape me; 'tis impossible he should; he cannot creep into a halfpenny purse, nor into a pepper-box: but, lest the devil that guides him should aid him, I will search impossible places. Though what I am I cannot avoid, yet to be what I would not, shall not make me tame: if I have horns to make me mad, let the proverb go with me; I'll be horn mad. [*Exit.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. The Street.

Enter Mrs. PAGE, *Mrs.* QUICKLY, *and* WILLIAM.

Mrs. Page. Is he at master Ford's already, think'st thou?

Quick. Sure, he is by this, or will be presently:

[6] Make myself ready.

but truly, he is very courageous[1] mad, about his throwing into the water. Mistress Ford desires you to come suddenly.

Mrs. Page. I'll be with her by and by; I'll but bring my young man here to school: Look, where his master comes: 'tis a playing-day, I see.

Enter Sir HUGH EVANS.

How now, Sir Hugh! no school to-day?

Eva. No; master Slender is get the boys leave to play.

Quick. Blessing of his heart!

Mrs. Page. Sir Hugh, my husband says my son profits nothing in the world at his book: I pray you, ask him some questions in his accidence.

Eva. Come hither, William: hold up your head; come.

Mrs. Page. Come on, sirrah: hold up your head; answer your master, be not afraid.

Eva. William, how many numbers is in nouns?

Will. Two.

Quick. Truly, I thought there had been one number more; because they say, od's nouns!

Eva. Peace your tattlings. What is *fair*, William?

Will. *Pulcher.*

Quick. Polecats! there are fairer things than polecats, sure.

Eva. You are a very simplicity 'oman: I pray you peace. What is *lapis*, William?

Will. A stone.

Eva. And what is a stone, William?

Will. A pebble.

[1] Outrageous.

Eva. No, it is *lapis:* I pray you remember in your prain.

Will. *Lapis.*

Eva. That is good, William. What is he, William, that does lend articles?

Will. Articles are borrowed of the pronoun; and be thus declined: *Singulariter, nominativo, hic, hæc, hoc.*

Eva. *Nominativo, hig, hag, hog;* pray you, mark: *genitivo, hujus:* Well, what is your accusative case?

Will. *Accusativo, hunc.*

Eva. I pray you, have your remembrance, child *Accusativo, hung, hang, hog.*

Quick. Hang hog is Latin for bacon, I warrant you.

Eva. Leave your prabbles, 'oman. What is the focative case, William?

Will. O — *vocativo,* O.

Eva. Remember, William; focative is *caret.*

Quick. And that's a good root.

Eva. 'Oman, forbear.

Mrs. Page. Peace!

Eva. What is your genitive case plural, William?

Will. Genitive case?

Eva. Ay.

Will. *Genitivo,* — *horum, harum, horum.*

Quick. 'Vengeance of Jenny's case! fie on her! —never name her, child, if she be a whore.

Eva. For shame, 'oman!

Quick. You do ill to teach the child such words: he teaches him to hick and to hack, which they'll do fast enough of themselves; and to call horum.— fie upon you!

Eva. 'Oman, art thou lunatics? hast thou no understandings for thy cases, and the numbers of the

genders? Thou art as foolish Christian creatures as I would desires.

Mrs. Page. Pr'ythee hold thy peace.

Eva. Show me now, William, some declensions of your pronouns.

Will. Forsooth, I have forgot.

Eva. It is *qui, quæ, quod;* if you forget your *quies,* your *quæs,* and your *quods,* you must be preeches.[2] Go your ways, and play; go.

Mrs. Page. He is a better scholar than I thought he was.

Eva. He is a good sprag[3] memory. Farewell, mistress Page.

Mrs. Page. Adieu, good Sir Hugh. [*Exit Sir* HUGH.] Get you home, boy. — Come, we stay too long. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. A Room in FORD'S House.

Enter FALSTAFF *and Mrs.* FORD.

Fal. Mistress Ford, your sorrow hath eaten up my sufferance: I see, you are obsequious[1] in your love, and I profess requital to a hair's breadth; not only, mistress Ford, in the simple office of love, but in all the accoutrement, complement, and ceremony of it. But are you sure of your husband now?

Mrs. Ford. He's a-birding, sweet Sir John.

Mrs. Page. [*Within.*] What hoa, gossip Ford! what hoa!

Mrs. Ford. Step into the chamber, Sir John. [*Exit* FALSTAFF.

[2] Breeched, that is, flogged.

[3] Quick, alert. The word is *sprack.*

[1] So, in Hamlet: "To do *obsequious* sorrow." The epithet *obsequious* refers, in both instances, to the seriousness with which *obsequies* are performed.

Enter Mrs. PAGE.

Mrs. Page. How now, sweatheart? who's at home besides yourself?

Mrs. Ford. Why, none but mine own people.

Mrs. Page. Indeed?

Mrs. Ford. No, certainly. — [*Softly.*] Speak louder.

Mrs. Page. [*Loudly.*] Truly, I am so glad you have nobody here.

Mrs. Ford. Why?

Mrs. Page. Why, woman, your husband is in his old lunes[2] again: he so takes on yonder with my husband; so rails against all married mankind; so curses all Eve's daughters, of what complexion soever; and so buffets himself on the forehead, crying, "Peer out, peer out!"[3] that any madness I ever yet beheld seem'd but tameness, civility, and patience, to this his distemper he is in now. I am glad the fat knight is not here.

Mrs. Ford. Why, does he talk of him?

Mrs. Page. Of none but him; and swears he was carried out, the last time he search'd for him, in a basket: protests to my husband he is now here; and hath drawn him and the rest of their company from their sport, to make another experiment of his suspicion: But I am glad the knight is not here: now he shall see his own foolery.

Mrs. Ford. How near is he, mistress Page?

Mrs. Page. Hard by; at street end: he will be here anon.

[2] That is, lunacy, frenzy.

[3] Shakespeare refers to a sport of children, who thus call on a snail to push forth his horns:

> "Peer out, peer out, peer out of your hole,
> Or else I'll beat you as black as a coal"

Mrs. Ford. I am undone! — the knight is here.

Mrs. Page. Why, then you are utterly sham'd, and he's but a dead man. What a woman are you! — Away with him, away with him; better shame than murder.

Mrs. Ford. Which way should he go? how should I bestow him? Shall I put him into the basket again?

Re-enter FALSTAFF.

Fal. No, I'll come no more i' the basket: May I not go out, ere he come?

Mrs. Page. Alas! three of master Ford's brothers watch the door with pistols,[4] that none shall issue out; otherwise you might slip away ere he came. But what make[5] you here?

Fal. What shall I do? — I'll creep up into the chimney.

Mrs. Ford. There they always use to discharge their birding-pieces: Creep into the kiln-hole.

Fal. Where is it?

Mrs. Ford. He will seek there, on my word. Neither press, coffer, chest, trunk, well, vault, but he hath an abstract[6] for the remembrance of such places, and goes to them by his note: There is no hiding you in the house.

Fal. I'll go out then.

Mrs. Page. If you go out in your own semblance, you die, Sir John. Unless you go out disguis'd, —

[4] This is one of Shakespeare's anchronisms: he has also introduced pistols in Pericles, in the reign of Antiochus, two hundred years before Christ.

[5] This phrase has been already noticed. It occurs again in As You Like It, in the sense of *do*: "Now, sir, what *make* you here?" It also occurs in Hamlet, Othello, and Love's Labour's Lost.

[6] That is, a list, an inventory, or short note of.

Mrs. Ford. How might we disguise him?

Mrs. Page. Alas the day! I know not. There is no woman's gown big enough for him; otherwise, he might put on a hat, a muffler, and a kerchief, and so escape.

Fal. Good hearts, devise something: any extremity, rather than a mischief.

Mrs. Ford. My maid's aunt, the fat woman of Brentford, has a gown above.

Mrs. Page. On my word, it will serve him; she's as big as he is: and there's her thrum'd hat,[7] and her muffler too: Run up, Sir John.

Mrs. Ford. Go, go, sweet Sir John: mistress Page and I will look some linen for your head.

Mrs. Page. Quick, quick: we'll come dress you straight: put on the gown the while.

[*Exit* FALSTAFF.

Mrs. Ford. I would my husband would meet him in this shape: he cannot abide the old woman of Brentford; he swears, she's a witch; forbade her my house, and hath threaten'd to beat her.

Mrs. Page. Heaven guide him to thy husband's cudgel; and the devil guide his cudgel afterwards!

Mrs. Ford. But is my husband coming?

Mrs. Page. Ay, in good sadness, is he; and talks of the basket too, howsoever he hath had intelligence.

Mrs. Ford. We'll try that; for I'll appoint my men to carry the basket again, to meet him at the door with it, as they did the last time.

Mrs. Page. Nay, but he'll be here presently: let's go dress him like the witch of Brentford.[8]

[7] A hat composed of the weaver's tufts, or *thrums*, or of very coarse cloth. A *muffler* was a part of female attire which only covered the lower part of the face.

[8] This old witch, Jyl or Gillian of Brentford, seems to have been

Mrs. Ford. I'll first direct my men what they shall do with the basket. Go up; I'll bring linen for him straight. [*Exit.*

Mrs. Page. Hang him, dishonest varlet! we cannot misuse him enough.

We'll leave a proof, by that which we will do,
Wives may be merry, and yet honest too:
We do not act, that often jest and laugh;
'Tis old but true, "Still swine eat all the draff."
[*Exit.*

Re-enter Mrs. FORD *with two Servants.*

Mrs. Ford. Go, sirs, take the basket again on your shoulders: your master is hard at door; if he bid you set it down, obey him: Quickly; despatch.

1 *Serv.* Come, come, take it up. [*Exit.*

2 *Serv.* Pray heaven, it be not full of knight again.[9]

1 *Serv.* I hope not; I had as lief bear so much lead.

Enter FORD, PAGE, SHALLOW, CAIUS, *and Sir* HUGH EVANS.

Ford. Ay, but if it prove true, master Page, have you any way then to unfool me again? — Set down the basket, villain: — Somebody call my wife: — Youth in a basket! — O, you panderly rascals! there's a knot, a ging,[10] a pack, a conspiracy against me: Now shall the devil be sham'd. What! wife,

a character well known in popular story at the time. "Jyl of Brentford's Testament" was printed by Copland long before, and Laneham enumerates it as in the collection of Captain Cox, the mason, now well known to all, from the mention of him in the romance of Kenilworth.

[9] Modern editions benumb this passage by putting in a *the* before *knigh..* M.

[10] Gang.

I say! come, come forth: behold what honest clothes you send forth to bleaching.

Page. Why, this passes![11] Master Ford, you are not to go loose any longer; you must be pinion'd.

Eva. Why, this is lunatics! this is mad as a mad dog!

Shal. Indeed, master Ford, this is not well; indeed.

Enter Mrs. FORD.

Ford. So say I too, sir. — Come hither, mistress Ford; mistress Ford, the honest woman, the modest wife, the virtuous creature, that hath the jealous fool to her husband! — I suspect without cause, mistress, do I?

Mrs. Ford. Heaven be my witness, you do, if you suspect me in any dishonesty.

Ford. Well said, brazen-face; hold it out. — Come forth, sirrah. [*Pulls the clothes out of the basket.*

Page. This passes!

Mrs. Ford. Are you not asham'd? let the clothes alone.

Ford. I shall find you anon.

Eva. 'Tis unreasonable! Will you take up your wife's clothes? Come away.

Ford. Empty the basket, I say.

Mrs. Ford. Why, man, why?

Ford. Master Page, as I am a man, there was one convey'd out of my house yesterday in this basket: Why may not he be there again? In my house I am sure he is: my intelligence is true; my jealousy is reasonable: Pluck me out all the linen.

Mrs. Ford. If you find a man there, he shall die a flea's death.

[11] Surpasses, or goes beyond all bounds.

Page. Here's no man.

Shal. By my fidelity, this is not well, master Ford; this wrongs you.

Eva. Master Ford, you must pray, and not follow the imaginations of your own heart: this is jealousies.

Ford. Well, he's not here I seek for.

Page. No, nor nowhere else, but in your brain.

Ford. Help to search my house this one time: if I find not what I seek, show no colour for my extremity, let me for ever be your table-sport; let them say of me, "As jealous as Ford, that search'd a hollow walnut for his wife's leman."[12] Satisfy me once more; once more search with me.

Mrs. Ford. What hoa! mistress Page! come you and the old woman down; my husband will come into the chamber.

Ford. Old woman! What old woman's that?

Mrs. Ford. Why, it is my maid's aunt of Brentford.

Ford. A witch, a quean, an old cozening quean! Have I not forbid her my house? She comes of errands, does she? We are simple men; we do not know what's brought to pass under the profession of fortune telling. She works by charms, by spells, by the figure, and such daubery[13] as this is; beyond our element: we know nothing. — Come down, you witch, you hag you! come down, I say.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, good, sweet husband: — Good gentlemen, let him not strike the old woman.

Enter FALSTAFF *in women's clothes, led by Mrs.* PAGE.

Mrs. Page. Come, mother Prat; come, give me your hand.

[12] Lover. [13] Falschood, imposition.

Ford. I'll prat her:—Out of my door, you witch! [*Beats him.*] you rag, you baggage, you polecat, you ronyon![14] out! out! I'll conjure you, I'll fortune-tell you. [*Exit* FALSTAFF.

Mrs. Page. Are you not asham'd? I think you have kill'd the poor woman.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, he will do it:—'Tis a goodly credit for you.

Ford. Hang her, witch!

Eva. By yea and no, I think, the 'oman is a witch indeed: I like not when a 'oman has a great peard; I spy a great peard under her muffler.

Ford. Will you follow, gentlemen? I beseech you, follow; see but the issue of my jealousy: If I cry out thus upon no trail,[15] never trust me when I open again.

Page. Let's obey his humour a little further: Come, gentlemen.

[*Exeunt* PAGE, FORD, SHAL., *and* EVANS.

Mrs. Page. Trust me, he beat him most pitifully.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, by the mass, that he did not; he beat him most unpitifully, methought.

Mrs. Page. I'll have the cudgel hallow'd, and hung o'er the altar: it hath done meritorious service.

Mrs. Ford. What think you? May we, with the warrant of womanhood and the witness of a good conscience, pursue him with any further revenge?

Mrs. Page. The spirit of wantonness is, sure, scar'd out of him: if the devil have him not in fee-simple, with fine and recovery,[16] he will never, I think, in the way of waste, attempt us again.

[14] Means much the same as *scall* or *scab*, from *rogneuse*, FR.

[15] Expressions taken from the chase. *Trail* is the scent left by the passage of the game. To *cry out* is to *open*, or *bark*.

[16] This is one of the many instances of Shakespeare's legal

Mrs. Ford. Shall we tell our husbands how we have serv'd him?

Mrs. Page. Yes, by all means; if it be but to scrape the figures out of your husband's brains. If they can find in their hearts, the poor unvirtuous fat knight shall be any further afflicted, we two will still be the ministers.

Mrs. Ford. I'll warrant they'll have him publicly sham'd: and, methinks, there would be no period[17] to the jest, should he not be publicly sham'd.

Mrs. Page. Come, to the forge with it then; shape it: I would not have things cool. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. A Room in the Garter Inn.

Enter Host and BARDOLPH.

Bard. Sir, the Germans desire to have three of your horses: the duke himself will be to-morrow at court, and they are going to meet him.

Host. What duke should that be comes so secretly? I hear not of him in the court: Let me speak with the gentlemen; they speak English?

Bard. Ay, sir; I'll call them to you.

Host. They shall have my horses; but I'll make them pay; I'll sauce them: they have had my house a week at command; I have turn'd away my other

knowledge. Ritson remarks upon the passage: "Fee-simple is the *largest* estate, and fine and recovery the *strongest* assurance known to English law." So that the passage means, "If Falstaff be not, to all intents and purposes, the devil's chattel," &c. Commentators have wondered how Mrs. Page came to know so much of legal terms: But is it not equally strange that Shakespeare's average characters, in their ordinary talk, should speak greater poetry than any other poet has written? Surely much of his art lies in putting his own intellectuality into his characters without marring their individuality. H.

[17] That is, no end to the jest: we shall have to keep it up in other forms, until it wind up in a public shame. H.

guests: they must come off;[18] I'll sauce them: Come. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. A Room in FORD's House.

Enter PAGE, FORD, *Mrs.* PAGE, *Mrs.* FORD, *and Sir* HUGH EVANS.

Eva. 'Tis one of the pest discretions of a 'oman as ever I did look upon.

Page. And did he send you both these letters at an instant?

Mrs. Page. Within a quarter of an hour.

Ford. Pardon me, wife: Henceforth do what thou wilt;
I rather will suspect the sun with cold,[1]
Than thee with wantonness: now doth thy honour stand,
In him that was of late an heretic,
As firm as faith.

Page. 'Tis well, 'tis well; no more.
Be not as extreme in submission,
As in offence;
But let our plot go forward: let our wives
Yet once again, to make us public sport,
Appoint a meeting with this old fat fellow,
Where we may take him, and disgrace him for it.

Ford. There is no better way than that they spoke of.

Page. How? to send him word they'll meet him in the park at midnight? fie, fie! he'll never come.

Eva. You see, he has been thrown into the rivers;

[18] To *come off* is to *pay*, to *come down* (as we now say) with a sum of money. It is a phrase of frequent occurrence in old plays.

[1] The reading in the text is Mr. Rowe's. The old copies read "I rather will suspect the sun with *gold*"

and has been grievously peaten, as an old 'oman methinks there should be terrors in him, that he should not come; methinks, his flesh is punish'd, he shall have no desires.

Page. So think I too.

Mrs. Ford. Devise but how you'll use him when he comes,
And let us two devise to bring him thither.

Mrs. Page. There is an old tale goes, that Herne the hunter,
Sometime a keeper here in Windsor forest,
Doth all the winter time, at still midnight,
Walk round about an oak, with great ragg'd horns;
And there he blasts the tree, and takes[2] the cattle;
And makes milch-kine yield blood, and shakes a chain
In a most hideous and dreadful manner:
You have heard of such a spirit; and well you know,
The superstitious idle-headed eld[3]
Receiv'd, and did deliver to our age,
This tale of Herne the hunter for a truth.

Page. Why, yet there want not many, that do fear
In deep of night to walk by this Herne's oak:[4]
But what of this?

Mrs. Ford. Marry, this is our device:

[2] To *take* signifies to *seize* or *strike with a disease*, to *blast*. So, in Lear, Act ii. sc. 4: "Strike her young bones, ye *taking* airs, with lameness." And in Hamlet, Act i. sc. 1: "No planets strike, no fairy *takes*, no witch has power to charm." "Of a horse that is *taken*. A horse that is bereft of his feeling, moving, or stirring, is said to be *taken*, and in sooth so he is, in that he is arrested by so villainous a disease: yet some farriers, not wel understanding the ground of the disease, conster the word *taken* to be stricken by some planet, or evil spirit, which is false." — *Markham on Horses*, 1595.

[3] Old age.

[4] The tree which was by tradition shown as Herne's oak, being totally decayed, was cut down by order of George III. in 1795.

That Falstaff at that oak shall meet with us,
Disguis'd like Herne, with huge horns on his head
Page. Well, let it not be doubted but he'll come,
And in this shape: When you have brought him thither,
What shall be done with him? what is your plot?
Mrs. Page. That likewise have we thought upon, and thus:
Nan Page my daughter, and my little son,
And three or four more of their growth, we'll dress
Like urchins, ouphes,[5] and fairies, green and white,
With rounds of waxen tapers on their heads,
And rattles in their hands: Upon a sudden,
As Falstaff, she, and I, are newly met,
Let them from forth a saw-pit rush at once
With some diffused song:[6] upon their sight,
We two in great amazedness will fly:
Then let them all encircle him about,
And, fairy-like, to-pinch[7] the unclean knight;
And ask him why, that hour of fairy revel,
In their so sacred paths he dares to tread,
In shape profane.
Mrs. Ford. And till he tell the truth,
Let the supposed fairies pinch him sound,[8]
And burn him with their tapers.
Mrs. Page. The truth being known,
We'll all present ourselves; dis-horn the spirit,
And mock him home to Windsor.
Ford. The children must
Be practis'd well to this, or they'll ne'er do't.

[5] Elves, hobgoblins.
[6] That is, some wild, irregular, fairy-like song. H.
[7] *To-pinch:* *to* has here an augmentative sense, like *be* has since had: *all* was generally prefixed. Spenser has all *to-torn*, all *to-rent* &c., and Milton in Comus all *to-ruffled*.
[8] *Sound*, for *soundly*, the adjective used as an adverb.

Eva. I will teach the children their behaviours, and I will be like a Jack-an-apes also, to burn the knight with my taber.

Ford. That will be excellent. I'll go buy them vizards.

Mrs. Page. My Nan shall be the queen of all the fairies,
Finely attired in a robe of white.

Page. That silk will I go buy; — [*Aside.*] and in that tire
Shall master Slender steal my Nan away,
And marry her at Eton. [*To them.*] Go, send to Falstaff straight.

Ford. Nay, I'll to him again in name of Brook;
He'll tell me all his purpose: Sure, he'll come.

Mrs. Page. Fear not you that: Go, get us properties,[9]
And tricking for our fairies.

Eva. Let us about it: It is admirable pleasures, and fery honest knaveries.

[*Exeunt* PAGE, FORD, *and* EVANS.

Mrs. Page. Go, mistress Ford,
Send quickly to Sir John, to know his mind.

[*Exit Mrs.* FORD.

I'll to the doctor: he hath my good will,
And none but he, to marry with Nan Page.
That Slender, though well landed, is an idiot;
And him my husband best of all affects:
The doctor is well money'd, and his friends
Potent at court: he, none but he, shall have her,
Though twenty thousand worthier come to crave her

[*Exit*

[9] *Properties* are little incidental necessaries to a theatre: *tricking* is dress or ornament.

SCENE V. A Room in the Garter Inn.

Enter Host and SIMPLE.

Host. What would'st thou have, boor? what, thick-skin? speak, breathe, discuss; brief, short, quick, snap.

Sim. Marry, sir, I come to speak with Sir John Falstaff from master Slender.

Host. There's his chamber, his house, his castle, his standing-bed, and truckle-bed:[1] 'tis painted about with the story of the prodigal, fresh and new: Go, knock and call: he'll speak like an Anthropophaginian[2] unto thee: Knock, I say.

Sim. There's an old woman, a fat woman, gone up into his chamber; I'll be so bold as stay, sir, till she come down: I come to speak with her, indeed.

Host. Ha! a fat woman? the knight may be robbed: I'll call. — Bully knight! Bully Sir John! speak from thy lungs military: Art thou there? it is thine Host, thine Ephesian, calls.

Fal. [*Above.*] How now, mine Host?

Host. Here's a Bohemian-Tartar tarries the coming down of thy fat woman: Let her descend, bully, let her descend; my chambers are honourable: Fie! privacy? fie!

Enter FALSTAFF.

Fal. There was, mine Host, an old fat woman even now with me; but she's gone.

[1] The usual furniture of chambers, at that time, was a *standing-bed*, under which was a *trochle*, *truckle*, or *running* bed: from *trochlea*, a low wheel or castor. In the standing bed lay the master, in the truckle the servant.

[2] That is, a cannibal: mine Host uses these fustian words to astonish Simple

Sim. Pray you, sir, was't not the wise woman[3] of Brentford?

Fal. Ay, marry, was it, muscle-shell:[4] What would you with her?

Sim. My master, sir, my master Slender, sent to her, seeing her go thorough the streets, to know, sir, whether one Nym, sir, that beguil'd him of a chain, had the chain, or no.

Fal. I spake with the old woman about it.

Sim. And what says she, I pray, sir?

Fal. Marry, she says that the very same man that beguil'd master Slender of his chain, cozen'd him of it.

Sim. I would I could have spoken with the woman herself: I had other things to have spoken with her too, from him.

Fal. What are they? let us know.

Host. Ay, come; quick.

Sim. I may not conceal[5] them, sir.

Fal. Conceal them, or thou diest.

Sim. Why, sir, they were nothing but about mistress Anne Page; to know if it were my master's fortune to have her, or no.

Fal. 'Tis, 'tis his fortune.

Sim. What, sir?

Fal. To have her,— or no: Go; say, the woman told me so.

Sim. May I be so bold to say so, sir?

Fal. Ay, Sir Tike;[6] who more bold?

[3] Scott in his Discovery of Witchcraft says: "At this day it is indifferent in the English tongue to say, She is a *witch*, or, She is a *wise-woman*." H.

[4] He calls poor Simple *muscle-shell*, because he stands with his mouth open.

[5] The "muscle-shell" means *reveal*. H.

[6] The force of tike as here used may be seen in Burns's tale

Sim. I thank your worship: I shall make my master glad with these tidings. [*Exit* SIMPLE.

Host. Thou art clerkly,[7] thou art clerkly, Sir John: Was there a wise woman with thee?

Fal. Ay, that there was, mine Host; one that hath taught me more wit than ever I learn'd before in my life: and I paid nothing for it neither, but was paid for my learning.

Enter BARDOLPH.

Bard. Out, alas, sir! cozenage; mere cozenage!

Host. Where be my horses? speak well of them, varletto.

Bard. Run away with the cozeners: for so soon as I came beyond Eton, they threw me off, from behind one of them, in a slough of mire; and set spurs, and away, like three German devils, three Doctor Faustuses.[8]

Host. They are gone but to meet the duke, villain: Do not say, they be fled: Germans are honest men.

Enter Sir HUGH EVANS.

Eva. Where is mine Host?

Host. What is the matter, sir?

of The Twa Dogs; one of which was a dog "o' high degree," whose

"locked, letter'd, braw brass collar
Show'd him the gentleman and scholar;"

the other was "a ploughman's collie:" —

'He was a gash an' faithfu' *tyke*
As ever lap a sheugh or dyke.
His honest, sonsie, braws'nt face
Aye gat him friends in ilka place."

The word is still used thus in Yorkshire and Scotland. H.

[7] That is, scholar-like.

[8] Dr. Faustus was a German necromancer, made popular by the story of his life and acts, and by Marlowe's play. H.

Eva. Have a care of your entertainments: there is a friend of mine come to town tells me, there is three cousin germans, that has cozen'd all the hosts of Readings, of Maidenhead, of Colebrook, of horses and money. I tell you for good-will, look you: you are wise, and full of gibes and vlouting-stogs; and it is not convenient you should be cozen'd: Fare you well. [*Exit.*

Enter Doctor CAIUS.

Caius. Vere is mine Host *de Jarterre?*

Host. Here, master doctor, in perplexity, and doubtful dilemma.

Caius. I cannot tell vat is dat: but it is tell-a me, dat you make grand preparations for a duke *de Jarmany:* by my trot, dere is no duke, dat the court is know to come; I tell you for good vill: adieu. [*Exit.*

Host. Hue and cry, villain! go. — Assist me, knight; I am undone. — Fly, run, hue and cry, villain! I am undone! [*Exeunt Host and* BARDOLPH.

Fal. I would all the world might be cozen'd; for I have been cozen'd and beaten too. If it should come to the ear of the court, how I have been transformed, and how my transformation hath been wash'd and cudgel'd, they would melt me out of my fat, drop by drop, and liquor fishermen's boots with me: I warrant they would whip me with their fine wits, till I were as crest-fallen as a dried pear. I never prosper'd since I forswore myself at *Primero.*[*] Well, if my wind were but long enough to say my prayers, I would repent. —

Enter Mrs. QUICKLY.

Now! whence come you?

[*] *Primero* was the fashionable *game at cards* in Shakespeare's time.

Quick. From the two parties, forsooth.

Fal. The devil take one party, and his dam the other, and so they shall be both bestowed! I have suffer'd more for their sakes, more than the villanous inconstancy of man's disposition is able to bear.

Quick. And have not they suffer'd? Yes, I warrant; speciously one of them: mistress Ford, good heart, is beaten black and blue, that you cannot see a white spot about her.

Fal. What tell'st thou me of black and blue! I was beaten myself into all the colours of the rainbow, and I was like to be apprehended for the witch of Brentford; but that my admirable dexterity of wit, my counterfeiting the action of an old woman, deliver'd me, the knave constable had set me i' the stocks, i' the common stocks, for a witch.

Quick. Sir, let me speak with you in your chamber: you shall hear how things go; and, I warrant, to your content. Here is a letter will say somewhat. Good hearts, what ado here is to bring you together! Sure, one of you does not serve Heaven well, that you are so cross'd.

Fal. Come up into my chamber. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. Another Room in the Garter Inn.

Enter FENTON *and Host.*

Host. Master Fenton, talk not to me: my mind is heavy; I will give over all.

Fent. Yet hear me speak: Assist me in my purpose,
And, as I am a gentleman, I'll give thee
A hundred pound in gold, more than your loss.

Host. I will hear you, master Fenton; and I will, at the least, keep your counsel.

Fent. From time to time I have acquainted you
With the dear love I bear to fair Anne Page;
Who, mutually, hath answer'd my affection,
(So far forth as herself might be her chooser,)
Even to my wish: I have a letter from her
Of such contents as you will wonder at;
The mirth whereof so larded with my matter,
That neither, singly, can be manifested,
Without the show of both; — wherein fat Falstaff
Hath a great scene: the image of the jest
[*Showing the letter*
I'll show you here at large. Hark, good mine Host:
To-night at Herne's oak, just 'twixt twelve and one,
Must my sweet Nan present the fairy queen;
The purpose why, is here;[1] in which disguise,
While other jests are something rank on foot,
Her father hath commanded her to slip
Away with Slender, and with him at Eton
Immediately to marry: she hath consented.
Now, sir,
Her mother, ever strong against that match,
And firm for doctor Caius, hath appointed
That he shall likewise shuffle her away,
While other sports are tasking of their minds,
And at the deanery, where a priest attends,
Straight marry her: to this her mother's plot
She, seemingly obedient, likewise hath
Made promise to the doctor. — Now, thus it rests:
Her father means she shall be all in white;
And in that habit, when Slender sees his time
To take her by the hand, and bid her go,
She shall go with him: — her mother hath intended
The better to denote her to the doctor,
(For they must all be mask'd and vizarded,)

[1] In the letter.

That quaint[2] in green she shall be loose enrob'd,
With ribands pendant, flaring 'bout her head:
And when the doctor spies his vantage ripe,
To pinch her by the hand, and, on that token,
The maid hath given consent to go with him.

Host. Which means she to deceive? father o. mother?

Fent. Both, my good Host, to go along with me:
And here it rests, — that you'll procure the vicar
To stay for me at church, 'twixt twelve and one,
And, in the lawful name of marrying,
To give our hearts united ceremony.

Host. Well, husband your device: I'll to the vicar:
Bring you the maid, you shall not lack a priest.

Fent. So shall I evermore be bound to thee;
Besides, I'll make a present recompense. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE 1. A Room in the Garter Inn.

Enter FALSTAFF *and Mrs.* QUICKLY.

Fal. Pr'ythee, no more prattling; — go. — I'll hold:[1] This is the third time; I hope, good luck lies in odd numbers. Away, go; they say there is divinity in odd numbers, either in nativity, chance, or death. — Away.

Quick. I'll provide you a chain; and I'll do what I can to get you a pair of horns.

[2] *Quaint*, here, may mean *neatly*, or *elegantly*, which were ancient acceptations of the word, and not *fantastically*: but either sense will suit.

[1] Keep to the time.

Fal. Away, I say; time wears: hold up your head and mince.[2] [*Exit Mrs.* QUICKLY

Enter FORD.

How now, master Brook? Master Brook, the matter will be known to-night, or never. Be you in the Park about midnight, at Herne's oak, and you shall see wonders.

Ford. Went you not to her yesterday, sir, as you told me you had appointed?

Fal. I went to her, master Brook, as you see, like a poor old man: but I came from her, master Brook, like a poor old woman. That same knave, Ford, her husband, hath the finest mad devil of jealousy in him, master Brook, that ever govern'd frenzy. I will tell you: — He beat me grievously, in the shape of a woman; for in the shape of man, master Brook, I fear not Goliah with a weaver's beam; because I know also, life is a shuttle.[3] I am in haste: go along with me; I'll tell you all, master Brook. Since I pluck'd geese,[4] play'd truant, and whipp'd top, I knew not what 't was to be beaten, till lately. Follow me: I'll tell you strange things of this knave Ford; on whom to-night I will be revenged, and I will deliver his wife into your hand. — Follow: Strange things in hand, master Brook! follow.

[*Exeunt*

[2] That is, *walk: to mince* signified to walk with affected delicacy.

[3] An allusion to the Book of Job, c. vii. v. 6. "My days are swifter than a weaver's *shuttle*."

[4] To strip a living goose of its feathers was formerly an act of puerile barbarity

SCENE II. Windsor Park.

Enter PAGE, SHALLOW, *and* SLENDER.

Page. Come, come; we'll couch i' the castle-ditch, till we see the light of our fairies. — Remember, son Slender, my daughter.

Slen. Ay, forsooth; I have spoke with her, and we have a nay-word[1] how to know one another. I come to her in white, and cry "mum;" she cries "budget;" and by that we know one another.

Shal. That's good too: But what needs either your "mum," or her "budget;" the white will decipher her well enough. — It hath struck ten o'clock.

Page. The night is dark; light and spirits will become it well. Heaven prosper our sport! No man means evil but the devil,[2] and we shall know him by his horns. Let's away; follow me. [*Exeunt*

SCENE III. A Street in Windsor.

Enter Mrs. PAGE, *Mrs.* FORD, *and Dr.* CAIUS.

Mrs. Page. Master doctor, my daughter is in green: when you see your time, take her by the hand, away with her to the deanery, and despatch it quickly. Go before into the park: we two must go together.

Caius. I know vat I have to do: Adieu.

Mrs. Page. Fare you well, sir. [*Exit* CAIUS.] My husband will not rejoice so much at the abuse of Falstaff, as he will chafe at the doctor's marry

[1] Watchword.

[2] Page indirectly alludes to Falstaff, who was to have horns on his head.

ing my daughter: but 'tis no matter; better a little chiding, than a great deal of heart-break.

Mrs. Ford. Where is Nan now, and her troop of fairies? and the Welch devil, Hugh?

Mrs. Page. They are all couch'd in a pit hard by Herne's oak, with obscur'd lights; which at the very instant of Falstaff's and our meeting, they will at once display to the night.

Mrs. Ford. That cannot choose but amaze him.

Mrs. Page. If he be not amaz'd, he will be mock'd; if he be amaz'd, he will every way be mock'd.

Mrs. Ford. We'll betray him finely.

Mrs. Page. Against such lewdsters, and their lechery,
Those that betray them do no treachery.

Mrs. Ford. The hour draws on: To the oak, to the oak! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. Windsor Park.

Enter Sir HUGH EVANS *and Fairies.*

Eva. Trib, trib, fairies: come; and remember your parts: Be pold, I pray you; follow me into the pit; and when I give the watch-'ords, do as I pid you: Come, come; trib, trib. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. Another part of the Park.

Enter FALSTAFF *disguised, with a buck's head on.*

Fal. The Windsor bell hath struck twelve; the minute draws on. Now, the hot-blooded gods assist me:—Remember, Jove, thou wast a bull for thy Europa; love set on thy horns:—O powerful love! that, in some respects, makes a beast a man; in

some other, a man a beast. — You were also, Jupiter, a swan, for the love of Leda: — O, omnipotent love! how near the god drew to the complexion of a goose! — A fault done first in the form of a beast — O Jove, a beastly fault! and then another fault in the semblance of a fowl: think on't, Jove; a foul fault. — When gods have hot backs, what shall poor men do? For me, I am here a Windsor stag; and the fattest, I think, i' the forest: send me a cool rut-time, Jove, or who can blame me to piss my tallow?[1] Who comes here? my doe?

Enter Mrs. FORD *and Mrs.* PAGE.

Mrs. Ford. Sir John? art thou there, my deer? my male deer?

Fal. My doe with the black scut? — Let the sky rain potatoes; let it thunder to the tune of "Green Sleeves;" hail kissing-comfits, and snow eringoes; let there come a tempest of provocation,[2] I will shelter me here. [*Embracing her.*

Mrs. Ford. Mistress Page is come with me, sweetheart.

Fal. Divide me like a bribe-buck,[3] each a haunch: I will keep my sides to myself, my shoulders for the

[1] This is technical. "During the time of their rut the harts live with small sustenance. — The red mushroome helpeth well to make them pysse their greace, they are then in so vehement heat." — *Turberville's Book of Hunting*, 1575.

[2] The sweet potato was used in England as a delicacy long before the introduction of the common potato by Sir Walter Raleigh in 1586. It was imported in considerable quantities from Spain and the Canaries, and was supposed to possess the power of restoring decayed vigour. The kissing-comfits were principally made of these and eringo roots, and were perfumed to make the breath sweet. Gerarde attributes the same virtues to the common potato, which he distinguishes as the Virginian sort.

[3] That is, according to Theobald, a buck sent as a bribe. The original has brib'd buck; and *bribe* anciently meant *steal*. So that a brib'd buck is a stolen buck. H.

fellow[4] of this walk, and my horns I bequeath your husbands. Am I a woodman?[5] ha! Speak I like Herne the hunter? — Why, now is Cupid a child of conscience; he makes restitution. As I am a true spirit, welcome! [*Noise within.*

Mrs. Page. Alas! What noise?

Mrs. Ford. Heaven forgive our sins!

Fal. What should this be?

Mrs. Ford. } Away, away! [*They run off.*
Mrs. Page. }

Fal. I think the devil will not have me damn'd, lest the oil that is in me should set hell on fire; he would never else cross me thus.

Enter Sir HUGH EVANS, *like a satyr; Mrs.* QUICKLY, *and* PISTOL; ANNE PAGE, *as the Fairy Queen, attended by her brother and others, dressed like fairies, with waxen tapers on their heads.*

Anne. Fairies, black, grey, green, and white,
You moonshine revellers, and shades of night,
You ouphen-heirs[6] of fixed destiny,
Attend your office, and your quality.[7] ——
Crier Hobgoblin, make the fairy oyes.

[4] The *keeper*. The shoulders of the buck were among his perquisites.

[5] The *woodman* was an attendant on the forester. It is here however used in a wanton sense, for one who chooses female game for the object of his pursuit. Thus, in Measure for Measure, Lucio says, "The Duke is a better woodman than thou takest him for."

[6] The old copy reads *orphan*-heirs. Warburton reads *ouphen*, and not without plausibility; *ouphes* being mentioned before and afterward. Malone thinks it means mortals by birth, but adopted by the fairies; *orphans* in respect of their real parents, and now only dependent on *destiny* herself. — *Singer.*

We cannot help thinking that *ouphen* is the true word; the meaning being, "fairy children, who execute the decrees of destiny." H.

[7] Profession.

Pist. Elves, list your names: silence, you airy toys!
Cricket, to Windsor chimneys when thou'st leapt,
Where fires thou find'st unrak'd, and hearths unswept,
There pinch the maids as blue as bilberry:
Our radiant queen hates sluts, and sluttery.[8]
Fal. They are fairies; he that speaks to them shall die:
I'll wink and couch: No man their works must eye.
[*Lies down upon his face.*
Eva. Where's Bead? — Go you, and where you find a maid,

[8] This office of the ancient fairies appears to have been quite a favourite theme with poets. Thus in Drayton's Nymphidia:

"These make our girls their sluttery rue,
By pinching them both black and blue,
And put a penny in their shoe,
The house for cleanly sweeping."

So also in an old ballad entitled The Merry Pranks of Robin Goodfellow, sometimes attributed to Ben Jonson:

"When house and harth doth sluttish lye,
I pinch the maidens black and blue;
The bed-clothes from the bedd pull I,
And lay them naked all to view."

And again in the ancient song of the Fairy Queen:

"And, if the house be foul
With platter, dish, or bowl,
Up stairs we nimbly creep,
And find the sluts asleep:
There we pinch their arms and thighes;
None escapes, nor none espies.
But if the house be swept,
And from uncleanness kept,
We praise the household maid,
And duely she is paid:
For we use before we goe
To drop a tester in her shoe."

It were a curious inquiry, what this superstition had to do, as cause or effect, with the well-known cleanliness of the English people. H.

That, ere she sleep, has thrice her prayers said,
Raise up the organs of her fantasy,[9]
Sleep she as sound as careless infancy;
But those as sleep, and think not on their sins,
Pinch them, arms, legs, backs, shoulders, sides, and shins.

Anne. About, about!
Search Windsor castle, elves, within and out:
Strew good luck, ouphes, on every sacred room;
That it may stand till the perpetual doom,
In state as wholesome, as in state 'tis fit;
Worthy the owner, and the owner it.
The several chairs of order look you scour
With juice of balm, and every precious flower:[10]
Each fair instalment, coat, and several crest,
With loyal blazon, evermore be blest!
And nightly, meadow-fairies, look, you sing,
Like to the Garter's compass, in a ring:
The expressure that it bears, green let it be,
More fertile-fresh than all the field to see;
And, *Honi soit qui mal y pense*, write,
In emerald tufts, flowers purple, blue, and white;
Like sapphire, pearl, and rich embroidery,
Buckled below fair knighthood's bending knee:
Fairies use flowers for their charactery.[11]
Away; disperse: But, till 'tis one o'clock,
Our dance of custom, round about the oak
Of Herne the hunter, let us not forget.

Eva. Pray you, lock hand in hand; yourselves in order set:

[9] That is, elevate her fancy, and amuse her tranquil mind with some delightful vision, *though* she sleep as soundly as an infant.

[10] It was an article of ancient luxury to rub tables, &c. with aromatic herbs. Pliny informs us that the Romans did so to drive away evil spirits.

[11] *Charactery* is a writing by characters, or by strange marks.

And twenty glow-worms shall our lanterns be,
To guide our measure round about the tree.
But, stay! I smell a man of middle earth.[12]

Fal. Heaven defend me from that Welch fairy, lest he transform me to a piece of cheese!

Pist. Vile worm, thou wast o'erlook'd[13] even in thy birth.

Anne. With trial-fire touch me his finger-end:
If he be chaste, the flame will back descend,
And turn him to no pain; but if he start,
It is the flesh of a corrupted heart.

Pist. A trial! come.

Eva. Come, will this wood take fire!
[*They burn him with their tapers.*

Fal. Oh, oh, oh!

Anne. Corrupt, corrupt, and tainted in desire!
About him, fairies; sing a scornful rhyme;
And, as you trip, still pinch him to your time.[14]

Song.

Fie on sinful fantasy!
Fie on lust and luxury!

[12] The globe was often called "middle earth." H.

[13] By *o'erlooked* is here meant *bewitched* by an evil eye. This use of the word sprung from the popular belief, that the eyes of fairies and witches were full of spells and enchantments. See note on the Merchant of Venice, Act iii. sc. 2: "Beshrew your eyes, they have *o'erlooked* me." H.

[14] After this line Malone and others add the following from the quartos:

"*Eva.* It is right; indeed he is full of lecheries and iniquity."

It is to be observed, that in this interlude the speakers, except Falstaff, do not appear in their own characters: they are acting parts; and surely Sir Hugh would not speak any thing that was not put down for him. It is true, Falstaff a little before speaks of "that Welch fairy;" but he does this from the Welchman's accent, not from his saying any thing that is not in his part. H.

Lust is but a bloody fire,
Kindled with unchaste desire,
Fed in heart; whose flames aspire,
As thoughts do blow them, higher and higher.
Pinch him, fairies, mutually;
Pinch him for his villany;
Pinch him, and burn him, and turn him about,
Till candles, and starlight, and moonshine be out

[*During this song, the fairies pinch* FALSTAFF. *Doctor* CAIUS *comes one way, and steals away a fairy in green;* SLENDER *another way, and takes off a fairy in white; and* FENTON *comes, and steals away* ANNE PAGE. *A noise of hunting is made within. All the fairies run away.* FALSTAFF *pulls off his buck's head, and rises.*]

Enter PAGE, FORD, *Mrs.* PAGE, *and Mrs.* FORD. *They lay hold on him.*

Page. Nay, do not fly: I think we have watch'd you now.
Will none but Herne the hunter serve your turn?
Mrs. Page. I pray you, come; hold up the jest no higher: —
Now, good Sir John, how like you Windsor wives?
See you these, husband? do not these fair yokes[15]
Become the forest better than the town?
Ford. Now, sir, who's a cuckold now? — Master Brook, Falstaff's a knave, a cuckoldy knave; here are his horns, master Brook: And, master Brook, he hath enjoyed nothing of Ford's but his buck-basket, his cudgel, and twenty pounds of money,

[15] The extremities of *yokes* for oxen, as still used in several counties of England, bend upwards, and, rising very high, in shape resemble *horns*.

which must be paid to master Brook: his horses are arrested for it, master Brook.

Mrs. Ford. Sir John, we have had ill luck; we could never meet. I will never take you for my love again, but I will always count you my deer.

Fal. I do begin to perceive that I am made an ass.

Ford. Ay, and an ox too; both the proofs are extant.

Fal. And these are not fairies? I was three or four times in the thought, they were not fairies: and yet the guiltiness of my mind, the sudden surprise of my powers, drove the grossness of the foppery into a receiv'd belief, in despite of the teeth of all rhyme and reason, that they were fairies. See now, how wit may be made a Jack-a-lent, when 'tis upon ill employment!

Eva. Sir John Falstaff, serve Got, and leave your desires, and fairies will not pinse you.

Ford. Well said, fairy Hugh.

Eva. And leave you your jealousies too, I pray you.

Ford. I will never mistrust my wife again, till thou art able to woo her in good English.

Fal. Have I laid my brain in the sun, and dried it, that it wants matter to prevent so gross o'er-reaching as this? Am I ridden with a Welch goat too? Shall I have a coxcomb of frize?[16] 'Tis time I were chok'd with a piece of toasted cheese.

Eva. Seese is not good to give putter: your pelly is all putter.

Fal. Seese and putter! Have I lived to stand at the taunt of one that makes fritters of English?

[16] That is, a fool's cap made out of Welch materials. Wales was famous for this cloth.

This is enough to be the decay of lust and late walking through the realm.

Mrs. Page. Why, Sir John, do you think, though we would have thrust virtue out of our hearts by the head and shoulders, and have given ourselves without scruple to hell, that ever the devil could have made you our delight?

Ford. What! a hodge-pudding? a bag of flax?

Mrs. Page. A puff'd man?

Page. Old, cold, wither'd, and of intolerable entrails?

Ford. And one that is as slanderous as Satan?

Page. And as poor as Job?

Ford. And as wicked as his wife?

Eva. And given to fornications, and to taverns, and sack, and wine, and metheglins, and to drinkings, and swearings, and starings, pribbles and prabbles?

Fal. Well, I am your theme: you have the start of me; I am dejected; I am not able to answer the Welch flannel:[17] Ignorance itself is a plummet o'er me:[18] use me as you will.

Ford. Marry, sir, we'll bring you to Windsor, to one master Brook, that you have cozen'd of money, to whom you should have been a pander: over and above that you have suffer'd, I think, to repay that money will be a biting affliction.[19]

[17] The very word *flannel* is derived from a Welch one, and it is almost unnecessary to add that it was originally the manufacture of Wales.

[18] Ignorance itself weighs me down, and oppresses me.

[19] After this speech the following is usually added from the quartos:

"*Mrs. Ford.* Nay, husband, let that go to make amends: Forgive that sum, and so we'll all be friends.

Ford. Well, here's my hand; all's forgiven at last."

Those who have taken this from the quartos have not told us why they left out some other matter that is equally there. H.

Page. Yet be cheerful, knight: thou shalt eat a posset to-night at my house; where I will desire thee to laugh at my wife, that now laughs at thee: Tell her, master Slender hath married her daughter.

Mrs. Page. [*Aside.*] Doctors doubt that: If Anne Page be my daughter, she is, by this, doctor Caius' wife.

Enter SLENDER.

Slen. Whoo! ho! ho! father Page!

Page. Son! how now? how now, son? have you despatch'd?

Slen. Despatch'd! — I'll make the best in Gloucestershire know on't; would I were hang'd, la, else.

Page. Of what, son?

Slen. I came yonder at Eton to marry mistress Anne Page, and she's a great lubberly boy. If it had not been i' the church, I would have swing'd him, or he should have swing'd me. If I did not think it had been Anne Page, would I might never stir; and 'tis a post-master's boy.

Page. Upon my life, then, you took the wrong.

Slen. What need you tell me that? I think so, when I took a boy for a girl: If I had been married to him, for all he was in woman's apparel, I would not have had him.

Page. Why, this is your own folly. Did not I tell you, how you should know my daughter by her garments?

Slen. I went to her in white, and cried "mum," and she cried "budget," as Anne and I had appointed; and yet it was not Anne, but a post-master's boy.[20]

[20] Here, again, we commonly have the following thrust in from the quartos:

"*Eva.* Jeshu! master Slender, cannot you see but marry boys?

Page. O, I am vex'd at heart! What shall I do?"

Mrs. Page. Good George, be not angry: I knew of your purpose; turn'd my daughter into green; and, indeed, she is now with the doctor at the deanery, and there married.

Enter CAIUS.

Caius. Vere is mistress Page? By gar, I am cozened: I ha' married *un garçon*, a boy; *un paisan*, by gar, a boy; it is not Anne Page: by gar, I am cozened.

Mrs. Page. Why, did you take her in green?

Caius. Ay, be gar, and 'tis a boy: be gar, I'll raise all Windsor. [*Exit* CAIUS.

Ford. This is strange! Who hath got the right Anne?

Page. My heart misgives me: Here comes master Fenton.

Enter FENTON *and* ANNE PAGE.

How now, master Fenton?

Anne. Pardon, good father! good my mother, pardon!

Page. Now, mistress! how chance you went not with master Slender?

Mrs. Page. Why went you not with master doctor, maid?

Fent. You do amaze[21] her: Hear the truth of it.
You would have married her most shamefully,
Where there was no proportion held in love.
The truth is, she and I, long since contracted,
Are now so sure that nothing can dissolve us.
The offence is holy that she hath committed:
And this deceit loses the name of craft,

[21] Confound her by your questions.

Of disobedience, or unduteous guile;
Since therein she doth evitate[22] and shun
A thousand irreligious cursed hours,
Which forced marriage would have brought upon her.

Ford. Stand not amaz'd: here is no remedy. —
In love, the heavens themselves do guide the state:
Money buys lands, and wives are sold by fate.

Fal. I am glad, though you have ta'en a special stand to strike at me, that your arrow hath glanc'd.

Page. Well, what remedy? Fenton, heaven give thee joy!
What cannot be eschew'd, must be embrac'd.

Fal. When night-dogs run, all sorts of deer are chas'd.[23]

Mrs. Page. Well, I will muse no further: — master Fenton,
Heaven give you many, many merry days!
Good husband, let us every one go home,
And laugh this sport o'er by a country fire;
Sir John and all.

Ford. Let it be so: — Sir John,
To master Brook you yet shall hold your word;
For he to-night shall lie with mistress Ford. [*Exeunt.*

[22] Avoid.

[23] Here, too, we commonly have a line added from the quartos.
"*Eva.* I will dance and eat plums at your wedding."

It is questionable whether these passages, evidently either not written by the Poet, or else thrown out in the revisal, ought to have a place even in the notes. H.

THE PASSIONATE SHEPHERD TO HIS LOVE.

BY CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE.

[Referred to in The Merry Wives of Windsor, Act iii. Sc. i.]

Come live with me, and be my love,
And we will all the pleasures prove
That vallies, groves, and hills and field,
Or woods and steepy mountains yield.

Where we will sit upon the rocks,
And see the shepherds feed their flocks,
By shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals.

And I will make thee beds of roses,
And a thousand fragrant posies;
A cap of flowers, and a kirtle,
Embroider'd all with leaves of myrtle:

A gown made of the finest wool,
Which from our pretty lambs we pull;
Fair lined slippers for the cold,
With buckles of the purest gold:

A belt of straw and ivy buds,
With coral clasps and amber studs;
And if these pleasures may thee move,
Come live with me, and be my love.

The shepherd swains shall dance and sing
For thy delight, each May-morning:
If these delights thy mind may move,
Then live with me, and be my love.

THE NYMPH'S REPLY.

BY SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

If all the world and love were young,
And truth in every shepherd's tongue,
These pretty pleasures might me move
To live with thee, and be thy love.

But time drives flocks from field to fold
When rivers rage, and rocks grow cold,
Then Philomel becometh dumb,
And age complains of cares to come.

The flowers do fade, and wanton fields
To wayward winter reckoning yields;
A honey tongue, a heart of gall,
Is fancy's spring, but sorrow's fall.

Thy gowns, thy shoes, thy beds of roses,
Thy cap, thy kirtle, and thy posies,
Soon break, soon wither, soon forgotten,
In folly ripe, in reason rotten.

Thy belt of straw and ivy-buds,
Thy coral clasps and amber studs,
All these in me no means can move
To come to thee, and be thy love.

But could youth last and love still breed,
Had joys no date, nor age no need,
Then these delights my mind might move
To live with thee, and be thy love.

INTRODUCTION

TO

TWELFTH NIGHT, OR WHAT YOU WILL.

TWELFTH NIGHT, OR WHAT YOU WILL, originally appeared in the folio of 1623, being the thirteenth in the list of Comedies. We keep to the order of the Chiswick edition, not so much because of any reason for it, as because we can discover no good reason for departing from it. The arrangement of the first edition seems preferable, simply as being the first; but the change, though made capriciously, may as well stand, till something better than caprice plead for restoration.

In default of positive information, Twelfth Night was for a long time set down as among the last-written of our author's plays. This opinion was based upon such slight indications gathered from the work itself, as could have no weight but in the absence of other proofs. For example, the word *undertaker* occurs in the play; therefore Tyrwhitt dated the writing of it in 1614, because the term was that year applied to certain men who *undertook* to carry matters in Parliament according to the King's liking; their arts and methods probably being much the same as are used by the lobby members of American legislatures: from which Mr. Verplanck very naturally infers that some of the Anglo-Saxon blood still runs in the veins of our republic. Chalmers, however, supposing that reference was had to the *undertakers* for colonizing Ulster in 1613, assigned the play to that year; and was confirmed therein by the Poet's use of the term Sophy, because the same year Sir Anthony Shirley published his Travels, wherein something was said about the Sophy of Persia. Perhaps it did not occur to either of these men that Shakespeare might have taken up the former word from its general use and meaning, not from any special applications of it; these being apt to infer that it was already understood. Malone at first fixed upon 1614, but afterwards changed it to 1607, because the play contains the expression, "westward-hoe!" and Dekker's comedy entitled Westward-Hoe came out

that year; thus assuming that the play gave currency to the phrase, instead of being so named because the phrase was already common. Several other arguments of like sort were urged in favour of this or that date, — arguments for which the best apology is, that the authors had nothing better to build conjecture upon.

All these inferences have been set aside, and their weakness shown, by a recent discovery. In 1828 Mr. Collier, while delving in the "musty records of antiquity" stored away in the Museum, — a work not more toilsome to him than gratifying to us, — met with the following memorandum in a Diary preserved among the Harleian Manuscripts:

"Feb. 2, 1602. At our feast we had a play called *Twelve night or what you will*, much like the Comedy of Errors, or Menechmi in Plautus, but most like and near to that in Italian called Inganni. A good practice in it to make the steward believe his lady widow was in love with him, by counterfeiting a letter, as from his lady, in general terms telling him what she liked best in him, and prescribing his gestures, his apparel, &c., and then when he came to practise, making him believe they took him to be mad."

The authorship of the Diary containing this precious item was unknown to Mr. Collier, till the Rev. Joseph Hunter ascertained it to be the work of John Manningham, a barrister who was entered at the Middle Temple in 1597. The occasion of the performance thus noted down by Manningham was the feast of the Purification, anciently called Candlemas; — an important link in the course of festivities that used to continue from Christmas to Shrovetide. It would seem that the benchers and members of the several Inns were wont to enrich their convivialities with a course of wit and poetry. And the glorious old Temple is yet standing, where one of Shakespeare's sweetest plays was enjoyed by his contemporaries, at a time when this annual jubilee had rendered their minds congenial and apt, and when Christians have so much cause to be happy and gentle and kind, and therefore to cherish the convivial delectations whence kindness and happiness naturally grow. It scarce need be said that a new grace is added to that ancient and venerable structure by this relic of John Manningham, whom a few strokes of the pen have rendered immortal so long after all other memorials of him had been swept away.

Twelfth Night, therefore, was unquestionably written before 1602. That it was not written before 1598, is probable from its not being spoken of in Meres' *Palladis Tamia*, which came out that year. This probability is heightened almost to certainty by what Maria says of Malvolio in his ludicrous beatitude: "He does smile his face into more lines than are in the new map, with the augmentation of the Indies;" which is evidently an allusion to some contemporary matter, and was so regarded before the date of any such multilineal map was known. It is now ascertained

that an English version of Linschoten's Discourse of Voyages, containing a map exactly answering to Maria's description, was published in 1598. The allusion can hardly be to any thing else; and the words *new map* would seem to infer that the passage was written not long after the appearance of the map in question. Dr. Ulrici and other German critics, thinking Twelfth Night to be glanced at in Ben Jonson's Every Man out of His Humour, which was first acted in 1599, of course conclude the former play to have been made before that date. But we can discover nothing in Jonson's play, that may be fairly construed as an allusion to Twelfth Night.

On the other hand, there is good reason for thinking that the play was not made before 1600. For on the 22d of June that year the Privy Council issued an order laying very severe restrictions upon stage performances. After prescribing "that there shall be about the city two houses and no more, allowed to serve for the use of common stage plays; of the which houses, one shall be in Surrey, in the place commonly called *The Bankside*, or thereabouts, and the other in Middlesex;" the order runs thus: "Forasmuch as these stage plays, by the multitude of houses and company of players, have been so frequent, not serving for recreation, but inviting and calling the people daily from their trade and work to misspend their time; it is likewise ordered, that the two several companies of players, assigned unto the two houses allowed, may play each of them in their several houses twice a week, and no oftener: and especially they shall refrain to play on the Sabbath day, upon pain of imprisonment and further penalty. And they shall forbear altogether in the time of Lent, and likewise at such time and times as any extraordinary sickness, or infection of disease, shall appear to be in or about the city." This paper was directed to the Lord Mayor and the Justices of Middlesex and Surrey, "strictly charging them to see to the execution of the same;" and it is plain, that if rigidly enforced it would have amounted almost to a total suppression of play-houses, as the expenses of such establishments could hardly have been met, in the face of so great drawbacks.

In Twelfth Night, Act iii. sc. 1, the Clown says to Viola,—"But, indeed, words are very rascals, since bonds disgraced them;" which strikes us as a probable allusion to the forecited order. Moreover, the Puritans were especially forward and zealous in urging the complaints which put the Privy Council upon issuing this stringent process; and it will hardly be disputed that the character of Malvolio was meant as a satire upon the virtues of that extraordinary people. That the Poet should be somewhat provoked by their instrumentality in bringing about such tight restraints upon the freedom of his art, was certainly natural enough. And surely it is no slight addition to their many claims on our gratitude, that their characteristic violence against the liberty of

others, and their innate aptness to think, "because they were virtuous, there should be no more cakes and ale," called forth so rich and withal so good-natured a piece of retaliation. And it is a considerable instance of the Poet's equanimity, that he dealt so fairly by them notwithstanding their vexatious assaults, being content merely to play off upon them the divine witchcraft of his genius. Perhaps it should be remarked, that the order in question, though solicited by the authorities of the city, was not enforced; for even at this early date those righteous magistrates had hit upon the method, which they afterwards plied with such fatal success, of stimulating the complaints of discontented citizens, till orders were taken to remove the alleged grievances, and then letting such orders sleep, lest the enforcing thereof should hush those complaints, and thus lose them their cherished opportunities of annoying the Government.

The critics all agree that some outlines of the serious portion of Twelfth Night were drawn, directly or indirectly, from the Italian of Bandello. Several intermediate sources have been pointed out, to which the Poet may have gone; and among them the English of Barnabe Rich, and the French of Belleforest, either of which might well enough have been the true one. Besides these, two Italian plays have lately been discovered, severally entitled *Gl' Inganni* and *Gl' Ingannati*, both also founded upon Bandello, though differing considerably from each other. From the way Manningham speaks, it would seem that *Gl' Inganni* was generally regarded at the time as the original of so much of Twelfth Night as was borrowed: yet the play has less of resemblance to this than to any of the other sources mentioned. The point, however, where they all agree, is in having a brother and sister so much alike in person and habit as to be indistinguishable; upon which some of the main incidents are made to turn. In *Gl' Ingannati* there is the further resemblance that Lelia, the heroine, in the disguise of a page serves Flamminio, with whom she is in love, but who is in love with a lady named Isabella; and that Flamminio employs Lelia to plead his cause with Isabella. Mr. Collier thinks it cannot be said with any certainty, that Shakespeare resorted to either of the Italian plays, though he may have read both while considering the best mode of adapting to the stage the incidents of Bandello's novel. As the leading points which they have in common with Shakespeare are much the same in all the authors in question, perhaps we cannot do better than to give an outline or brief abstract of the tale as told by Barnabe Rich; from which a pretty fair estimate of the Poet's obligations may be easily made out. The events of the story, as will be seen, are supposed to have taken place before Constantinople fell into the hands of the Turks.

A certain duke, named Apolonius, had served a year in the wars against the Turk. Returning homewards by sea, he was

driven by stress of weather to the isle of Cyprus, where he was well received by Pontus the governor, whose daughter Silla fell so deeply in love with him, that after his departure to Constantinople she forsook home in pursuit of him, having persuaded her man Pedro to go along with her. For security against such perils and injuries as are apt to befall young ladies in her situation, she assumed the dress and name of her brother Silvio, who was absent from home when she left. Coming to Constantinople she inquired out the residence of Apolonius, and presented herself before him, craving to be his servant; and he, being well disposed towards strangers and liking her appearance, took her into his service. Her smooth and gentle behaviour soon won his confidence, and her happy diligence in waiting upon him caused her to be advanced above all the rest of his servants in credit and trust.

At this time there dwelt in the city a lady widow named Julina, whose husband had lately died, leaving her large possessions and rich livings, and who, moreover, surpassed all the ladies of Constantinople in beauty. Her attractions of course proved too much for the Duke: he became an earnest suitor to the lady, and employed his new servant to carry his love-tokens and forward his suit. Thus, besides her other afflictions, this piece of disguised sweetness had to endure the greater one of being the instrument to work her own mishap, and of playing the attorney in a cause that made against herself: nevertheless, being altogether desirous to please her master, and caring nothing at all to offend herself, she urged his suit with as much zeal as if it had been her own preferment. But 'twas not long till Silla's sweetness stole through her disguise right into the heart of the lady Julina, who at length got so entangled with the often sight of this sweet temptation, that she fell as much in love with the servant as the master was with herself. Thus things went on, till one day Silla, being sent with a message to the lady, began to solicit very warmly for the Duke, when Julina interrupted her, saying,—Silvio, it is enough that you have said for your master: henceforth either speak for yourself, or say nothing at all.

Meanwhile Silla's brother, the right Silvio indeed, had returned home to Cyprus; and was much grieved to find her missing, whom he loved the more tenderly for that, besides being his own sister, she was so like him in person and feature that no one could distinguish them, save by their apparel. Learning how she had disappeared, and supposing that Pedro had seduced and stolen her away, he vowed to his father that he would not only seek out his sister, but take revenge on the servant. In this mind he departed, and, after seeking through many towns and cities in vain, arrived at Constantinople. One evening, as he was walking for recreation on a pleasant green without the walls of the city, he chanced to meet the lady Julina, who had also gone forth to take the air. Casting her eyes upon Silvio, and thinking him to

be the messenger that had so often done enchantment upon her, she drew him aside, and soon courted him into a successful courtship of herself. Of course she was not long in getting tied up beyond the Duke's hope. Now Apolonius had already conceived such a tender friendship for his gentle page as always makes the better part of a genuine love. The appearance of Silla's brother forthwith brings about a full disclosure what and who she is; whereupon the Duke, seeing the lady widow now quite beyond his reach, and learning what precious riches are already his in the form of a serving-man, transfers his heart to Silla, and takes her to his bosom.

The story of Apolonius and Silla, which was evidently made from the matter of Bandello's *Nicuola*, is in a collection entitled Rich's Farewell to The Military Profession, which was originally published somewhere between 1578 and 1581, and re-issued in 1606; — a book, says Rich, "containing very pleasant discourses fit for a peaceable time, and gathered together for the only delight of the courteous gentlewomen of England and Ireland." Whether Shakespeare drew directly from this source is very doubtful, there being no verbal resemblances whereby such obligations may usually be traced. Mr. Collier thinks there might be in Shakespeare's time some version of Bandello more like the original than that made by Rich; and that, whether there were or not, the Poet may have gone to the Italian story, since *Le Novelle di Bandello* were very well known in England as early as about the middle of the sixteenth century. It is observable that the lady Julina of Rich's novel, who answers to the Olivia of Twelfth Night, is a widow; and that Manningham speaks of Olivia as a "widow." Which suggests that she may have been so represented in the play as acted at the Readers' Feast in 1602; the Poet afterwards making the change: but it seems more likely that the barrister's recollections of Julina got mixed up with his impression of Olivia; the similarity of the stories being apt enough to generate such a confusion.

Thus it appears that the most objectionable, or rather the least admirable points in Twelfth Night are precisely those which were least original with the Poet; they being already familiar to his audience, and recommended to his use by the popular literature of the time. Nor is it to be overlooked that his borrowings relate only to the plot of the work, the poetry and character being all his own; and that, here as elsewhere, he used what he took merely as the canvas whereon to pencil out and express the breathing creatures of his mind. As to the comic portion, there is no pretence that any hints or traces of it are to be found in any preceding writer.

Mr. Knight justly remarks upon the singularly composite society here delineated, that while the period of action is undefined, and the scene laid in Illyria, the names of the persons are a mix-

ture of Spanish, Italian, and English. And the discrepancies thence arising he thinks may be best made up, by supposing Duke Orsino to be a Venetian governor of so much of ancient Illyria as remained subject to Venice at the beginning of the seventeenth century; his attendants, Valentine, Curio, &c., as well as Olivia, Malvolio, and Maria, being also Venetians: and Sir Toby and Sir Andrew to be English residents; the former, a maternal uncle to Olivia,—her father, a Venetian count, having married his sister.

This discrepancy in the grouping of the persons, whether so intended or not, very well accords with the spirit in which, or the occasion for which, the title indicates the play to have been written. Twelfth Day, anciently so called as being the twelfth after Christmas, is the day whereon the Church has always kept the feast of "The Epiphany, or the Manifestation of Christ to the Gentiles," by the miraculous leading of a star. So that, in preparing a Twelfth-Night entertainment the idea of fitness might aptly suggest, that national lines and distinctions should be lost in the paramount ties of a common Religion: and that people the most diverse in kindred and tongue should draw together in the sentiment of One Lord, One Faith, One Baptism; their social mirth being thus seasoned with a spicery of heaven, and relishing of universal brotherhood.

The general scope and plan of Twelfth Night, *as a work of art*, is wisely hinted in its second title: all the comic elements being, as it were, thrown out simultaneously and held in a sort of equipoise, thus leaving the readers to fix the preponderance where will best suit their several bent or state of mind; so that within certain limits and conditions each may take the work in *what sense he will*. For where no special prominence is given to one thing, there must needs be wide scope for individual aptitudes and inclinations, and great freedom for every one to select for virtual prominence such parts as best express or knit in with what is uppermost in his thoughts.

Taking another view of Twelfth Night in the light of the same principle, the significancy of the title is further traceable in a peculiar spontaneousness running though the play. Replete as it is with humours and oddities, they all seem to spring up of their own accord; the comic characters being free alike from disguises and pretensions, and seeking merely to let off their inward redundancy; caring not at all whether every body or nobody sees them, so they may have their whim out, and giving utterance to folly and nonsense simply because they cannot help it. Thus their very deformities have a certain grace, since they are genuine and of nature's planting: absurdity and whimsicality are indigenous to the soil, and shoot up in free, happy luxuriance, from the life that is in them. And by thus setting the characters out in their happiest aspects, the Poet contrives to make them simply ludicrous

and diverting, instead of putting upon them the construction of wit or spleen, and thereby making them ridiculous or contemptible. Hence it is that we so readily enter into a sort of fellowship with them; their foibles and follies being shown up in such a spirit of good humour that the subjects themselves would rather join with us in laughing, than be angered or hurt by the exhibition. Moreover, the high and the low are here seen moving in free and familiar intercourse, without any apparent consciousness of their respective ranks: the humours and comicalities of the play keep running and frisking in among the serious parts, to their mutual advantage; the connection between them being of a kind to be felt, not described.

Thus the piece overflows with the genial, free-and-easy spirit of a merry Twelfth Night. Chance, caprice, and intrigue, it is true, are brought together in about equal portions; and their meeting, and crossing, and mutual tripping, cause a deal of perplexity and confusion, defeating the hopes of some, suspending those of others: yet here, as is often the case in actual life, from this conflict of opposites order and happiness spring up as the final result: if what we call accident thwart one cherished purpose, it draws on something better; blighting a full-blown expectation now, to help the blossoming of a nobler one hereafter: and it so happens in the end that all the persons but two either have *what they will*, or grow willing to have what comes to their hand.

If the characters of this play be generally less interesting in themselves than some we meet with elsewhere in the Poet's works, the defect is pretty well made up by the felicitous grouping of them. For broad comic effect, the cluster of which Sir Toby is the centre, — all of them drawn in clear yet delicate colours, — is inferior only to the unparalleled assemblage that makes rich the air of Eastcheap. Of Sir Toby himself, — that most whimsical, madcap, frolicsome old toper, so full of antics and fond of sprees, with a plentiful stock of wit and an equal lack of money to keep it in motion, — it is enough to say, with one of the best of Shakespearian critics, that "he certainly comes out of the same associations where the Poet saw Falstaff hold his revels;" and that though "not Sir John, nor a fainter sketch of him, yet he has an odd sort of a family likeness to him." Sir Andrew Ague-cheek, the aspiring, lack-adaisical, self-satisfied echo and sequel of Sir Toby, fitly serves the double purpose of butt and foil to the latter, at once drawing him out and setting him off. Ludicrously proud of the most petty childish irregularities, which, however, his natural fatuity keeps him from acting, and barely suffers him to affect, on this point he reminds us of that impressive imbecility, Abraham Slender; yet not in such sort as to encroach at all upon Slender's province. There can scarce be found a richer piece of diversion than Sir Toby's practice in dandling him out of his money, and paying him off with the odd hope of gaining Olivia's hand. And the funniest of it

is, that while Sir Toby thoroughly understands him he has not himself the slightest suspicion what he is, being as confident of his own wit as others are of his want of it. — Malvolio, the self-love-sick Steward, has hardly had justice done him, his bad qualities being indeed just of the kind to defeat the recognition of his good ones. He represents a class of men, not quite extinct even yet, whose leading characteristic is moral vanity and conceit, and who are never satisfied with a law that leaves them free to do right, unless it also give them power to keep others from doing wrong. Of course, therefore, he has too much conscience to mind his own business, and is too pure to tolerate mirth in others, because too much swollen and stiffened with self-love to be merry himself. But here again Mr. Verplanck has spoken so happily that we must needs quote him: "The gravity, the acquirement, the real talent and accomplishment of the man, all made ludicrous, fantastical, and absurd, by his intense vanity, is as true a conception as it is original and droll, and its truth may still be frequently attested by comparison with real Malvolios, to be found every where from humble domestic life up to the high places of learning, of the state, and even of the Church." — Maria's quaint stratagem of the letter is evidently for the purpose of disclosing to others what her keener sagacity has discovered long before; and its working lifts her into a model of arch roguish mischievousness, with wit to plan and art to execute whatsoever falls within the scope of such a character. The scenes where the waggish troop, headed by this "noble gull-catcher" and most "excellent devil of wit," bewitch Malvolio into "a contemplative idiot," practising upon his vanity and conceit until he seems ready to burst with an ecstasy of self-consequence, and they "laugh themselves into stitches" over him, are almost painfully diverting. At length, however, our merriment at seeing him "jet under his advanc'd plumes" passes into pity for his sufferings, and we feel a degree of resentment towards his ingenious persecutors. Doubtless the Poet meant to push the joke upon him so far as to throw our feelings over on his side, and make us take his part. For his character is such that perhaps nothing but excessive reprisals on his vanity could make us do justice to his real worth. — The shrewd, mirth-loving Fabian, who in greedy silence devours up fun, being made so happy by the first tastings, that he dare not laugh lest the noise thereof should lose him the remainder; and the witty-wise Fool, who lives but to jest out philosophy, and moralize the scenes where he moves, by "pinning the pied lappets of his wit to the backs of all about him," complete this strange group of laughing and laughter-moving personages.

Such are the scenes, such the characters that enliven Olivia's mansion during the play; Olivia herself, calm, cheerful, of "smooth, discreet, and stable bearing," hovering about them, sometimes unbending, never losing her dignity among them

often checking, oftener enjoying their merry-makings, and occasionally emerging from her seclusion to be plagued by the Duke's message and bewitched by his messenger: and Viola, always perfect in her part, yet always shrinking from it, appearing among them from time to time on her embassies of love; sometimes a partaker, sometimes a provoker, sometimes the victim, of their mischievous sport.

All this array of comicalities, exhilarating as it is in itself, is rendered doubly so by the frequent changes and playings-in of poetry breathed from the sweetest spots of romance, and which "gives a very echo to the seat where Love is thron'd;" ideas and images of beauty creeping and stealing over the mind with footsteps so soft and delicate that we scarce know what touches us, — the motions of one that had learned to tread

> "As if the wind, not he, did walk,
> Nor prest a flower, nor bow'd a stalk."

Upon this portion of the play Hazlitt remarks in his spirited way, — "Much as we think of catches, and cakes and ale, there is something that we like better. We have a friendship for Sir Toby; we patronize Sir Andrew; we have an understanding with the Clown, a sneaking kindness for Maria and her rogueries; we feel a regard for Malvolio, and sympathize with his gravity, his smiles, his cross-garters, his yellow stockings, and imprisonment: But there is something that excites in us a stronger feeling than all this."

Olivia is a considerable instance how much a fair and candid setting-forth may do to render an ordinary person attractive, and shows that for the home-bred comforts and fireside tenor of life such persons after all are apt to be the best; and it is not a little remarkable that one so wilful and perverse on certain points should be so agreeable and interesting upon the whole. If it seem rather naughty in her not to give the Duke a fair chance to try his powers upon her, she gets pretty well paid in falling a victim to the eloquence which her obstinacy stirs up and provokes. Nor is it altogether certain whether her conduct springs from a pride that will not listen where her fancy is not taken, or from an unambitious modesty that prefers not to "match above her degree." Her

> "beauty truly blent, whose red and white
> Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on,"

saves the credit of the fancy-smitten Duke in such an urgency of suit as might else breed some question of his manliness: and her winning infirmity, as expressed in the sweet violence with which she hastens on "a contract and eternal bond of love" with the astonished and bewildered Sebastian, "that her most jealous and

too doubtful soul may live at peace," shows how well the sternness of the brain may be tempered into amiability by the meekness of womanhood Manifold indeed are the attractions which the Poet has shed upon his heroes and heroines; yet perhaps the learned spirit of the man is more wisely apparent in the home-keeping virtues and unostentatious beauty of his average characters. And surely the contemplation of Olivia may well suggest the question, whether the former be not sometimes too admirable to be so instructive as those whose graces walk more in the light of common day.

Similar thoughts might aptly enough be started by the Duke, who, without any very splendid or striking qualities, manages somehow to be a highly agreeable and interesting person. His character is merely that of an accomplished gentleman, enraptured at the touch of music, and the sport of thick-thronging fancies. It is plain that Olivia has rather enchanted his imagination than won his heart; though he is not himself aware that such is the case. This fancy-sickness, for it appears to be nothing else, naturally renders him somewhat capricious and fantastical, "unstaid and skittish" in his motions; and, but for the exquisite poetry which it inspires him to utter, would rather stir up our mirth than start our sympathy. To use an illustration from another play, Olivia is not so much his Juliet as his Rosaline; and perhaps a secret impression of something like this is the real cause of her rejecting his suit. Accordingly when he sees her placed beyond his hope he has no more trouble about her; but turns and builds a true affection where, during the preoccupancy of his imagination, so many sweet and tender appeals have been made to his heart.

In Viola, what were else not a little scattered are thoroughly composed; her character being the unifying power that draws and binds together the several groups of persons in true dramatic consistency. Love-taught herself, it was for her to teach both the Duke and the Countess how to love: indeed she plays into all the other parts, causing them to embrace and kiss within the compass of her circulation. And yet, like some subtle agency working most where we perceive it least, she does all this in such a way as not to render herself a special prominence in the play.

It is observable that the Poet has left it uncertain whether Viola was in love with the Duke before the assumption of her disguise, or whether her heart was won afterwards by reading "the book oven of his secret soul" while wooing another. Nor does it much matter whether her passion were one of the motives, or one of the consequences, of her disguise, since in either case such a man as Olivia describes him to be might well find his way to tougher hearts than hers. But her love has none of the skittishness and unrest which mark the Duke's passion for Olivia: complicated out of all the elements of her richly-gifted, sweetly-tempered nature, it is strong without violence; never mars the innate

modesty of her character; is deep as life, tender as infancy, pure, peaceful, and unchangeable as truth.

Mrs. Jameson, — who, with the best right to know what belongs to woman, unites a rare talent for taking others along with her and letting them see the choice things which her gifted, genial eye discerns, and who, in respect of Shakespeare's heroines, has left little for after critics to do but quote her words, — remarks tha "in Viola a sweet consciousness of her feminine nature is for ever breaking through her masquerade; — she plays her part well, but never forgets, nor allows us to forget, that she is playing a part." And, sure enough, every thing about her save her dress "is semblative a woman's part:" she has none of the pretty assumption of a pert, saucy, waggish manhood, which so delights us in the Rosalind of As You Like It; but she has that which, if not better in itself, is more becoming in her, — "the inward and spiritual grace of modesty" pervading all she does and says. Even in her sweet-witted railleries with the comic characters there is all the while an instinctive drawing back of female delicacy, touching our sympathies, and causing us to feel most deeply what she is, when those with whom she is playing least suspect her to be other than she seems. And the same is true concerning her passion, of which she never so speaks as to compromise in the least the delicacies and proprieties of her sex, yet she lets fall many things from which the Duke easily gathers the true drift and quality of her feelings as soon as he learns what she is. — But the great charm of her character lies in a moral rectitude so perfect as to be a secret unto itself; a clear, serene composure of truth, mingling so freely and smoothly with the issues of life, that while, and perhaps even because, she is herself unconscious of it, she is never once tempted to abuse or shirk her trust, though it be to play the attorney in a cause that makes so much against herself. In this respect she presents a fine contrast to Malvolio, who has much virtue indeed, yet not so much but that the counter-pullings of temptation have rendered him deeply conscious of it, and so drawn him into the vice, at once hateful and ridiculous, of moral pride.

Twelfth Night naturally falls, by internal as well as external notes, into the middle period of the author's productive years. It has no such marks of vast but immature powers as are often to be met with in his earlier plays; nor any of "that intense idiosyncrasy of thought and expression, — that unparalleled fusion of the intellectual with the passionate," which distinguishes his later ones. Every thing is calm and quiet, with an air of unruffled serenity and composure about it, as if the Poet had purposely taken to such matter as he could easily mould into graceful and entertaining forms; thus exhibiting none of the crushing muscularity of mind to which the hardest materials afterwards or elsewhere became as limber and pliant as clay in the hands of a potter. Yet the play has a marked severity of taste; the style,

though by no means so great as in some others, is singularly faultless; the graces of wit and poetry are distilled into it with indescribable delicacy, as if they came from a hand at once the most plentiful and the most sparing: in short, the work is every where replete with "the modest charm of not too much;" its beauty, like that of the heroine, being of the still, deep, retiring sort which it takes some time to find, forever to exhaust, and which can be fully caught only by the reflective imagination in "the quiet and still air of delightful studies." Thus all things are disposed in most happy keeping with each other, and tempered in the blandest proportion of art, as if on purpose to show how

> "Grace, laughter, and discourse may meet,
> And yet the beauty not go less;
> For what is noble should be sweet."

Such, we believe, is pretty nearly our impression of this charming play;—"a drama," as Knight happily describes it, "running over with imagination, and humour, and wit; in which high poetry is welded with intense fun; and we are made to feel that the lofty and the ludicrous in human affairs can only be adequately presented by one who sees the whole from an eagle-height to which ordinary men cannot soar."

PERSONS REPRESENTED

ORSINO, Duke of Illyria.
SEBASTIAN, a young Gentleman, Brother to Viola.
ANTONIO, a Sea Captain, Friend to Sebastian.
A Sea Captain, Friend to Viola.
VALENTINE, } Gentlemen attending on the Duke.
CURIO, }
SIR TOBY BELCH, Uncle of Olivia.
SIR ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK.
MALVOLIO, Steward to Olivia.
FABIAN, } Servants to Olivia.
Clown, }

OLIVIA, a rich Countess.
VIOLA, in love with the Duke.
MARIA, Olivia's Woman.

Lords, Priests, Sailors, Officers, Musicians, and other Attendants.

SCENE, a City in Illyria; and the Sea-Coast near it.

TWELFTH NIGHT,

OR WHAT YOU WILL.

ACT I.

SCENE I. An Apartment in the DUKE's Palace.

Enter DUKE, CURIO, *Lords; Musicians attending.*

Duke. IF music be the food of love, play on:
Give me excess of it; that, surfeiting,
The appetite may sicken, and so die. —
That strain again; — it had a dying fall:[1]
O! it came o'er my ear like the sweet south,[2]

[1] The sense of *dying*, as here used, is technically expressed by *diminuendo*. Respecting the *fall* Lord Bacon says, — "The *falling* from a discord to a concord maketh great sweetness in music." H.

[2] The original has *sound* in this place. The change is Pope's, and, whether right or not, is certainly one of rare felicity. Most readers of the Poet are accustomed to *south*, and therefore it is, perhaps, that *sound* grates somewhat on the ear; for Knight argues so plausibly for the latter word as to breed no little hesitation as to the true reading. Upon the whole, however, to say "the sweet *sound* breathes upon a bank of violets, *stealing and giving odour*," seems hardly allowable; unless it be proper to speak of "smelling music," which would evidently be too comic for such a strain of poetry as this. In Sidney's Arcadia we read "Her breath is more sweet than a gentle *south*-west wind, which comes creeping over flowery fields and shadowed waters in the extreme heat of summer;" and "the flock of unspeakable virtues," which occurs soon after, is so like "the flock of all affections else that live in her" as to suggest that the Poet must here have fed upon the sweet pages of the Hero; thus lending some confirmation to the reading we have adopted. H.

That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing and giving odour.[3] — Enough! no more:
'Tis not so sweet now as it was before.
O, spirit of love! how quick and fresh art thou,
That, notwithstanding thy capacity
Receiveth as the sea, nought enters there,
Of what validity[4] and pitch soe'er,
But falls into abatement and low price,
Even in a minute! so full of shapes is fancy,
That it alone is high-fantastical.

Cur. Will you go hunt, my lord?

Duke. What, Curio?

Cur. The hart.

Duke. Why, so I do, the noblest that I have.
O! when mine eyes did see Olivia first,
Methought she purg'd the air of pestilence:
That instant was I turn'd into a hart;
And my desires, like fell and cruel hounds,
E'er since pursue me.[5] — How now! what news from her?

[3] Milton seems to have had this in his eye when he wrote the richly-freighted lines:

"Now gentle gales,
Fanning their odoriferous wings, dispense
Native perfumes, and whisper whence they stole
Those balmy spoils." H.

[4] That is, worth, value. So, in All's Well that Ends Well, Act v. sc. 3: "Behold this ring, whose high respect and rich *validity* did lack a parallel." H.

[5] Shakespeare seems to think men cautioned against too great familiarity with forbidden beauty by the fable of Acteon, who saw Diana naked, and was torn to pieces by his hounds; as a man indulging his eyes or his imagination with a view of a woman he cannot gain, has his heart torn with incessant longing. An interpretation far more elegant and natural than Lord Bacon's, who, in his Wisdom of the Ancients, supposes this story to warn us against inquiring into the secrets of princes, by showing that those who know that which for reasons of state ought to be concealed will be detected and destroyed by their own servants.

Enter VALENTINE.

Val. So please my lord, I might not be admitted,
But from her handmaid do return this answer:
The element itself, till seven years heat,[6]
Shall not behold her face at ample view;
But, like a cloistress, she will veiled walk,
And water once a day her chamber round
With eye-offending brine: all this, to season[7]
A brother's dead love, which she would keep fresh
And lasting, in her sad remembrance.

Duke. O! she that hath a heart of that fine frame,
To pay this debt of love but to a brother,
How will she love, when the rich golden shaft
Hath kill'd the flock[8] of all affections else
That live in her: when liver, brain, and heart,
These sovereign thrones, are all supplied, and fill'd
(Her sweet perfections) with one self king.[9] —

[6] *Heat* for *heated.*

[7] That is, preserve. The Poet elsewhere uses *season* in this sense. Thus in Romeo and Juliet, Act ii. sc. 3:

> "Jesu Maria! what a deal of *brine*
> Hath wash'd thy sallow cheeks for Rosaline!
> How much salt water thrown away in waste,
> To *season* love!" H.

[8] See note 2, before.

[9] It seems impossible to clear this passage of obscurity, all attempts that way having failed. Mr. Collier says, — "The passage would run better for the sense, and equally well for the verse, if it were to read,

> 'when liver, brain, and heart,
> These sovereign thrones, her sweet perfections,
> Are all supplied and fill'd with one self king.'"

Which may give the true meaning, if it be not the right order, of the text. The marks of parenthesis, though needful as the text stands, are not in the original. Knight says, — "The phrase ought probably to be, 'Her sweet perfection.' The filling of the 'sovereign thrones' with 'one self king' is the *perfection* of Olivia's merits.

Away before me to sweet beds of flowers;
Love-thoughts lie rich, when canopied with bowers.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. The Sea-coast.

Enter VIOLA, *Captain, and Sailors.*

Vio. What country, friends, is this?
Cap. This is Illyria, lady
Vio. And what should I do in Illyria?
My brother he is in Elysium.
Perchance he is not drown'd: — What think you, sailors?
Cap. It is perchance that you yourself were sav'd.
Vio. O, my poor brother! and so, perchance, may he be.
Cap. True, madam: and, to comfort you with chance,
Assure yourself, after our ship did split,
When you, and those poor number[1] sav'd with you,
Hung on our driving boat, I saw your brother,
Most provident in peril, bind himself
(Courage and hope both teaching him the practice)
To a strong mast, that liv'd upon the sea;
Where, like Arion on the dolphin's back,

— according to the ancient doctrine that a woman was not complete till her union with 'a self king.'" Whichever of these be taken, the sense seems just and natural enough, and we have no third suggestion to offer. "Liver, brain, and heart," says Steevens, "are admitted in poetry as the residence of passions, judgment, and sentiments." *Self king* apparently means the same as *self-same* king; as in Lear Regan says,—"I am made of that *self* metal as my sister." Accordingly the second folio reads, "with one self-*same* king," as if to complete the measure: but the endings, *tion* and *sion*, were often used as two syllables by the old poets. H.

[1] Number is here used as the plural, so that *those* should not be changed to *that*, as it usually is. H.

I saw him hold acquaintance with the waves,
So long as I could see.

Vio. For saying so there's gold.
Mine own escape unfoldeth to my hope,
Whereto thy speech serves for authority,
The like of him. Know'st thou this country?

Cap. Ay, madam, well; for I was bred and born
Not three hours' travel from this very place.

Vio. Who governs here?

Cap. A noble duke, in nature as in name.

Vio. What is his name?

Cap. Orsino.

Vio. Orsino! I have heard my father name him:
He was a bachelor then.

Cap. And so is now, or was so very late:
For but a month ago I went from hence;
And then 'twas fresh in murmur, (as, you know,
What great ones do the less will prattle of,)
That he did seek the love of fair Olivia.

Vio. What's she?

Cap. A virtuous maid, the daughter of a count
That died some twelvemonth since; then leaving her
In the protection of his son, her brother,
Who shortly also died: for whose dear love
They say she hath abjur'd the company
And sight of men.

Vio. O, that I serv'd that lady!
And might not be deliver'd to the world,
Till I had made mine own occasion mellow,
What my estate is.[8]

Cap. That were hard to compass,

[8] That is. "I wish I might not be *made public* to the world, with regard to the state of my birth and fortune, till I have gained a *ripe opportunity* for my design."

Because she will admit no kind of suit,
No, not the Duke's.

Vio. There is a fair behaviour in thee, captain;
And though that nature with a beauteous wall
Doth oft close in pollution, yet of thee
I will believe, thou hast a mind that suits
With this thy fair and outward character.
I pray thee, and I'll pay thee bounteously,
Conceal me what I am; and be my aid
For such disguise as, haply, shall become
The form of my intent. I'll serve this Duke:
Thou shall present me as an eunuch to him.[3]
It may be worth thy pains; for I can sing,
And speak to him in many sorts of music,
That will allow[4] me very worth his service.
What else may hap, to time I will commit;
Only shape thou thy silence to my wit.

Cap. Be you his eunuch, and your mute I'll be:
When my tongue blabs, then let mine eyes not see.

Vio. I thank thee: Lead me on. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. A Room in Olivia's House.

Enter Sir Toby Belch *and* Maria.

Sir To. What a plague means my niece, to take the death of her brother thus? I am sure care's an enemy to life.

Mar. By my troth, Sir Toby, you must come in earlier o'nights: your cousin, my lady, takes great exceptions to your ill hours.

Sir To. Why, let her except before excepted.

[3] The disguise of Viola's was not pursued, as it would have been inconsistent with the plot of the play. She was presented as a page, not as an eunuch.

[4] Approve.

Mar. Ay, but you must confine yourself within the modest limits of order.

Sir To. Confine? I'll confine myself no finer than I am: these clothes are good enough to drink in, and so be these boots too; an they be not, let them hang themselves in their own straps.

Mar. That quaffing and drinking will undo you: I heard my lady talk of it yesterday; and of a foolish knight, that you brought in one night here to be her wooer.

Sir To. Who? Sir Andrew Ague-cheek?

Mar. Ay, he.

Sir To. He's as tall[1] a man as any's in Illyria.

Mar. What's that to the purpose?

Sir To. Why, he has three thousand ducats a year.

Mar. Ay, but he'll have but a year in all these ducats: he's a very fool and a prodigal.

Sir To. Fie, that you'll say so! he plays o' the viol-de-gamboys,[2] and speaks three or four languages word for word without book, and hath all the good gifts of nature.

Mar. He hath, indeed, — almost natural: for, besides that he's a fool, he's a great quarreller; and, but that he hath the gift of a coward to allay the gust he hath in quarrelling, 'tis thought among the prudent he would quickly have the gift of a grave.

Sir To. By this hand, they are scoundrels, and substractors, that say so of him. Who are they?

[1] The use of *tall* for *bold, raliant, stout*, was common in Shakespeare's time, and occurs several times in his works. See Merry Wives of Windsor, Act i. sc. 4, and note. Sir Toby is evidently bantering with the word, Sir Andrew being equally deficient in spirit and in stature. H.

[2] That is, the *riol-di-gambo*, a kind of violincello with six strings, then much used; so called because held between the legs. H.

Mar. They that add, moreover, he's drunk nightly in your company.

Sir To. With drinking healths to my niece: I'll drink to her, as long as there is a passage in my throat, and drink in Illyria: He's a coward, and a coystril,[3] that will not drink to my niece, till his brains turn o' the toe like a parish-top.[4] What, wench! *Castiliano vulgo;*[5] for here comes Sir Andrew Ague-face.

Enter Sir ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK.

Sir And. Sir Toby Belch! how now, Sir Toby Belch?

Sir To. Sweet Sir Andrew.

Sir And. Bless you, fair shrew.

Mar. And you too, sir.

[3] Holinshed classes *coisterels* with lacqueys and women, the unwarlike followers of an army. It was thus used as a term of contempt. Nares says,—"A coystrel, or *kestril*, in falconry, is sometimes wrongly used for the name of a worthless, mongrel kind of hawk." H.

[4] A large top was formerly kept in each village of "merry England," for the peasantry to exercise and amuse themselves with in frosty weather. "He sleeps like a town-top," is an old proverb. H.

[5] It is generally allowed that here is a mistake; though whether it be the printer's or Sir Toby's, is somewhat questionable. Warburton proposed *volto*, wherein he has generally been followed. The meaning in this case would be, "put on a Castilian face," that is, grave looks; as in Hall's Satires:

> "He can kiss his hand in gree,
> And with good grace bow it below the knee,
> Or make a *Spanish face* with fawning cheer."

As the text stands it is difficult to affix any meaning to it. Mr Verplanck very aptly suggests that both *vulgo* and *volto* may be right; Sir Toby *using* the one and *meaning* the other, thus blundering, as he has done a little before in using *viol-de-gamboys* for *viol-di-gambo*. The Knight has already said that Sir Andrew "speaks three or four languages;" and it is not unlikely that he is here rivalling his learned friend, or perhaps ridiculing him. H

Sir To. Accost, Sir Andrew, accost.[6]

Sir And. What's that?

Sir To. My niece's chamber-maid.

Sir And. Good mistress Accost, I desire better acquaintance.

Mar. My name is Mary, sir.

Sir And. Good mistress Mary Accost, —

Sir To. You mistake, knight: accost is, front her, board her, woo her, assail her.

Sir And. By my troth, I would not undertake her in this company. Is that the meaning of accost?

Mar. Fare you well, gentlemen.

Sir To. An thou let part so, Sir Andrew, 'would thou might'st never draw sword again!

Sir And. An you part so, mistress, I would I might never draw sword again. Fair lady, do you think you have fools in hand?

Mar. Sir, I have not you by the hand.

Sir And. Marry, but you shall have; and here's my hand.

Mar. Now, sir, thought is free: I pray you, bring your hand to the buttery-bar, and let it drink.[7]

Sir And. Wherefore, sweetheart? what's your metaphor?

Mar. It's dry, sir.

Sir And. Why, I think so: I am not such an ass, but I can keep my hand dry. But what's your jest?

Mar. A dry jest, sir.

Sir And. Are you full of them?

[6] Sir Toby speaks more learnedly than intelligibly here, using *accost* in its original sense. The word is from the French *accoster*, to come *side by side*, or to *approach*. *Accost* is seldom used thus, which accounts for Sir Andrew's mistake. H.

[7] The *buttery* was formerly a place for all sorts of gastric refreshments; and a dry hand was considered a symptom of debility. H

Mar. Ay, sir; I have them at my fingers' ends marry, now I let go your hand, I am barren.

[*Exit* MARIA.

Sir To. O knight! thou lack'st a cup of canary: When did I see thee so put down?

Sir And. Never in your life, I think; unless you see canary put me down: Methinks, sometimes I have no more wit than a Christian, or an ordinary man has: but I am a great eater of beef, and I believe that does harm to my wit.

Sir To. No question.

Sir And. An I thought that, I'd forswear it. I'll ride home to-morrow, Sir Toby.

Sir To. *Pourquoi*, my dear knight?

Sir And. What is *pourquoi?* do or not do? I would I had bestowed that time in the tongues that I have in fencing, dancing, and bear-baiting: O, had I but followed the arts!

Sir To. Then hadst thou had an excellent head of hair.

Sir And. Why, would that have mended my hair?

Sir To. Past question; for thou seest it will not curl by nature.[8]

Sir And. But it becomes me well enough, does't not?

Sir To. Excellent: it hangs like flax on a distaff; and I hope to see a housewife take thee between her legs and spin it off.

Sir And. 'Faith, I'll home to-morrow, Sir Toby: your niece will not be seen; or, if she be, it's four to one she'll none of me: the Count himself, here hard by, woos her.

Sir To. She'll none o' the Count: she'll not match

[8] The original has *cool my nature.* The credit of the happy emendation belongs to Theobald. H.

above her degree, neither in estate, years, nor wit; I have heard her swear it. Tut, there's life in't, man.

Sir And. I'll stay a month longer. I am a fellow o' the strangest mind i' the world: I delight in masques and revels sometimes altogether.

Sir To. Art thou good at these kickshaws, knight?

Sir And. As any man in Illyria, whatsoever he be, under the degree of my betters: and yet I will not compare with an old man.

Sir To. What is thy excellence in a galliard, knight?

Sir And. 'Faith, I can cut a caper.

Sir To. And I can cut the mutton to't.

Sir And. And I think I have the back-trick, simply as strong as any man in Illyria.

Sir To. Wherefore are these things hid? wherefore have these gifts a curtain before them? are they like to take dust, like mistress Mall's picture?[9] why dost thou not go to church in a galliard, and come home in a coranto?[10] My very walk should be a jig:

[9] *Mistress Mall* was a very celebrated character of the Poet's time, who played many parts (not on the stage) in male attire. Her real name was Mary Frith, though commonly known as Mall Cutpurse. In 1610 a book was entered at the Stationers, called "The Madde Prankes of Merry Mall of the Bankside, with her Walks in Man's Apparel, and to what purpose, by John Day." Middleton and Dekker wrote a comedy entitled The Roaring Girl, of which she was the heroine. The Poet here intimates that her picture was curtained to keep off the dust; others say, because it was not fit to be seen H.

[10] *Galliard* and *coranto* are names of dances: the galliard, a lively, stirring dance, from a Spanish word signifying cheerful, gay; the coranto, a quick dance for two persons, described as "traversing and running, as our country dance, but having twice as much in a strain." *Sink-a-pace*, that is, *cinque-pas*, "the name of a dance the measures whereof are regulated by the number five;" thus spoken of by Sir John Davies, in his poem on Dancing:

"Five was the number of the music's feet,
Which still the dance did with five paces meet." H.

I would not so much as make water, but in a sink-a-pace. What dost thou mean? is it a world to hide virtues in? I did think, by the excellent constitution of thy leg, it was form'd under the star of a galliard.

Sir And. Ay, 'tis strong, and it does indifferen well in a dam'sk-colour'd stock.[11] Shall we set about some revels?

Sir To. What shall we do else? were we not born under Taurus?

Sir And. Taurus! that's sides and heart.

Sir To. No, sir; it is legs and thighs.[12] Let me see thee caper. Ha! higher: ha, ha! — excellent! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. A Room in the Duke's Palace.

Enter Valentine, *and* Viola *in man's attire.*

Val. If the Duke continue these favours towards you, Cesario, you are like to be much advanc'd: he hath known you but three days, and already you are no stranger.

Vio. You either fear his humour, or my negligence, that you call in question the continuance of his love: Is he inconstant, sir, in his favours?

Val. No, believe me.

[11] *Stock* is here used for *stocking*. The original has *dam'a colour'd*, evidently a misprint, which Pope changed to *flame-colour'd*. The change has been generally accepted, though no authority for it has been adduced. Knight proposes *damask-colour'd*, which, besides being quite as good in itself, comes nearer the original text. He says, — "It is evident that, if damask were written as pronounced rapidly, dam'sk, it might easily be misprinted *dam'd*." Drayton has "the damask-colour'd dove," and in this play we have "damask cheek." H.

[12] Alluding to the medical astrology of the almanacs. Both the knights are wrong, but their ignorance is perhaps intentional *Taurus* is made to govern the *neck and throat*.

Enter DUKE, CURIO, *and Attendants.*

Vio. I thank you. Here comes the Count.
Duke. Who saw Cesario, ho?
Vio. On your attendance, my lord; here.
Duke. Stand you awhile aloof. — Cesario,
Thou know'st no less but all: I have unclasp'd
To thee the book even of my secret soul:
Therefore, good youth, address thy gait[1] unto her;
Be not denied access, stand at her doors,
And tell them, there thy fixed foot shall grow,
Till thou have audience.
Vio. Sure, my noble lord,
If she be so abandon'd to her sorrow
As it is spoke, she never will admit me.
Duke. Be clamorous, and leap all civil bounds,
Rather than make unprofited return.
Vio. Say I do speak with her, my lord, what then?
Duke. O! then unfold the passion of my love;
Surprise her with discourse of my dear faith:
It shall become thee well to act my woes;
She will attend it better in thy youth,
Than in a nuncio of more grave aspéct.
Vio. I think not so, my lord.
Duke. Dear lad, believe it,
For they shall yet belie thy happy years,
That say thou art a man: Diana's lip
Is not more smooth and rubious; thy small pipe
Is as the maiden's organ, shrill in sound,
And all is semblative a woman's part.
I know thy constellation is right apt
For this affair. — Some four or five attend him;
All, if you will; for I myself am best,

[1] Go thy way

When least in company. — Prosper well in this,
And thou shalt live as freely as thy lord
To call his fortunes thine.

Vio. I'll do my best
To woo your lady: [*Aside.*] yet, a barful[2] strife!
Whoe'er I woo, myself would be his wife. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. A Room in Olivia's House.

Enter Maria *and Clown.*

Mar. Nay, either tell me where thou hast been, or I will not open my lips so wide as a bristle may enter, in way of thy excuse: My lady will hang thee for thy absence.

Clo. Let her hang me: he that is well hang'd in this world needs to fear no colours.

Mar. Make that good.

Clo. He shall see none to fear.

Mar. A good lenten[1] answer. I can tell thee where that saying was born, of, I fear no colours.

Clo. Where, good mistress Mary?

Mar. In the wars; and that may you be bold to say in your foolery.

Clo. Well, God give them wisdom that have it; and those that are fools, let them use their talents.

Mar. Yet you will be hang'd for being so long absent: or, to be turn'd away, is not that as good as a hanging to you?

[2] That is, a strife full of *bars*, or impediments.

[1] Probably, as Johnson says, "a good *dry* answer. A dry fig was called a *lenten* fig. In fact lenten fare was dry fare." Lenten might be applied to any thing that marked the season of Lent. Thus Taylor, the water-poet, speaks of "a lenten top," which people amused themselves with during Lent; and in Hamlet we have, "what lenten entertainment the players shall receive from you," referring, apparently, to the restrictions then put upon plays during that season. H.

Clo. Many a good hanging prevents a bad marriage; and for turning away, let summer bear it out.

Mar. You are resolute then?

Clo. Not so neither; but I am resolv'd on two points.

Mar. That, if one break,[2] the other will hold; or, if both break, your gaskins fall.

Clo. Apt, in good faith; very apt! Well, go thy way: if Sir Toby would leave drinking, thou wert as witty a piece of Eve's flesh as any in Illyria.

Mar. Peace, you rogue! no more o' that. Here comes my lady: make your excuse wisely; you were best. [*Exit.*

Enter OLIVIA *and* MALVOLIO.

Clo. Wit, an't be thy will, put me into good fooling! Those wits that think they have thee do very oft prove fools; and I, that am sure I lack thee, may pass for a wise man: For what says Quinapalus? Better a witty fool, than a foolish wit. — God bless thee, lady!

Oli. Take the fool away.

Clo. Do you not hear, fellows? Take away the lady.

Oli. Go to, you're a dry fool; I'll no more of you: besides, you grow dishonest.

Clo. Two faults, madonna, that drink and good counsel will amend: for, give the dry fool drink, then is the fool not dry; bid the dishonest man mend himself; if he mend, he is no longer dishonest; if he cannot, let the botcher mend him. Any thing that's mended is but patch'd: virtue that trans-

[2] *Points* were laces which fastened the hose or breeches. Thus Falstaff: "Their points broken, down fell their hose." Maria is of course punning on *points*. H.

gresses is but patch'd with sin; and sin that amends is but patch'd with virtue: If that this simple syllogism will serve, so; if it will not, what remedy? As there is no true cuckold but calamity, so beauty's a flower. — The lady bade take away the fool; therefore, I say again, take her away.

Oli. Sir, I bade them take away you.

Clo. Misprision in the highest degree! — Lady, *Cucullus non facit monachum;*[3] that's as much as to say, I wear not motley in my brain. Good madonna, give me leave to prove you a fool.

Oli. Can you do it?

Clo. Dexterously, good madonna.

Oli. Make your proof.

Clo. I must catechize you for it, madonna: Good my mouse of virtue, answer me.

Oli. Well, sir, for want of other idleness, I'll 'bide your proof.

Clo. Good madonna, why mourn'st thou?

Oli. Good fool, for my brother's death.

Clo. I think his soul is in hell, madonna.

Oli. I know his soul is in heaven, fool.

Clo. The more fool, madonna, to mourn for your brother's soul being in heaven. — Take away the fool, gentlemen.

Oli. What think you of this fool, Malvolio? doth he not mend?

Mal. Yes; and shall do, till the pangs of death shake him: Infirmity, that decays the wise, doth ever make the better fool.

Clo. God send you, sir, a speedy infirmity, for the better increasing your folly! Sir Toby will be sworn that I am no fox; but he will not pass his word for two-pence that you are no fool.

[3] That is, "A cowl does not make a monk." S.

Oli. How say you to that, Malvolio?

Mal. I marvel your ladyship takes delight in such a barren rascal: I saw him put down the other day with an ordinary fool that has no more brain than a stone. Look you now, he's out of his guard already: unless you laugh and minister occasion to him, he is gagg'd. I protest I take these wise men, that crow so at these set kind of fools, no better than the fools' zanies.[4]

Oli. O! you are sick of self-love, Malvolio, and taste with a distemper'd appetite. To be generous, guiltless, and of free disposition, is to take those things for bird-bolts,[5] that you deem cannon-bullets: There is no slander in an allow'd fool,[6] though he

[4] Douce explained this to mean "fools' baubles;" which has been generally received. But Mr. Dyce says,—"'*The fools' zanies*' is equivalent to 'the buffoons, or mimics, of the fools;' zany, both as a substantive and verb, being commonly used in that sense by our early writers." In proof of this he quotes from Drayton,—

> "Thou art the Fowler, and dost show us shapes,
> And we are all thy *zanies*, thy true apes."

And again from Marston,—

> "Laughs them to scorn, as man doth busy apes,
> When they will *zany* men."

To which we will add the following from Donne's verses "To Mr. J. W.:"

> "Then write, that I may follow, and so be
> Thy echo, thy debtor, thy foil, thy *zanee*.
> I shall be thought, if mine like thine I shape,
> All the world's lion, though I be thy ape.'

All which seem pretty decisive of the question. H.

[5] *Bird-bolts* were short thick arrows with obtuse ends, used for shooting young rooks and other birds.

[6] An *allow'd fool* was the domestic fool or court fool, like the Clown in All's Well that Ends Well, and like Touchstone in As You Like It; that is, the jester by profession, who dressed in motley; with whom folly was an art; and whose functions are so

do nothing but rail; nor no railing in a known discreet man, though he do nothing but reprove.

Clo. Now, Mercury endue thee with leasing,[7] for thou speakest well of fools!

Re-enter MARIA.

Mar. Madam, there is at the gate a young gentleman much desires to speak with you.

Oli. From the count Orsino, is it?

Mar. I know not, madam: 'tis a fair young man, and well attended.

Oli. Who of my people hold him in delay?

Mar. Sir Toby, madam, your kinsman.

Oli. Fetch him off, I pray you: he speaks nothing but madman: Fie on him! [*Exit* MARIA.] Go you, Malvolio: if it be a suit from the Count, I am sick, or not at home; what you will, to dismiss it. [*Exit* MALVOLIO.] Now you see, sir, how your fooling grows old, and people dislike it.

Clo. Thou hast spoke for us, madonna, as if thy eldest son should be a fool; whose skull Jove cram with brains; for here comes one of thy kin, has a most weak *pia mater*.[8]

Enter Sir TOBY BELCH.

Oli. By mine honour, half drunk. — What is he at the gate, cousin?

Sir To. A gentleman.

Oli. A gentleman! what gentleman?

admirably set forth by Jaques in the last-mentioned play, Act ii. sc. 7. H.

[7] That is, *lying*. The Clown means, that unless Olivia lied she could not "speak well of fools;" therefore he prays Mercury to endue her with *leasing*. H.

[8] The membrane that covers the brain.

Sir To. 'Tis a gentleman here. — A plague o'these pickle-herrings! — How now, sot!*

Clo. Good Sir Toby, —

Oli. Cousin, cousin, how have you come so early by this lethargy?

Sir To. Lechery! I defy lechery: There's one at the gate.

Oli. Ay, marry; what is he?

Sir To. Let him be the devil, an he will, I care not: give me faith, say I. Well, it's all one. [*Exit.*

Oli. What's a drunken man like, fool?

Clo. Like a drown'd man, a fool, and a madman: one draught above heat makes him a fool; the second mads him; and a third drowns him.

Oli. Go thou and seek the coroner, and let him sit o' my coz; for he's in the third degree of drink; he's drown'd: go, look after him.

Clo. He is but mad yet, madonna; and the fool shall look to the madman. [*Exit Clown.*

Re-enter MALVOLIO.

Mal. Madam, yond' young fellow swears he will speak with you. I told him you were sick; he takes on him to understand so much, and therefore comes to speak with you: I told him you were asleep; he seems to have a foreknowledge of that too, and therefore comes to speak with you. What is to be said to him, lady? he's fortified against any denial

Oli. Tell him, he shall not speak with me.

Mal. He has been told so; and he says he'll

* *Sot* is often used by the Poet for *fool*; as in The Merry Wives Dr. Caius says.—"Have you make-a de *sot* of us?" H

stand at your door like a sheriff's post,[10] and be the supporter to a bench, but he'll speak with you.

Oli. What kind of man is he?

Mal. Why, of man kind.

Oli. What manner of man?

Mal. Of very ill manner: he'll speak with you, will you or no.

Oli. Of what personage and years is he?

Mal. Not yet old enough for a man, nor young enough for a boy; as a squash is before 'tis a peascod, or a codling[11] when 'tis almost an apple: 'tis with him e'en standing water, between boy and man. He is very well-favour'd, and he speaks very shrewishly: one would think his mother's milk were scarce out of him.

Oli. Let him approach: Call in my gentlewoman.

Mal. Gentlewoman, my lady calls. [*Exit*

Re-enter MARIA.

Oli. Give me my veil; come, throw it o'er my face: We'll once more hear Orsino's embassy.

Enter VIOLA.

Vio. The honourable lady of the house, which is she?

Oli. Speak to me; I shall answer for her: Your will?

Vio. Most radiant, exquisite, and unmatchable beauty, — I pray you tell me, if this be the lady of

[10] The sheriffs formerly had painted posts set up at their doors on which proclamations and placards were affixed.

[11] A *codling*, according to Mr. Gifford, means an *involucrum* or *kell*, and was used by our old writers for that early state of vegetation, when the fruit, after shaking off the blossom, began to assume a globular and determinate shape.

the house, for I never saw her: I would be loth to cast away my speech; for, besides that it is excellently well penn'd, I have taken great pains to con it. Good beauties, let me sustain no scorn; I am very comptible [12] even to the least sinister usage.

Oli. Whence came you, sir?

Vio. I can say little more than I have studied, and that question's out of my part. Good gentle one, give me modest assurance if you be the lady of the house, that I may proceed in my speech.

Oli. Are you a comedian?

Vio. No, my profound heart! and yet, by the very fangs of malice I swear, I am not that I play Are you the lady of the house?

Oli. If I do not usurp myself, I am.

Vio. Most certain, if you are she, you do usurp yourself; for what is yours to bestow, is not yours to reserve. But this is from my commission: I will on with my speech in your praise, and then show you the heart of my message.

Oli. Come to what is important in't: I forgive you the praise.

Vio. Alas! I took great pains to study it, and 'tis poetical.

Oli. It is the more like to be feigned: I pray you, keep it in. I heard you were saucy at my gates; and allow'd your approach, rather to wonder at you than to hear you. If you be not mad, be gone; if you have reason, be brief: 'tis not that time of moon with me to make one in so skipping a dialogue.

Mar. Will you hoist sail, sir? here lies your way.

Vio. No, good swabber: I am to hull [13] here a

[12] That is, susceptible, or sensitive. The proper meaning of the word is *accountable.* H.

[13] To *hull* means to drive to and fro upon the water without sails or rudder.

little longer. — Some mollification for your giant,[14] sweet lady. Tell me your mind: I am a messenger.[15]

Oli. Sure, you have some hideous matter to deliver, when the courtesy of it is so fearful. Speak your office.

Vio. It alone concerns your ear. I bring no overture of war, no taxation of homage: I hold the olive in my hand; my words are as full of peace as matter.

Oli. Yet you began rudely. What are you? what would you?

Vio. The rudeness that hath appear'd in me have I learn'd from my entertainment. What I am, and what I would, are as secret as maidenhead: to your ears, divinity; to any other's, profanation.

Oli. Give us the place alone: we will hear this divinity. [*Exit* MARIA.] Now, sir, what is your text?

Vio. Most sweet lady, —

Oli. A comfortable doctrine, and much may be said of it. Where lies your text?

Vio. In Orsino's bosom.

Oli. In his bosom? In what chapter of his bosom?

Vio. To answer by the method, in the first of his heart.

Oli. O! I have read it: it is heresy. Have you no more to say?

[14] Ladies in romance are guarded by giants. Viola, seeing the waiting-maid so eager to oppose her message, entreats Olivia to pacify her giant.

[15] This is usually printed thus:

"*Oli.* Tell me your mind.
Vio. I am a messenger."

We give the passage as it stands in the original; the sense being, — "I am a messenger; therefore tell me your mind that I may bear back an answer." So that the change is quite needless, though the meaning be clear enough either way. H.

Vio. Good madam, let me see your face.

Oli. Have you any commission from your lord to negotiate with my face? you are now out of your text: but we will draw the curtain, and show you the picture. Look you, sir; such a one I was this present:[16] — Is't not well done? [*Unveiling.*

Vio. Excellently done, if God did all.

Oli. 'Tis in grain, sir: 'twill endure wind and weather.

Vio. 'Tis beauty truly blent, whose red and white
Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on:
Lady, you are the cruelest she alive,
If you will lead these graces to the grave,
And leave the world no copy.

Oli. O, sir! I will not be so hard-hearted. I will give out divers schedules of my beauty: It shall be inventoried; and every particle and utensil labell'd to my will: as, item, two lips indifferent red; item, two gray eyes with lids to them; item, one neck, one chin, and so forth. Were you sent hither to praise me?

Vio. I see you what you are: you are too proud;
But, if you were the devil, you are fair.
My lord and master loves you: O! such love
Could be but recompens'd, though you were crown'd
The nonpareil of beauty!

Oli. How does he love me?

Vio. With adorations, fertile tears,
With groans that thunder love, with sighs of fire.

Oli. Your lord does know my mind; I cannot love him:

[16] Modern editions generally insert *as* before *I*, and then turn the adjective, *present*, into a verb: "such a one as I was, this presents" It is to be borne in mind that the idea of a picture is continued. So that the change is worse than useless; the meaning being,—"behold the picture of me, such as I am at the present moment." H.

Yet I suppose him virtuous, know him noble,
Of great estate, of fresh and stainless youth;
In voices well divulg'd,[17] free, learn'd, and valiant,
And, in dimension, and the shape of nature,
A gracious person; but yet I cannot love him:
He might have took his answer long ago.

Vio. If I did love you in my master's flame,
With such a suffering, such a deadly life,
In your denial I would find no sense;
I would not understand it.

Oli. Why, what would you?

Vio. Make me a willow cabin at your gate,
And call upon my soul within the house;
Write loyal cantons[18] of contemned love,
And sing them loud even in the dead of night;
Halloo your name to the reverberate hills,
And make the babbling gossip of the air[19]
Cry out, Olivia! O! you should not rest
Between the elements of air and earth,
But you should pity me.

Oli. You might do much: What is your parentage?

Vio. Above my fortunes, yet my state is well:
I am a gentleman.

Oli. Get you to your lord;
I cannot love him: let him send no more;
Unless, perchance, you come to me again
To tell me how he takes it. Fare you well:
I thank you for your pains: spend this for me.

Vio. I am no fee'd post, lady; keep your purse
My master, not myself, lacks recompense.
Love make his heart of flint that you shall love;

[17] That is, well-reputed for his knowledge in languages, which was esteemed a great accomplishment in the Poet's time. H.

[18] *Cantons* is the old English word for *cantos*. H.

[19] A Shakesperian expression for *echo*. H.

And let your fervour, like my master's, be
Plac'd in contempt! Farewell, fair cruelty. [*Exit.*

Oli. What is your parentage?
"Above my fortunes, yet my state is well:
I am a gentleman." — I'll be sworn thou art:
Thy tongue, thy face, thy limbs, actions, and spirit,
Do give thee five-fold blazon. — Not too fast: —
soft! soft!
Unless the master were the man. — How now?
Even so quickly may one catch the plague.
Methinks I feel this youth's perfections
With an invisible and subtle stealth
To creep in at mine eyes. Well, let it be. —
What, ho! Malvolio! —

Re-enter MALVOLIO.

Mal. Here, madam, at your service.

Oli. Run after that same peevish messenger,
The County's man: he left this ring behind him,
Would I, or not: tell him I'll none of it.
Desire him not to flatter with his lord,
Nor hold him up with hopes: I am not for him.
If that the youth will come this way to-morrow,
I'll give him reasons for't. Hie thee, Malvolio.

Mal. Madam, I will. [*Exit.*

Oli. I do I know not what; and fear to find
Mine eye too great a flatterer for my mind.[20]
Fate, show thy force: ourselves we do not owe;[21]
What is decreed, must be; and be this so! [*Exit.*

[20] That is, she fears that her eyes had formed so flattering an idea of the supposed youth Cesario, that she should not have strength of mind sufficient to resist the impression.

[21] That is, we are not our own masters, we cannot govern ourselves. *Owe* for *own*, *possess*.

ACT II.

SCENE I. The Sea-coast.

Enter ANTONIO *and* SEBASTIAN.

Ant. Will you stay no longer? nor will you not that I go with you?

Seb. By your patience, no: my stars shine darkly over me; the malignancy of my fate might, perhaps, distemper yours; therefore I shall crave of you your leave, that I may bear my evils alone: It were a bad recompense for your love, to lay any of them on you.

Ant. Let me yet know of you, whither you are bound.

Seb. No, 'sooth, sir; my determinate voyage is mere extravagancy.[1] But I perceive in you so excellent a touch of modesty, that you will not extort from me what I am willing to keep in; therefore it charges me in manners the rather to express[2] myself. You must know of me, then, Antonio, my name is Sebastian, which I call'd Rodorigo: my father was that Sebastian of Messaline,[3] whom I know you have heard of: he left behind him myself, and a sister, both born in an hour. If the heavens had been pleas'd, 'would we had so ended! but you, sir, alter'd that; for, some hour before you took me from the breach of the sea, was my sister drown'd.

Ant. Alas, the day!

Seb. A lady, sir, though it was said she much resembled me, was yet of many accounted beauti-

[1] That is, wandering about, with no particular place in view. M.
[2] Reveal.
[3] Probably intended for *Metelin*, an island in the Archipelago.

ful: but, though I could not, with such estimable wonder,[4] overfar believe that, yet thus far I will boldly publish her, she bore a mind that envy could not but call fair. She is drown'd already, sir, with salt water, though I seem to drown her remembrance again with more.

Ant. Pardon me, sir, your bad entertainment.

Seb. O, good Antonio! forgive me your trouble.

Ant. If you will not murder me for my love, let me be your servant.[5]

Seb. If you will not undo what you have done, that is, kill him whom you have recover'd, desire it not. Fare ye well at once: my bosom is full of kindness; and I am yet so near the manners of my mother, that upon the least occasion more, mine eyes will tell tales of me. I am bound to the count Orsino's court: farewell. [*Exit.*

Ant. The gentleness of all the gods go with thee!

I have many enemies in Orsino's court,
Else would I very shortly see thee there:

[4] That is, esteeming wonder. Shakespeare sometimes uses the active and passive adjectives interchangeably. Thus in Milton we find "*unexpressive* notes," for inexpressible. H.

[5] Mr. Knight thinks, and apparently with good reason, that in this passage reference is had to a superstition thus indicated by Sir Walter Scott in The Pirate: When Mordaunt has rescued Cleveland from the sea, and is trying to revive him, Bryce the pedler says to him,—"Are you mad? you, that have so long lived in Zetland, to risk the saving of a drowning man? Wot ye not, if you bring him to life again, he will be sure to do you some capital injury?" Sir Walter suggests in a note that this inhuman maxim was probably held by the islanders of the Orkneys, as an excuse for leaving all to perish alone who were shipwrecked upon their coasts, to the end that there might be nothing to hinder the plundering of their goods; which of course could not well be, if any of the owners survived. This practice, he says, continued into the eighteenth century, and "was with difficulty weeded out by the sedulous instructions of the clergy and the rigorous injunctions of the proprietors." H

But, come what may, I do adore thee so,
That danger shall seem sport, and I will go. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. A Street.

Enter VIOLA; MALVOLIO *following.*

Mal. Were not you even now with the countess Olivia?

Vio. Even now, sir: on a moderate pace I have since arriv'd but hither.

Mal. She returns this ring to you, sir: you might have saved me my pains, to have taken it away yourself. She adds moreover, that you should put your lord into a desperate assurance she will none of him: And one thing more: that you be never so hardy to come again in his affairs, unless it be to report your lord's taking of this. Receive it so.[1]

Vio. She took the ring of me. — I'll none of it.

Mal. Come, sir; you peevishly threw it to her; and her will is, it should be so return'd: if it be worth stooping for, there it lies in your eye; if not, be it his that finds it. [*Exit.*

Vio. I left no ring with her: What means this lady?
Fortune forbid my outside have not charm'd her!
She made good view of me; indeed, so much,
That methought her eyes had lost her tongue,[2]
For she did speak in starts distractedly.
She loves me, sure: the cunning of her passion
Invites me in this churlish messenger.
None of my lord's ring? why, he sent her none.
I am the man: — If it be so, as 'tis,
Poor lady, she were better love a dream.

[1] That is, understand it so. H.

[2] That is, the fixed and eager view she took of me perverted the use of her tongue, and made her talk distractedly.

Disguise, I see thou art a wickedness,
Wherein the pregnant[3] enemy does much.
How easy is it for the proper-false[4]
In women's waxen hearts to set their forms!
Alas! our frailty is the cause, not we;
For, such as we are made of, such we be.[5]
How will this fadge?[6] My master loves her dearly;
And I, poor monster, fond as much on him;
And she, mistaken, seems to dote on me:
What will become of this? As I am man,
My state is desperate for my master's love;
As I am woman, now alas the day!
What thriftless sighs shall poor Olivia breathe!
O time! thou must untangle this, not I;
It is too hard a knot for me to untie. [*Exit.*

SCENE III. A Room in Olivia's House.

Enter Sir Toby Belch, *and Sir* Andrew Aguecheek.

Sir To. Approach, Sir Andrew: not to be a-bed after midnight, is to be up betimes; and *diluculo surgere*,[1] thou know'st, —

[3] Dexterous, cunning.

[4] *Proper* is here used in the sense of *handsome;* the meaning of the passage being, — "How easy it is for handsome deceivers to print their forms in the waxen hearts of women." Such compounds as proper-false are not unusual in Shakespeare. *Beautous-evil* occurs in this play. H.

[5] *Such* evidently refers to frailty in the preceding line; the sense being, — "Since we are made of frailty, we must needs be frail." The original, however, reads, — "For, such as we are made, *if* such we be;" that is, if we be frail, we are such as we are made. So that the sense seems good enough either way; which breeds no little doubt whether Malone's emendation ought to be admitted. H.

[6] That is, fit, agree. Thus Drayton: "With flattery my muse could never *fadge*." H.

[1] *Diluculo surgere, saluberrimum est.* This adage is in Lilly's Grammar.

Sir And. Nay, by my troth, I know not: but I know to be up late, is to be up late.

Sir To. A false conclusion; I hate it as an unfill'd can: To be up after midnight, and to go to bed then, is early; so that to go to bed after midnight, is to go to bed betimes. Do not our lives consist of the four elements?

Sir And. 'Faith, so they say; but I think it rather consists of eating and drinking.[2]

Sir To. Thou art a scholar; let us therefore eat and drink. — Marian, I say! — a stoop[3] of wine!

Enter Clown.

Sir And. Here comes the fool, i'faith.

Clo. How now, my hearts? Did you never see the picture of we three?[4]

Sir To. Welcome, ass: now let's have a catch.

Sir And. By my troth, the fool has an excellent breast.[5] I had rather than forty shillings I had such a leg, and so sweet a breath to sing, as the fool has. In sooth, thou wast in very gracious fooling last night, when thou spokest of Pigrogromitus, of the Vapians passing the equinoctial of Quebus; 'twas very good, i'faith. I sent thee sixpence for thy leman:[6] Hadst it?

[2] A ridicule of the medical theory of that time, which supposed health to consist in the just temperament of the *four elements* in the human frame. Homer agrees with Sir Andrew:

> "Strength consists in spirits and in blood,
> And those are ow'd to generous wine and food."

[3] That is, cup.

[4] Alluding to an old common sign representing *two* fools or loggerheads, under which was inscribed, "We three loggerheads be."

[5] *Breast* was often used for *voice* in the Poet's time. Thus we have the phrase, "singing men *well-breasted*." Did this use of the word grow from the form of the breast having something to do with the quality of the voice? H.

[6] That is, for thy sweetheart. The original has *lemon*, which

Clo. I did impeticos thy gratillity;[7] for Malvolio's nose is no whipstock: My lady has a white hand, and the Myrmidons are no bottle-ale houses.

Sir And. Excellent! Why, this is the best fooling, when all is done. Now, a song.

Sir To. Come on; there is sixpence for you: let's have a song.

Sir And. There's a testril[8] of me too: if one knight give a —

Clo. Would you have a love-song, or a song of good life?[9]

Sir To. A love-song, a love-song.

Sir And. Ay, ay; I care not for good life.

Song.

Clo. O, mistress mine! where are you roaming?
O! stay and hear; your true love's coming,
That can sing both high and low:
Trip no further, pretty sweeting;
Journey's end in lovers' meeting,
Every wise man's son doth know.

Sir And. Excellent good, i'faith!
Sir To. Good, good.

Clo. What is love? 'tis not hereafter;
Present mirth hath present laughter;
What's to come is still unsure:

Mr. Collier oddly enough restores, supposing that Sir Andrew sent a sixpence to buy a lemon, or to pay for one! H.

[7] That is, impetticoat, or impocket, thy gratuity. Some have complained seriously that they could not understand the *Clown* in this scene; which is shrewd proof they did not understand the *Poet!* H.

[8] *Testril* is the same as testern, an account of which is given in The Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act i. sc. 1. H.

[9] That is, a civil and virtuous song, as it is called in The Mad Pranks of Robin Goodfellow. H.

In delay there lies no plenty;
Then come kiss me, sweet-and-twenty,[10]
Youth's a stuff will not endure.

Sir And. A mellifluous voice, as I am true knight.

Sir To. A contagious breath.

Sir And. Very sweet and contagious, i'faith.

Sir To. To hear by the nose, it is dulcet in contagion. But shall we make the welkin dance[11] indeed? Shall we rouse the night-owl in a catch, that will draw three souls out of one weaver?[12] shall we do that?

Sir And. An you love me, let's do't: I am dog at a catch.

Clo. By'r lady, sir, and some dogs will catch well.

Sir And. Most certain: let our catch be, "Thou knave."

Clo. "Hold thy peace, thou knave," knight? I shall be constrain'd in't to call thee knave, knight.

Sir And. 'Tis not the first time I have constrain'd one to call me knave. Begin, fool; it begins, "Hold thy peace."

Clo. I shall never begin, if I hold my peace.

Sir And. Good, i'faith! Come, begin.

[*They sing a catch.*

Enter MARIA.

Mar. What a caterwauling do you keep here! If my lady have not call'd up her steward, Malvo-

[10] *Sweet-and-twenty* appears to have been an ancient term of endearment.

[11] Drink till the sky seems to turn round.

[12] Shakespeare represents weavers much given to harmony in his time. Sir Toby meant that the catch should be so harmonious that it would hale the soul out of a weaver *thrice over*, a rhodomontade way of expressing, that it would give this warm lover of song thrice more delight than it would give another man.

lio, and bid him turn you out of doors, never trust me.

Sir To. My lady's a Cataian;[13] we are politicians; Malvolio's a Peg-a-Ramsey; and "Three merry men be we!" Am not I consanguineous? am I not of her blood? Tilley-valley,[14] lady! "There dwelt a man in Babylon, lady, lady!"

[*Singing.*

Clo. Beshrew me, the knight's in admirable fooling.

Sir And. Ay, he does well enough, if he be dispos'd, and so do I too: he does it with a better grace, but I do it more natural.

Sir To. "O! the twelfth day of December,"—[15]

[*Singing.*

Mar. For the love o' God, peace!

Enter MALVOLIO.

Mal. My masters, are you mad? or what are you? Have you no wit, manners, nor honesty, but to gabble like tinkers at this time of night? Do you make an alehouse of my lady's house, that ye squeak

[13] This word generally signified a sharper. Sir Toby is too drunk for precision, and uses it merely as a term of reproach.

[14] An interjection of contempt equivalent to fiddle-faddle.

[15] With Sir Toby as wine goes in music comes out, and fresh songs keep bubbling up in his memory as he waxes mellower. A similar thing occurs in 2 Henry IV., where master Silence grows merry and musical amidst his cups in "the sweet of the night." Of the ballads referred to by Sir Toby, "O! the twelfth day of December" is entirely lost. Percy has one stanza of "There dwelt a man in Babylon," which he describes as "a poor dull performance, and very long." "Three merry men be we" seems to have been the burden of several old songs, one of which was called "Robin Hood and the Tanner." "Peg-a-Ramsey," or Peggy Ramsey, was an old popular tune which had several ballads fitted to it. "Thou knave" was a catch which, says Sir John Hawkins, "appears to be so contrived that each of the singers calls the other knave in turn." H.

out your coziers'[16] catches without any mitigation or remorse of voice? Is there no respect of place, persons, nor time, in you?

Sir To. We did keep time, sir, in our catches. Sneck up![17]

Mal. Sir Toby, I must be round with you. My lady bade me tell you, that though she harbours you as her kinsman, she's nothing allied to your disorders. If you can separate yourself and your misdemeanors, you are welcome to the house; if not, an it would please you to take leave of her, she is very willing to bid you farewell.

Sir To. "Farewell, dear heart, since I must needs be gone."[18]

Mar. Nay, good Sir Toby.

Clo. "His eyes do show his days are almost done."

Mal. Is't even so?

Sir To. "But I will never die."

Clo. Sir Toby, there you lie.

Mal. This is much credit to you.

Sir To. "Shall I bid him go?"

Clo. "What an if you do?"

Sir To. "Shall I bid him go, and spare not?"

Clo. "O, no, no, no, no, you dare not."

Sir To. Out o'tune! — Sir, ye lie. — Art any more than a steward? Dost thou think, because

[16] *Coziers* means *botchers*, whether botching with needles or with awls. H.

[17] A word of contempt the original meaning of which is lost, but which came to signify, — "Go hang yourself," or "Go and be hanged." H.

[18] This is the first line of an old ballad, entitled Corydon's Farewell to Phillis. It was inserted in Percy's Reliques from an ancient miscellany, called The Golden Garland of Princely Delights. The musical dialogue that follows between Sir Toby and the Clown is adapted to their purpose from the first two stanzas of the ballad. H.

thou art virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale?

Clo. Yes, by Saint Anne; and ginger shall be hot i'the mouth too.

Sir To. Thou'rt i'the right. — Go, sir, rub your chain [19] with crums. — A stoop of wine, Maria!

Mal. Mistress Mary, if you priz'd my lady's favour at any thing more than contempt, you would not give means for this uncivil rule: she shall know of it, by this hand. [*Exit.*

Mar. Go shake your ears.

Sir And. 'Twere as good a deed as to drink when a man's a-hungry, to challenge him to the field; and then to break promise with him, and make a fool of him.

Sir To. Do't, knight: I'll write thee a challenge; or I'll deliver thy indignation to him by word of mouth.

Mar. Sweet Sir Toby, be patient for to-night: since the youth of the Count's was to-day with my lady, she is much out of quiet. For monsieur Malvolio, let me alone with him: if I do not gull him into an aye-word,[20] and make him a common recreation, do not think I have wit enough to lie straight in my bed: I know I can do it.

Sir To. Possess us, possess us; tell us something of him.

[19] Stewards anciently wore a chain of silver or gold, as a mark of superiority, as did other principal servants. Wolsey's chief cook is described by Cavendish as wearing "velvet or satin with a chain of gold." One of the methods used to clean gilt plate was *rubbing it with crums.* Thus in Webster's Duchess of Malfy: "Yea and the chippings of the buttery fly after him, to *scour his gold chain.*" H.

[20] That is, a by-word. In the original it is *an ayword;* but whether the *n* got misplaced, or the meaning be *aye-word,* nobody can tell. *Nay-word* occurs in The Merry Wives of Windsor, but in the sense of *watchword.* H

Mar. Marry, sir, sometimes he is a kind of Puritan.

Sir And. O! if I thought that, I'd beat him like a dog.

Sir To. What! for being a Puritan? thy exquisite reason, dear knight.

Sir And. I have no exquisite reason for't, but I have reason good enough.

Mar. The devil a Puritan that he is, or any thing constantly, but a time pleaser; an affection'd ass,[21] that cons state without book, and utters it by great swarths:[22] the best persuaded of himself, so crammed, as he thinks, with excellences, that it is his ground of faith, that all that look on him love him; and on that vice in him will my revenge find notable cause to work.

Sir To. What wilt thou do?

Mar. I will drop in his way some obscure epistles of love; wherein, by the colour of his beard, the shape of his leg, the manner of his gait, the expressure of his eye, forehead, and complexion, he shall find himself most feelingly personated: I can write very like my lady, your niece; on a forgotten matter we can hardly make distinction of our hands.

Sir To. Excellent! I smell a device.

Sir And. I have't in my nose too.

Sir To. He shall think, by the letters that thou wilt drop, that they come from my niece, and that she is in love with him.

Mar. My purpose is, indeed, a horse of that colour.

Sir And. And your horse now would make him an ass.

[21] An *affected* ass. Affection was often used for affectation H.

[22] That is, by great parcels or heaps. *Swarths* are the rows of grass left by the scythe of the mower.

Mar. Ass, I doubt not.

Sir And. O! 'twill be admirable.

Mar. Sport royal, I warrant you: I know my physic will work with him. I will plant you two, and let the fool make a third, where he shall find the letter: observe his construction of it. For this night, to bed, and dream on the event. Farewell [*Exit*

Sir To. Good night, Penthesilea.[23]

Sir And. Before me, she's a good wench.

Sir To. She's a beagle, true bred, and one that adores me: What o'that?

Sir And. I was ador'd once too.

Sir To. Let's to bed, knight. — Thou hadst need send for more money.

Sir And. If I cannot recover your niece, I am a foul way out.

Sir To. Send for money, knight: if thou hast her not i' the end, call me Cut.[24]

Sir And. If I do not, never trust me; take it how you will.

Sir To. Come, come: I'll go burn some sack; 'tis too late to go to bed now: Come, knight; come, knight. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. A Room in the Duke's Palace.

Enter Duke, Viola, Curio, *and others.*

Duke. Give me some music: — Now, good morrow, friends: —
Now, good Cesario, but that piece of song,

[23] Penthesilea was queen of the Amazons, and killed by Achilles in the Trojan War, *politely.* H.

[24] This term of contempt probably signified call me *gelding* or horse. *Cut* was a common contraction of *curtail.* One of the carriers' horses in Henry IV. is called *Cut.*

That old and antique song we heard last night:
Methought it did relieve my passion much,
More than light airs and recollected terms,[1]
Of these most brisk and giddy-paced times: —
Come, but one verse.

Cur. He is not here, so please your lordship, that should sing it.

Duke. Who was it?

Cur. Feste, the jester, my lord; a fool, that the lady Olivia's father took much delight in: he is about the house.

Duke. Seek him out, and play the tune the while.
[*Exit* CURIO. — *Music.*

Come hither, boy: if ever thou shalt love,
In the sweet pangs of it remember me;
For such as I am all true lovers are;
Unstaid and skittish in all motions else,
Save in the constant image of the creature
That is belov'd. — How dost thou like this tune?

Vio. It gives a very echo to the seat
Where Love is thron'd.

Duke. Thou dost speak masterly:
My life upon't, young though thou art, thine eye
Hath stay'd upon some favour[2] that it loves;
Hath it not, boy?

Vio. A little, by your favour.

Duke. What kind of woman is't?

Vio. Of your complexion

Duke. She is not worth thee then. What years i'faith?

Vio. About your years, my lord.

Duke. Too old, by heaven! Let still the woman take

[1] *Recalled, repeated* terms, alluding to the repetitions in songs.
[2] *Favour* is often used for *feature*. Viola in her reply plays upon the word. H.

An elder than herself; so wears she to him,
So sways she level in her husband's heart.
For, boy, however we do praise ourselves,
Our fancies are more giddy and unfirm,
More longing, wavering, sooner lost and won,
Than women's are.

Vio. I think it well, my lord.

Duke. Then let thy love be younger than thyself,
Or thy affection cannot hold the bent;
For women are as roses, whose fair flower,
Being once display'd, doth fall that very hour.

Vio. And so they are: alas! that they are so;
To die, even when they to perfection grow!

Re-enter CURIO *and Clown.*

Duke. O, fellow! come, the song we had last night. —
Mark it, Cesario; it is old, and plain:
The spinsters and the knitters in the sun,
And the free[3] maids that weave their thread with bones,

[3] In our older language *free* was often used for *chaste, pure.* Thus Chaucer in the Prioress's Tale:

"O mother maide, O maide and mother *fre.*"

"This song, I have heard say,
Was makid of our blissful Lady *fre.*" —

"Wherefore I sing, and sing I mote certain
In honour of that blisful maiden *fre.*"

In the Speculum Vitæ of Richard Rolle it is thus applied:

"For our Lorde wolde boren be
Of a weddid woman that was *fre,*
That was blessid Marye *mayde clene.*"

Drayton uses it in his fourth Eclogue:

"A daughter cleped Dowsabel, a maiden *fair and free*"

And Ben Jonson makes it part of the praise he lavishes on Lucy Countess of Bedford:

"I meant to make her fair, and *free,* and wise,
Of greatest blood, and yet more good than great"

Do use to chaunt it: it is silly sooth,[4]
And dallies with the innocence of love,
Like the old age.[5]

Clo. Are you ready, sir?

Duke. Ay; pr'ythee, sing.

Song.

Clo. Come away, come away, death,
And in sad cypress let me be laid;
Fly away, fly away, breath;
I am slain by a fair cruel maid.
My shroud of white, stuck all with yew,
O! prepare it;
My part of death no one so true
Did share it.

Not a flower, not a flower sweet,
On my black coffin let there be strown;
Not a friend, not a friend greet
My poor corpse, where my bones shall be throwr
A thousand thousand sighs to save,
Lay me, O! where
Sad true lover never find my grave,
To weep there.

Duke. There's for thy pains.

Clo. No pains, sir: I take pleasure in singing, sir.

Duke. I'll pay thy pleasure then.

Clo. Truly, sir, and pleasure will be paid one time or another.

Duke. Give me now leave to leave thee.

Clo. Now, the melancholy god protect thee! and the tailor make thy doublet of changeable taffata, for thy mind is a very opal![6] — I would have men

[4] *Silly sooth*, or rather *sely sooth*, is simple truth.

[5] The *old age* is the *ages past*, times of simplicity.

[6] The opal is a gem which varies its hues, as it is viewed in different lights.

of such constancy put to sea, that their business might be every thing, and their intent every where; for that's it, that always makes a good voyage of nothing. — Farewell. [*Exit Clown.*

Duke. Let all the rest give place. —

[*Exeunt* CURIO *and Attendants.*

Once more, Cesario,
Get thee to yond' same sovereign cruelty:
Tell her my love, more noble than the world,
Prizes not quantity of dirty lands:
The parts that fortune hath bestow'd upon her,
Tell her, I hold as giddily as fortune;
But 'tis that miracle, and queen of gems,
That nature pranks her in, attracts my soul.

Vio. But, if she cannot love you, sir?

Duke. I cannot be so answer'd.

Vio. Sooth, but you must.
Say that some lady, as perhaps there is,
Hath for your love as great a pang of heart
As you have for Olivia; you cannot love her;
You tell her so: Must she not then be answer'd?

Duke. There is no woman's sides
Can bide the beating of so strong a passion
As love doth give my heart; no woman's heart
So big to hold so much: they lack retention.
Alas! their love may be call'd appetite,
No motion of the liver, but the palate,
That suffers surfeit, cloyment, and revolt;
But mine is all as hungry as the sea,
And can digest as much: Make no compare
Between that love a woman can bear me,
And that I owe Olivia.

Vio. Ay, but I know, —

Duke. What dost thou know?

Vio. Too well what love women to men may owe:

In faith, they are as true of heart as we.
My father had a daughter lov'd a man,
As it might be, perhaps, were I a woman,
I should your lordship.

Duke. And what's her history?

Vio. A blank, my lord: She never told her love,
But let concealment, like a worm i' the bud,
Feed on her damask cheek: she pin'd in thought;
And, with a green and yellow melancholy,
She sat like patience on a monument,
Smiling at grief. Was not this love, indeed?
We men may say more, swear more: but, indeed,
Our shows are more than will; for still we prove
Much in our vows, but little in our love.

Duke. But died thy sister of her love, my boy?

Vio. I am all the daughters of my father's house,
And all the brothers too; — and yet I know not: —
Sir, shall I to this lady?

Duke. Ay, that's the theme.
To her in haste: give her this jewel; say
My love can give no place, bide no denay.

[*Exeunt*

SCENE V. Olivia's Garden.

Enter Sir Toby Belch, *Sir* Andrew Ague-cheek, *and* Fabian.

Sir To. Come thy ways, signior Fabian.

Fab. Nay, I'll come: if I lose a scruple of this sport, let me be boil'd to death with melancholy.

Sir To. Would'st thou not be glad to have the niggardly, rascally sheep-biter come by some notable shame?

Fab. I would exult, man: you know he brought me out o' favour with my lady, about a bear-baiting here.

Sir To To anger him we'll have the bear again; and we will fool him black and blue: — Shall we not, Sir Andrew?

Sir And. An we do not, it is pity of our lives.

Enter MARIA.

Sir To. Here comes the little villain: — How now, my metal of India?[1]

Mar. Get ye all three into the box-tree: Malvolio's coming down this walk; he has been yonder i'the sun, practising behaviour to his own shadow, this half hour: Observe him, for the love of mockery; for I know this letter will make a contemplative idiot of him. Close, in the name of jesting! [*The men hide themselves.*] Lie thou there; [*Throws down a letter.*] for here comes the trout that must be caught with tickling. [*Exit* MARIA.

Enter MALVOLIO.

Mal. 'Tis but fortune; all is fortune. Maria once told me, she did affect me: and I have heard herself come thus near, that, should she fancy, it should be one of my complexion. Besides, she uses me with a more exalted respect than any one else that follows her. What should I think on't?

Sir To. Here's an overweening rogue!

Fab. O, peace! Contemplation makes a rare turkey-cock of him: how he jets[2] under his advanc'd plumes!

Sir And. 'Slight! I could so beat the rogue. —

[1] The first folio reads, "*mettle* of India," which was altered in the second to *nettle*. Metal of India plainly means, my precious girl, my heart of gold. H.

[2] To *jet* was to *strut*. "To *jette* lordly through the streets that men may see them. *Incedere magnifice per ora hominum.*" Baret. So, in Chapman's Bussy D'Ambois: "To *jet* in other's plumes so haughtily"

Sir To. Peace! I say.

Mal. To be count Malvolio. —

Sir To. Ah, rogue!

Sir And. Pistol him, pistol him.

Sir To. Peace, peace!

Mal. There is example for't: the lady of the Strachy[3] married the yeoman of the wardrobe.

Sir And. Fie on him, Jezebel!

Fab. O, peace! now he's deeply in: look, how imagination blows[4] him.

Mal. Having been three months married to her, sitting in my state, —

Sir To. O, for a stone-bow,[5] to hit him in the eye!

Mal. — calling my officers about me, in my branch'd velvet gown; having come from a day-bed, where I have left Olivia sleeping; —

Sir To. Fire and brimstone!

Fab. O, peace, peace!

Mal. — and then to have the humour of state; and after a demure travel of regard, — telling them I know my place, as I would they should do theirs, — to ask for my kinsman Toby, —

Sir To. Bolts and shackles!

[3] Respecting this name, Mr. Collier says, — "There is, doubtless, an allusion here to some popular story now not known; 'Strachy' being the name of some noble family of which one of the female branches had condescended to marry a menial. Possibly that family was the Strozzi of Florence; and the copyist of Shakespeare's manuscript, not being able to read the word, wrote 'Strachy' for *Strozzi*, or *Strozzy*." Mr. R. P. Knight conjectured that *Strachy* was a corruption of the Italian *Stratico*, a word derived from the low Latin *Strategus*, or *Straticus*, and often used for the governor of a city or province. Other explanations have been offered; but if the reader cannot select from these two, much less would he be able to do so from all of them. H.

[4] That is, puffs him up. So in Bacon's Advancement of Learning: "Knowledge *bloweth* up, but charity buildeth up." H.

[5] A bow for hurling stones. H.

Fab. O, peace, peace, peace! now, now.

Mal. — seven of my people, with an obedient start, make out for him: I frown the while; and, perchance, wind up my watch, or play with my — some rich jewel. Toby approaches; courtesies[6] there to me: —

Sir To. Shall this fellow live?

Fab. Though our silence be drawn from us with cords, yet peace!

Mal. — I extend my hand to him thus, quenching my familiar smile with an austere regard of control, —

Sir To. And does not Toby take you a blow o'the lips then?

Mal. — saying, "Cousin Toby, my fortunes having cast me on your niece, give me this prerogative of speech:" —

Sir To. What, what?

Mal. — "You must amend your drunkenness"

Sir To. Out, scab!

Fab. Nay, patience! or we break the sinews of our plot.

Mal. "Besides, you waste the treasure of your time with a foolish knight;" —

Sir And. That's me, I warrant you.

Mal. — "one Sir Andrew."[8]

[6] It is probable that this word was used to express acts of civility and reverence, by either men or women indiscriminately.

[7] In The Two Gentlemen of Verona Launce says: "Yet I am in love; but *a team of horse* shall not *pluck that from* me." If locomotives had been in use in Shakespeare's time, commentators would have been spared no little perplexity about *cars*. As it is, it seems impossible to give any satisfactory explanation of the word; no *cars* of that time being known that could *draw*. Tyrwhitt proposes to read *cables*. H.

[8] It may be worthy of remark, that the leading ideas of Malvolio, in his *humour of state*, bear a strong resemblance to those of Almaschar in The Arabian Nights. Some of the expressions

Sir And. I knew 'twas I; for many do call me fool.

Mal. [*Seeing the letter.*] What employment have we here?

Fab. Now is the woodcock near the gin.

Sir To. O, peace! and the spirit of humours intimate reading aloud to him!

Mal. [*Taking up the letter.*] By my life, this is my lady's hand! these be her very C's, her U's, and her T's; and thus makes she her great P's. It is, in contempt of question, her hand.

Sir And. Her C's, her U's, and her T's: Why that?

Mal. [*Reads.*] "To the unknown belov'd, this, and my good wishes:" her very phrases! — By your leave, wax. — Soft! — and the impressure her Lucrece, with which she uses to seal: 'tis my lady. To whom should this be?

Fab. This wins him, liver and all.

Mal. [*Reads.*]

"Jove knows I love;
But who?
Lips do not move:
No man must know."

"No man must know." — What follows? the number's alter'd! — "No man must know:" — If this should be thee, Malvolio!

Sir To. Marry, hang thee, brock![9]

too are very similar. Many Arabian fictions had found their way into obscure Latin and French books, and from thence into English ones, long before any version of The Arabian Nights had appeared. In The Dialogues of Creatures Moralized, printed early in the sixteenth century, a story similar to that of Alnaschar is related.

[9] That is, *badger*, a term of contempt. So, in the Merry Conceited Jests of George Peele: "This *self-conceited brock*.

Mal. [*Reads.*]

"I may command, where I adore;
But silence, like a Lucrece knife,
With bloodless stroke my heart doth gore
M, O, A, I, doth sway my life."

Fab. A fustian riddle!

Sir To. Excellent wench, say I.

Mal. "M, O, A, I, doth sway my life."—Nay, but first, let me see,—let me see,—let me see.

Fab. What a dish of poison has she dress'd him!

Sir To. And with what wing the stannyel[10] checks at it!

Mal. "I may command where I adore." Why, she may command me: I serve her; she is my lady. Why, this is evident to any formal capacity.[11] There is no obstruction in this.—And the end,—what should that alphabetical position portend? if I could make that resemble something in me,—Softly!—M, O, A, I.—

Sir To. O! ay, make up that:—He is now at a cold scent.

Fab. Sowter[12] will cry upon't, for all this, though it be as rank as a fox.

Mal. M,—Malvolio:—M,—why, that begins my name.

Fab. Did not I say, he would work it out? the cur is excellent at faults.

Mal. M:—But then there is no consonancy in the

[10] The common stone-hawk, which inhabits old buildings and rocks. *To check*, says Latham in his book of Falconry, is, "when crows, rooks, pies, or other birds coming in view of the hawk, she forsaketh her natural flight to fly at them."

[11] That is, to any one *in his senses*, or whose *capacity* is not out of *form*.

[12] *Sowter* is here used as the name of a hound. *Sowterly* is often employed as a term of abuse: a *Sowter* was a cobbler or botcher; quasi *Sutor*.

sequel; that suffers under probation: A should follow, but O does.

Fab. And O! shall end, I hope.

Sir To. Ay, or I'll cudgel him, and make him cry, O!

Mal. And then I comes behind.

Fab. Ay, an you had any eye behind you, you might see more detraction at your heels, than fortunes before you.

Mal. M, O, A, I:—This simulation is not as the former;—and yet, to crush this a little, it would bow to me, for every one of these letters are in my name. Soft! here follows prose.—

"If this fall into thy hand, revolve. In my stars I am above thee; but be not afraid of greatness: Some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them. Thy fates open their hands; let thy blood and spirit embrace them. And, to inure thyself to what thou art like to be, cast thy humble slough, and appear fresh. Be opposite with a kinsman, surly with servants: let thy tongue tang arguments of state; put thyself into the trick of singularity: She thus advises thee, that sighs for thee. Remember who commended thy yellow stockings; and wish'd to see thee ever cross-garter'd:[13] I say, remember. Go to; thou art made, if thou desirest to be so; if not, let me see thee a steward still, the fellow of servants, and not worthy to touch fortune's fingers. Farewell. She that would alter services with thee,—

THE FORTUNATE UNHAPPY."

Daylight and champaign discovers not more: this is open. I will be proud, I will read politic authors, I will baffle Sir Toby, I will wash off gross

[13] A fashion once prevailed for some time of wearing the garters *crossed* on the leg. It should be remembered that rich and expensive garters worn below the knee were then in use. Olivia's detestation of these fashions probably arose from thinking them coxcomical.

acquaintance, I will be point-device,[14] the very man. I do not now fool myself, to let imagination jade me; for every reason excites to this, that my lady loves me. She did commend my yellow stockings of late, she did praise my leg being cross-garter'd; and in this she manifests herself to my love, and, with a kind of injunction, drives me to these habits of her liking. I thank my stars, I am happy. I will be strange, stout, in yellow stockings, and cross-garter'd, even with the swiftness of putting on. Jove and my stars be praised! — Here is yet a postscript.

"Thou canst not choose but know who I am. If thou entertainest my love, let it appear in thy smiling; thy smiles become thee well: therefore in my presence still smile, dear my sweet, I pr'ythee."

Jove, I thank thee. — I will smile; I will do every thing that thou wilt have me. [*Exit.*

Fab. I will not give my part of this sport for a pension of thousands to be paid from the Sophy.

Sir To. I could marry this wench for this device.

Sir And. So could I too.

Sir To. And ask no other dowry with her, but such another jest.

Enter MARIA.

Sir And. Nor I neither.

Fab. Here comes my noble gull-catcher.

Sir To. Wilt thou set thy foot o' my neck?

Sir And. Or o' mine either?

[14] That is, *exactly* the same in every particular. The etymology of this phrase is very uncertain. The most probable seems the French *à point devisé*. "*A poinct*," says Nicot, "adverbe. C'est en ordre et estat deu et convenable." We have also *point blank* for *direct*, from the same source.

Sir To. Shall I play my freedom at tray-trip,[15] and become thy bond-slave?

Sir And. I'faith, or I either.

Sir To. Why, thou hast put him in such a dream, that when the image of it leaves him he must run mad.

Mar. Nay, but say true; does it work upon him?

Sir To. Like aqua-vitæ with a midwife.

Mar. If you will, then, see the fruits of the sport, mark his first approach before my lady: he will come to her in yellow stockings, and 'tis a colour she abhors; and cross-garter'd, a fashion she detests: and he will smile upon her, which will now be so unsuitable to her disposition, being addicted to a melancholy as she is, that it cannot but turn him into a notable contempt: If you will see it, follow me.

Sir To. To the gates of Tartar, thou most excellent devil of wit!

Sir And. I'll make one too. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. Olivia's Garden.

Enter Viola, *and Clown with a tabor.*

Vio. Save thee, friend, and thy music: Dost thou live by thy tabor?[1]

[15] Tyrwhitt conjectured that *tray-trip* was the game of *draughts* and Mr. Knight produces a passage from Cecil's Correspondence, that favours the conjecture: "There is great danger of being taken sleepers at *tray-trip*, if the king sweep suddenly." An ancient satire called Machiavel's Dog gives further support:

> "But, leaving cards, let's go to dice awhile,
> To passage, *treitrippe*, hazard, or mum-chance."

Play my freedom means play *for* my freedom; that is, *stake* it. H.

[1] Tarleton, in a print before his Jests, 4to. 1611, is represented

Clo. No, sir; I live by the Church.

Vio. Art thou a Churchman?

Clo. No such matter, sir: I do live by the Church; for I do live at my house, and my house doth stand by the Church.

Vio. So thou mayst say, the king lies by a beggar, if a beggar dwell near him; or, the Church stands by thy tabor, if thy tabor stand by the Church.

Clo. You have said, sir. — To see this age! — A sentence is but a cheveril glove[2] to a good wit: How quickly the wrong side may be turn'd outward!

Vio. Nay, that's certain: they, that dally nicely with words, may quickly make them wanton.

Clo. I would, therefore, my sister had had no name, sir.

Vio. Why, man?

Clo. Why, sir, her name's a word; and to dally with that word, might make my sister wanton: But, indeed, words are very rascals, since bonds disgrac'd them.

Vio. Thy reason, man?

Clo. Troth, sir, I can yield you none without words; and words are grown so false, I am loth to prove reason with them.

Vio. I warrant thou art a merry fellow, and carest for nothing.

Clo. Not so, sir; I do care for something; but in my conscience, sir, I do not care for you: if that be to care for nothing, sir, I would it would make you invisible.

Vio. Art not thou the lady Olivia's fool?

Clo. No, indeed, sir; the lady Olivia has no folly.

with a *Tabor*. But the instrument is found in the hands of fools, long before the time of Shakespeare.

[2] That is, a *kid* glove, from the French *chevreau*. Ray has a proverb, "He hath a conscience like a *cheverel's* skin."

she will keep no fool, sir, till she be married; and fools are as like husbands, as pilchards are to herrings; the husband's the bigger: I am, indeed, not her fool, but her corrupter of words.

Vio. I saw thee late at the count Orsino's.

Clo. Foolery, sir, does walk about the orb, like the sun; it shines every where. I would be sorry, sir, but the fool should be as oft with your master, as with my mistress: I think I saw your wisdom there.

Vio. Nay, an thou pass upon me, I'll no more with thee. Hold; there's expenses for thee.

Clo. Now Jove, in his next commodity of hair, send thee a beard!

Vio. By my troth, I'll tell thee: I am almost sick for one; though I would not have it grow on my chin. Is thy lady within?

Clo. Would not a pair of these have bred, sir?[3]

Vio. Yes, being kept together, and put to use.

Clo. I would play lord Pandarus of Phrygia, sir, to bring a Cressida to this Troilus.

Vio. I understand you, sir: 'tis well begg'd.

Clo. The matter, I hope, is not great, sir; begging but a beggar: Cressida was a beggar.[4] My lady is within, sir. I will conster[5] to them whence you come; who you are, and what you would, are

[3] That is, two pieces of money, instead of the *one* Viola had given him. H.

[4] In Henryson's Testament of Cresseid she is thus spoken to "Great penurye thou shalt suffer, and as *a beggar* dye." And again:

"Thou shalt go begging from hous to hous,
With cuppe and clapper like a *Lazarous*."

[5] So in the original. *Conster* is the old form of *construe*, often used by the writers of Shakespeare's time, and occasionally even in the time of Pope. So that the received emendation is not properly admissible. H.

out of my welkin: I might say, element; but the word is over-worn. [*Exit.*

Vio. This fellow's wise enough to play the fool;
And, to do that well, craves a kind of wit:
He must observe their mood on whom he jests,
The quality of persons, and the time;
And, like the haggard,[6] check at every feather
That comes before his eye. This is a practice
As full of labour as a wise man's art:
For folly, that he wisely shows, is fit;
But wise men's folly shown quite taints their wit.

Enter Sir TOBY BELCH *and Sir* ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK.

Sir To. Save you, gentleman.

Vio. And you, sir.

Sir And. *Dieu vous garde, monsieur.*

Vio. *Et vous aussi: votre serviteur.*

Sir And. I hope, sir, you are; and I am yours.

Sir To. Will you encounter the house? my niece is desirous you should enter, if your trade be to her.

[6] A *haggard* is a wild or untrained *hawk*, which flies, *checks*, at all birds, or birds of *every feather*, indiscriminately. "The stannyel *checks* at it" occurs in the last scene of the preceding act. See note 10. H.

[7] That is, "wise men's folly, *being* or *having* fallen." The original reads, — "But wisemens folly falne, quite taint their wit" We concur in the reading proposed by Mr. Collier and endorsed by Mr. Verplanck. The usual reading is, "But wise men, folly-fallen, quite taint their wit;" which we are not a little puzzled to understand. The meaning of the passage, as we give it, seems to be: The fool, that is, the professional fool, thrives by folly, because folly is his art; but the involuntary folly of wise men, having lost its value, brings their wit into bad odour; on much the same principle as, — "A liar will not be believed when he speaks the truth." H

Vio. I am bound to your niece, sir: I mean, sh is the list[8] of my voyage.

Sir To. Taste[9] your legs, sir; put them to motion.

Vio. My legs do better understand me, sir, than I understand what you mean by bidding me taste my legs.

Sir To. I mean, to go, sir, to enter.

Vio. I will answer you with gait and entrance: But we are prevented.[10]

Enter OLIVIA *and* MARIA.

Most excellent accomplish'd lady, the heavens rain odours on you!

Sir And. That youth's a rare courtier! "Rain odours!" well.

Vio. My matter hath no voice, lady, but to your own most pregnant[11] and vouchsafed ear.

Sir And. "Odours," "pregnant," and "vouchsafed": — I'll get 'em all three all ready.

Oli. Let the garden door be shut, and leave me to my hearing.

[*Exeunt Sir* TO., *Sir* AND., *and* MAR

Give me your hand, sir.

Vio. My duty, madam, and most humble service.

Oli. What is your name?

Vio. Cesario is your servant's name, fair princess.

Oli. My servant, sir? 'Twas never merry world,
Since lowly feigning was call'd compliment:
You are servant to the count Orsino, youth.

[8] *Lists* again occurs in Measure for Measure in the sense of *bounds* or *limits*. H.

[9] *Taste* was sometimes used by the old poets in the sense of *try*. Thus in Chapman's Odyssey: "He now began to *taste* the bow." H.

[10] That is, we are anticipated. So in the 119th Psalm, "Mine eyes *prevent* the night-watches."

[11] That is, *ready*, *apprehensive*.

Vio. And he is yours, and his must needs be yours:
Your servant's servant is your servant, madam.
Oli. For him, I think not on him: for his thoughts,
'Would they were blanks, rather than fill'd with me!
Vio. Madam, I come to whet your gentle thoughts
On his behalf. —
Oli. O! by your leave, I pray you:
I bade you never speak again of him;
But, would you undertake another suit,
I had rather hear you to solicit that,
Than music from the spheres.
Vio. Dear lady, —
Oli. Give me leave, 'beseech you: I did send,
After the last enchantment you did here,
A ring in chase of you; so did I abuse
Myself, my servant, and, I fear me, you.
Under your hard construction must I sit,
To force that on you, in a shameful cunning,
Which you knew none of yours: What might you think?
Have you not set mine honour at the stake,
And baited it with all the unmuzzled thoughts
That tyrannous heart can think? To one of your receiving [12]
Enough is shown; a cyprus,[13] not a bosom,
Hides my heart: So, let me hear you speak.
Vio. I pity you.
Oli. That's a degree to love.
Vio. No, not a grise; [14] for 'tis a vulgar proof,
That very oft we pity enemies.
Oli. Why, then, methinks, 'tis time to smile again

[12] Quick apprehension.
[13] That is, a thin veil of crape or *cyprus*
[14] Step: from the French *grez*

O world, how apt the poor are to be proud!
If one should be a prey, how much the better
To fall before the lion than the wolf?

[*Clock strikes.*

The clock upbraids me with the waste of time. —
Be not afraid, good youth, I will not have you:
And yet, when wit and youth is come to harvest,
Your wife is like to reap a proper man:
There lies your way, due west.

Vio. Then westward hoe![15]
Grace and good disposition 'tend your ladyship!
You'll nothing, madam, to my lord by me?

Oli. Stay:
I pr'ythee, tell me what thou think'st of me.

Vio. That you do think you are not what you are.

Oli. If I think so, I think the same of you.

Vio. Then think you right: I am not what I am.

Oli. I would you were as I would have you be!

Vio. Would it be better, madam, than I am,
I wish it might; for now I am your fool.

Oli. [*Aside.*] O! what a deal of scorn looks beautiful
In the contempt and anger of his lip!
A murderous guilt shows not itself more soon
Than love that would seem hid: love's night is noon. —
Cesario, by the roses of the spring,
By maidhood, honour, truth, and every thing,
I love thee so, that, maugre[16] all thy pride,
Nor wit, nor reason, can my passion hide.
Do not extort thy reasons from this clause,
For, that I woo, thou therefore hast no cause;

[15] An exclamation used by watermen on the Thames. Westward ho, Northward ho, and Eastward ho, are also used as titles of plays. H

[16] *In spite of:* from the French *malgré.*

But rather, reason thus with reason fetter:
Love sought is good, but given unsought is better.

Vio. By innocence I swear, and by my youth,
I have one heart, one bosom, and one truth,
And that no woman has; nor never none
Shall mistress be of it, save I alone.
And so adieu, good madam: never more
Will I my master's tears to you deplore.

Oli. Yet come again; for thou, perhaps, mayst move
That heart, which now abhors, to like his love.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. A Room in Olivia's House.

Enter Sir Toby Belch, *Sir* Andrew Ague-cheek, *and* Fabian.

Sir And. No, faith, I'll not stay a jot longer.

Sir To. Thy reason, dear venom; give thy reason.

Fab. You must needs yield your reason, Sir Andrew.

Sir And. Marry, I saw your niece do more favours to the Count's serving man, than ever she bestow'd upon me: I saw't i'the orchard.

Sir To. Did she see thee the while, old boy? tell me that.

Sir And. As plain as I see you now.

Fab. This was a great argument of love in her toward you.

Sir And. 'Slight! will you make an ass o'me?

Fab. I will prove it legitimate, sir, upon the oaths of judgment and reason.

Sir To. And they have been grand jury-men since before Noah was a sailor.

Fab. She did show favour to the youth in yo sight, only to exasperate you, to awake your do mouse valour, to put fire in your heart, and brim stone in your liver: You should then have accoste her; and with some excellent jests, fire-new fro the mint, you should have bang'd the youth into dumbness. This was look'd for at your hand, and this was balk'd: the double gilt of this opportunity you let time wash off, and you are now sail'd into the north of my lady's opinion; where you will hang like an icicle on a Dutchman's beard, unless you do redeem it by some laudable attempt, either of valour, or policy.

Sir And. An't be any way, it must be with valour; for policy I hate: I had as lief be a Brownist[1] as a politician.

Sir To. Why, then build me thy fortunes upon the basis of valour. Challenge me the Count's youth to fight with him; hurt him in eleven places: my niece shall take note of it; and assure thyself, there is no love-broker in the world can more prevail in man's commendation with woman, than report of valour.

Fab. There is no way but this, Sir Andrew.

[1] The Brownists were one of the Puritan sects that arose during the reign of Elizabeth; so called from Robert Brown, their founder, "who," says Mr. Collier, "after separating himself from the Church, and causing much confusion in it for about ten years, returned to it in 1589 or 1590, and died in 1630." Like others of their kind, their leading purpose was to prevent the abuse of certain things, such as laws, by uprooting the use of them. Attempting to reduce the impracticable to practice, their wisdom made them an object of ridicule even till after the Restoration. Malvolio appears to have been intended partly as a satire on the Puritans in general; they being especially strenuous at the time this play was written to have restrictions set upon playing. But there had been a deep-seated grudge between the Puritans and the Dramatists ever since Nash put out the eyes of Martin Marprelate with salt.

Sir And. Will either of you bear me a challenge to him?

Sir To. Go, write it in a martial hand; be curst[2] and brief; it is no matter how witty, so it be eloquent, and full of invention: taunt him with the license of ink: if thou *thou'st*[3] him some thrice, it shall not be amiss; and as many lies as will lie in thy sheet of paper, although the sheet were big enough for the bed of Ware[4] in England, set 'em down: go, about it. Let there be gall enough in thy ink; though thou write with a goose-pen, no matter: About it.

Sir And. Where shall I find you?

Sir To. We'll call thee at the *cubiculo:*[5] Go.

[*Exit Sir* ANDREW.

Fab. This is a dear mannikin to you, Sir Toby.

Sir To. I have been dear to him, lad; some two thousand strong, or so.

[2] *Curst* is cross, snappish.

[3] This has been generally thought an allusion to Coke's impudent and abusive *thouing* of Sir Walter Raleigh at his trial; but it has been ascertained that the play was acted a year and a half before that trial took place. And indeed it had been no insult to *thou* Sir Walter, unless there were some preexisting custom or sentiment to make it so. What that custom was, may be seen by the following passage from the Rule of St. Bridget: "None of hyghenesse schal *thou* another in spekynge, but eche schal speke reverently to other, the younger namely to the elder." One of the authors of "Guesses at Truth" has a very learned and ingenious essay on the subject, wherein he quotes the following from a book published in 1661, by George Fox the Quaker: "For this *thou* and *thee* was a sore cut to proud flesh, and them that sought self-honour; who, though they would say it to God and Christ, would not endure to have it said to themselves. So that we were often beaten and abused, and sometimes in danger of our lives, for using those words to some proud men, who would say,— *What, you ill-bred clown, do you* thou *me!*" H.

[4] This curious piece of furniture was a few years since still in being at one of the inns in that town. It was reported to be twelve feet square, and capable of holding twenty-four persons

[5] Chamber.

Fab. We shall have a rare letter from him: but you'll not deliver it.

Sir To. Never trust me then! and by all means stir on the youth to an answer. I think, oxen and wainropes cannot hale them together. For Andrew, if he were open'd, and you find so much blood in his liver as will clog the foot of a flea, I'll eat the rest of the anatomy.

Fab. And his opposite, the youth, bears in his visage no great presage of cruelty.

Enter MARIA.

Sir To. Look, where the youngest wren of nine[6] comes.

Mar. If you desire the spleen, and will laugh yourselves into stitches, follow me: yond' gull Malvolio is turned heathen, a very renegado; for there is no Christian, that means to be saved by believing rightly, can ever believe such impossible passages of grossness. He's in yellow stockings.

Sir To. And cross-garter'd?

Mar. Most villanously; like a pedant that keeps a school i'the Church. — I have dogg'd him, like his murderer: He does obey every point of the letter that I dropp'd to betray him. He does smile his face into more lines than are in the new map, with the augmentation of the Indies:[7] you have not seen

[6] Alluding to the small stature of Maria. Sir Toby elsewhere calls her "the little villain," and Viola ironically speaks of her as "giant." The expression in the text seems to have been proverbial; the *wren* generally laying nine or ten eggs, and the last hatched being the smallest of the brood. The original has "wren of *mine:*" but Theobald's emendation is generally received. H.

[7] Alluding to a Map engraved for the English translation of Linschoten's Voyage, published in 1598. This map is multilineal in the extreme, and is the first in which the *Eastern Islands* are included.

such a thing as 'tis; I can hardly forbear hurling things at him. I know my lady will strike him: if she do, he'll smile, and take't for a great favour.

Sir To. Come, bring us, bring us where he is.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. A Street.

Enter ANTONIO *and* SEBASTIAN.

Seb. I would not, by my will, have troubled you;
But, since you make your pleasure of your pains,
I will no further chide you.

Ant. I could not stay behind you: my desire,
More sharp than filed steel, did spur me forth;
And not all love to see you, (though so much
As might have drawn one to a longer voyage,)
But jealousy what might befall your travel,
Being skilless in these parts; which, to a stranger,
Unguided and unfriended, often prove
Rough and unhospitable: My willing love,
The rather by these arguments of fear,
Set forth in your pursuit.

Seb. My kind Antonio,
I can no other answer make, but thanks,
And thanks: and very oft good turns
Are shuffled off with such uncurrent pay:
But, were my worth,[2] as is my conscience, firm,

[1] We concur with Mr. Knight in restoring this line as it stands in the original. Mr. Collier puts the colon after *ever*, making no other change. The usual reading is:

"And thanks, and ever thanks: often good turns," &c.

The alteration was made by Steevens, who could not bear that the Poet should have any lines defective in measure. Setting this aside, (if it be worth the setting aside,) there seems to be no difficulty in the passage as it is, unless one be bent upon critical discovery. The meaning of course is, — "It is always common for good turns to be," &c. H

[2] Wealth, or fortune.

You should find better dealing. What's to do?
Shall we go see the reliques of this town?

Ant. To-morrow, sir: best first go see your lodging.

Seb. I am not weary, and 'tis long to night:
I pray you, let us satisfy our eyes
With the memorials, and the things of fame,
That do renown this city.

Ant. 'Would you'd pardon me:
I do not without danger walk these streets:
Once, in a sea-fight 'gainst the Count his galleys,
I did some service; of such note, indeed,
That, were I ta'en here, it would scarce be answer'd.

Seb. Belike, you slew great number of his people.

Ant. The offence is not of such a bloody nature;
Albeit the quality of the time, and quarrel,
Might well have given us bloody argument.
It might have since been answer'd in repaying
What we took from them; which, for traffic's sake,
Most of our city did: only myself stood out;
For which, if I be lapsed in this place,
I shall pay dear.

Seb. Do not, then, walk too open.

Ant. It doth not fit me. Hold, sir; here's my purse:
In the south suburbs, at the Elephant,
Is best to lodge: I will bespeak our diet,
Whiles you beguile the time, and feed your knowledge,
With viewing of the town: there shall you have me.

Seb. Why I your purse?

Ant. Haply, your eye shall light upon some toy
You have desire to purchase; and your store,
I think, is not for idle markets, sir.

Seb. I'll be your purse-bearer, and leave you for an hour.

Ant. To the Elephant. —

Seb. I do remember.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. Olivia's Garden.

Enter Olivia *and* Maria.

Oli. I have sent after him : He says he'll come.
How shall I feast him ? what bestow on him ?
For youth is bought more oft than begg'd, or borrow'd.
I speak too loud. —
Where is Malvolio ? — he is sad, and civil,[1]
And suits well for a servant with my fortunes : —
Where is Malvolio ?

Mar. He's coming, madam ; but in very strange manner. He is sure possess'd, madam.

Oli. Why, what's the matter ? does he rave ?

Mar. No, madam, he does nothing but smile : your ladyship were best to have some guard about you, if he come ; for sure the man is tainted in's wits.

Oli. Go call him hither. — I am as mad as he,
If sad and merry madness equal be. —

Enter Malvolio.

How now, Malvolio ?

Mal. Sweet lady, ho, ho. [*Smiles fantastically.*

Oli. Smil'st thou ?
I sent for thee upon a sad occasion.

Mal. Sad, lady ! I could be sad. This does

[1] That is, *serious* and *grave*, or *solemn*. Thus in Romeo and Juliet : "Come, *civil* night, thou sober-suited matron all in black."

make some obstruction in the blood, this cross-gartering: but what of that? if it please the eye of one, it is with me as the very true sonnet is. "Please one, and please all."

Oli. Why, how dost thou, man? what is the matter with thee?

Mal. Not black in my mind, though yellow in my legs: It did come to his hands, and commands shall be executed. I think we do know the sweet Roman hand.

Oli. Wilt thou go to bed, Malvolio?

Mal. To bed? ay, sweetheart; and I'll come to thee.

Oli. God comfort thee! Why dost thou smile so, and kiss thy hand so oft?

Mar. How do you, Malvolio?

Mal. At your request! Yes; nightingales answer daws.

Mar. Why appear you with this ridiculous boldness before my lady?

Mal. "Be not afraid of greatness:"—'Twas well writ.

Oli. What meanest thou by that, Malvolio?

Mal. "Some are born great,"—

Oli. Ha?

Mal. —"some achieve greatness,"—

Oli. What say'st thou?

Mal. —"and some have greatness thrust upon them."

Oli. Heaven restore thee!

Mal. "Remember, who commended thy yellow stockings;"—

Oli. My yellow stockings?

Mal. —"and wish'd to see thee cross-garter'd."

Oli. Cross-garter'd?

Mal. "Go to: thou art made, if thou desirest to be so;" —

Oli. Am I made?

Mal. — "if not, let me see thee a servant still."

Oli. Why, this is very midsummer madness.[2]

Enter Servant.

Ser. Madam, the young gentleman of the count Orsino's is return'd; I could hardly entreat him back: he attends your ladyship's pleasure.

Oli. I'll come to him. [*Exit Servant.*] Good Maria, let this fellow be look'd to. Where's my cousin Toby? Let some of my people have a special care of him: I would not have him miscarry for the half of my dowry.

[*Exeunt* OLIVIA *and* MARIA.

Mal. Oh, ho! do you come near me now? no worse man than Sir Toby to look to me? This concurs directly with the letter: she sends him on purpose, that I may appear stubborn to him; for she incites me to that in the letter. "Cast thy humble slough," says she; "be opposite with a kinsman, surly with servants; — let thy tongue tang with arguments of state; — put thyself into the trick of singularity:" — and, consequently, sets down the manner how; as, a sad face, a reverend carriage, a slow tongue, in the habit of some sir of note, and so forth. I have lim'd her;[3] but it is Jove's doing, and Jove make me thankful! And, when she went away now, "Let this fellow be look'd to:" Fellow! not Malvolio, nor after my degree, but fellow.

[2] "'Tis midsummer moon with you," was a proverbial phrase, signifying you are mad. It was an ancient opinion that hot weather affected the brain.

[3] Caught her as a bird with birdlime.

Why, every thing adheres together; that no dram of a scruple, no scruple of a scruple, no obstacle, no incredulous or unsafe circumstance, — What can be said? Nothing that can be can come between me and the full prospect of my hopes. Well, Jove, not I, is the doer of this, and he is to be thanked.

Re-enter MARIA, *with Sir* TOBY BELCH *and* FABIAN.

Sir To. Which way is he, in the name of sanctity? If all the devils in hell be drawn in little, and Legion himself possess'd him, yet I'll speak to him.

Fab. Here he is, here he is: — How is't with you, sir? how is't with you, man?

Mal. Go off; I discard you: let me enjoy my private; go off.

Mar. Lo, how hollow the fiend speaks within him! did not I tell you? — Sir Toby, my lady prays you to have a care of him.

Mal. Ah, ha! does she so?

Sir To. Go to, go to: peace! peace! we must deal gently with him; let me alone. How do you, Malvolio? how is't with you? What, man! defy the devil: consider, he's an enemy to mankind.

Mal. Do you know what you say?

Mar. La you! an you speak ill of the devil, how he takes it at heart! Pray God, he be not bewitch'd!

Fab. Carry his water to the wise woman.

Mar. Marry, and it shall be done to-morrow morning, if I live. My lady would not lose him for more than I'll say.

Mal. How now, mistress?

Mar. O lord!

Sir To. Pr'ythee, hold thy peace; this is not the way: Do you not see you move him? let me alone with him

Fab. No way but gentleness; gently, gently: the fiend is rough, and will not be roughly us'd.

Sir To. Why, how now, my bawcock? how dost thou, chuck?

Mal. Sir?

Sir To. Ay, Biddy, come with me. What, man! 'tis not for gravity to play at cherry-pit[4] with Satan: Hang him, foul collier![5]

Mar. Get him to say his prayers: good Sir Toby get him to pray.

Mal. My prayers, minx!

Mar. No, I warrant you; he will not hear of godliness.

Mal. Go, hang yourselves all! you are idle shallow things: I am not of your element: You shall know more hereafter. [*Exit.*

Sir To. Is't possible?

Fab. If this were play'd upon a stage now, I could condemn it as an improbable fiction.

Sir To. His very genius hath taken the infection of the device, man.

Mar. Nay, pursue him now, lest the device take air, and taint.

Fab. Why, we shall make him mad, indeed.

Mar. The house will be the quieter.

Sir To. Come, we'll have him in a dark room, and bound. My niece is already in the belief that he is mad: we may carry it thus, for our pleasure, and his penance, till our very pastime, tired out of breath, prompt us to have mercy on him; at which

[4] A game played by pitching cherry-stones into a hole. H.

[5] *Collier* was in Shakespeare's time a term of the highest reproach. The coal venders were in bad repute, not only from the blackness of their appearance, but that many of them were also great cheats. The devil is called collier for his blackness. Hence the proverb, "Like will to like, as the *devil* with the *collier*"

time we will bring the device to the bar, and crow thee for a finder of madmen. But see, but see.

Enter Sir ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK.

Fab. More matter for a May morning.[6]

Sir And. Here's the challenge; read it: I warrant there's vinegar and pepper in't.

Fab. Is't so saucy?

Sir And. Ay, is't, I warrant him: do but read.

Sir To. Give me. [*Reads.*] "Youth; whatsoever thou art, thou art but a scurvy fellow."

Fab. Good, and valiant.

Sir To. "Wonder not, nor admire not in thy mind, why I do call thee so, for I will show thee no reason for't."

Fab. A good note; that keeps you from the blow of the law.

Sir To. "Thou comest to the lady Olivia, and in my sight she uses thee kindly: but thou liest in thy throat; that is not the matter I challenge thee for."

Fab. Very brief, and exceeding good sense — less.

Sir To. "I will waylay thee going home; where, if it be thy chance to kill me,"—

Fab. Good.

Sir To. —"thou killest me like a rogue and a villain."

Fab. Still you keep o'the windy side of the law Good.

Sir To. "Fare thee well; and God have mercy upon one of our souls! He may have mercy upon mine; but my hope is better, and so look to thyself.

[6] It was usual on the First of May to exhibit metrical interludes of the comic kind, as well as other sports, such as the Morris Dance.

Thy friend, as thou usest him, and thy sworn enemy.—

ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK."

If this letter move him not, his legs cannot: I'll give't him.

Mar. You may have very fit occasion for't: he is now in some commerce with my lady, and will by and by depart.

Sir To. Go, Sir Andrew; scout me for him at the corner of the orchard, like a bum-bailie:[7] so soon as ever thou seest him, draw; and, as thou drawest, swear horrible;[8] for it comes to pass oft, that a terrible oath, with a swaggering accent sharply twang'd off, gives manhood more approbation than ever proof itself would have earn'd him. Away.

Sir And. Nay, let me alone for swearing. [*Exit.*

Sir To. Now will not I deliver his letter; for the behaviour of the young gentleman gives him out to be of good capacity and breeding: his employment between his lord and my niece confirms no less; therefore this letter, being so excellently ignorant, will breed no terror in the youth: he will find it comes from a clodpole. But, sir, I will deliver his challenge by word of mouth; set upon Ague-cheek a notable report of valour; and drive the gentleman (as I know his youth will aptly receive it) into a most hideous opinion of his rage, skill, fury, and impetuosity. This will so fright them both, that they will kill one another by the look, like cockatrices.

Enter OLIVIA *and* VIOLA.

Fab. Here he comes with your niece: give them way, till he take leave, and presently after him.

[7] A waggish form of *bum-bailiff.* H.

[8] Adjectives are often used by Shakespeare and his contemporaries adverbially.

Sir To. I will meditate the while upon some horrid message for a challenge.

[*Exeunt Sir* To., Fab., *and* Maria.

Oli. I have said too much unto a heart of stone[9]
And laid mine honour too unchary out:
There's something in me that reproves my fault;
But such a headstrong potent fault it is,
That it but mocks reproof.

Vio. With the same 'haviour that your passion bears,
Go on my master's griefs.

Oli. Here; wear this jewel[10] for me; 'tis my picture:
Refuse it not; it hath no tongue to vex you;
And, I beseech you, come again to-morrow:
What shall you ask of me that I'll deny,
That honour, sav'd, may upon asking give?

Vio. Nothing but this; your true love for my master.

Oli. How with mine honour may I give him that
Which I have given to you?

Vio. I will acquit you.

Oli. Well, come again to-morrow: Fare thee well;
A fiend, like thee, might bear my soul to hell. [*Exit.*

Re-enter Sir Toby Belch *and* Fabian.

Sir To. Gentleman, God save thee.

Vio. And you, sir.

Sir To. That defence thou hast, betake thee to't of what nature the wrongs are thou hast done him I know not; but thy intercepter, full of despight bloody as the hunter, attends thee at the orchard

[9] That is, bestowed my honour too freely upon a heart of stone. H.

[10] *Jewel* anciently signified any precious ornament of superfluity

end: dismount thy tuck;[11] be yare[12] in thy preparation, for thy assailant is quick, skilful, and deadly.

Vio. You mistake, sir; I am sure no man hath any quarrel to me: my remembrance is very free and clear from any image of offence done to any man.

Sir To. You'll find it otherwise, I assure you: therefore, if you hold your life at any price, betake you to your guard; for your opposite hath in him what youth, strength, skill, and wrath, can furnish man withal.

Vio. I pray you, sir, what is he?

Sir To. He is a knight, dubb'd with unhack'd[13] rapier, and on carpet consideration;[14] but he is a devil in private brawl: souls and bodies hath he divorc'd three; and his incensement at this moment is so implacable, that satisfaction can be none but

[11] Rapier.

[12] Ready, nimble.

[13] The original reads *unhatch'd* rapier; but many of the best commentators are of the opinion that it should be *unhack'd*. "*Hatching*," according to an old authority, "is to silver or gild the hilt and pomell of a sword or hanger." Hence used generally for to *adorn* or *beautify*. Thus in Shirley's Love in a Maze: "Thy hair is fine as gold, thy chin is *hatch'd* with silver;" that is, says Gifford, "ornamented with a white or silvery beard." So, also, in Troilus and Cressida: "As venerable Nestor *hatch'd* in silver." So that *unhatch'd rapier* would mean the same as unornamented rapier, which would hardly agree with the use here made of it. *Hatched*, it is true, is sometimes used in the sense of *stained*; but in such cases it is followed by a noun denoting the *material*; as in Beaumont and Fletcher's Humorous Lieutenant: "His weapon hatch'd *in blood*." H.

[14] The meaning of this may be gathered from Randle Holme. Speaking of a certain class of knights, he says,—"They are termed simply knights of the *carpet*, or knights of the green cloth, to distinguish them from knights that are dubbed as soldiers in the field; though in these days they are created or dubbed with the like ceremony as the others are, by the stroke of a naked sword upon the shoulder, with the words, Rise up, Sir T. A., knight." H.

by pangs of death and sepulchre: Hob, nob,[15] is his word; give't, or take't.

Vio. I will return again into the house, and desire some conduct of the lady. I am no fighter. I have heard of some kind of men, that put quarrels purposely on others, to taste their valour: belike, this is a man of that quirk.

Sir To. Sir, no; his indignation derives itself out of a very competent injury: therefore get you on, and give him his desire. Back you shall not to the house, unless you undertake that with me, which with as much safety you might answer him: therefore on, or strip your sword stark naked; for meddle you must, that's certain, or forswear to wear iron about you.

Vio. This is as uncivil as strange. I beseech you, do me this courteous office, as to know of the knight what my offence to him is: it is something of my negligence, nothing of my purpose.

Sir To. I will do so. Signior Fabian, stay you by this gentleman till my return. [*Exit Sir* TOBY.

Vio. Pray you, sir, do you know of this matter?

Fab. I know the knight is incens'd against you, even to a mortal arbitrement; but nothing of the circumstance more.

Vio. I beseech you, what manner of man is he?

Fab. Nothing of that wonderful promise, to read him by his form, as you are like to find him in the proof of his valour. He is, indeed, sir, the most skilful, bloody, and fatal opposite that you could possibly have found in any part of Illyria: Will you walk towards him? I will make your peace with him, if I can.

[15] "*Hob, nob,*" says Mr. Collier, "is a corruption of *hap or na hap;* that is, 'let it happen or not happen;' and is equivalent to 'come what may.'" H.

Vio. I shall be much bound to you for't: I am one that would rather go with sir priest, than sir knight: I care not who knows so much of my mettle. [*Exeunt.*

Re-enter Sir TOBY, *with Sir* ANDREW.

Sir To. Why, man, he's a very devil; I have not seen such a firago.[16] I had a pass with him, rapier, scabbard, and all, and he gives me the stuck-in[17] with such a mortal motion, that it is inevitable; and on the answer he pays you as surely as your feet hit the ground they step on: They say he has been fencer to the Sophy.

Sir And. Pox on't! I'll not meddle with him.

Sir To. Ay, but he will not now be pacified: Fabian can scarce hold him yonder.

Sir And. Plague on't! an I thought he had been valiant and so cunning in fence, I'd have seen him damn'd ere I'd have challeng'd him. Let him let the matter slip, and I'll give him my horse, grav Capilet.

Sir To. I'll make the motion: stand here; make a good show on't: this shall end without the perdition of souls. [*Aside.*] Marry, I'll ride your horse as well as I ride you.

Re-enter FABIAN *and* VIOLA.

[*To* FAB.] I have his horse to take up the quarrel: I have persuaded him the youth's a devil.

Fab. [*To Sir* TO.] He is as horribly conceited[18]

[16] *Firago*, for virago. The meaning appears to be, I have never seen the most furious woman so obstreperous and violent as he is.

[17] A corruption of *stoccata*, an Italian term in fencing.

[18] He has a horrid conception of him.

of him; and pants, and looks pale, as if a bear were at his heels.

Sir To. [*To* Vio.] There's no remedy, sir: he will fight with you for his oath sake: Marry, he hath better bethought him of his quarrel, and he finds that now scarce to be worth talking of: therefore draw, for the supportance of his vow: he protests he will not hurt you.

Vio. [*Aside.*] Pray God defend me! A little thing would make me tell them how much I lack of a man.

Fab. Give ground, if you see him furious.

Sir To. Come, Sir Andrew, there's no remedy: the gentleman will, for his honour's sake, have one bout with you: he cannot by the duello avoid it; but he has promised me, as he is a gentleman and a soldier, he will not hurt you. Come on; to't.

Sir And. Pray God, he keep his oath! [*Draws.*

Enter Antonio.

Vio. I do assure you 'tis against my will.
[*Draws.*

Ant. Put up your sword: — If this young gentleman
Have done offence, I take the fault on me:
If you offend him, I for him defy you. [*Drawing.*

Sir To. You, sir? why, what are you?

Ant. One, sir, that for his love dares yet do more
Than you have heard him brag to you he will.

Sir To. Nay, if you be an undertaker,[19] I am for you. [*Draws.*

Enter Officers.

Fab. O, good Sir Toby, hold! here come the officers.

[19] That is, one who takes up or *undertakes* the quarrel of another.

Sir To. [*To* ANT.] I'll be with you anon.

Vio. [*To Sir* AND.] Pray, sir, put your sword up, if you please.

Sir And. Marry, will I, sir;—and, for that I promis'd you, I'll be as good as my word: He will bear you easily; and reins well.

1 *Off.* This is the man: do thy office.

2 *Off.* Antonio, I arrest thee at the suit
Of count Orsino.

Ant. You do mistake me, sir.

1 *Off.* No, sir, no jot; I know your favour well,
Though now you have no sea-cap on your head.—
Take him away: he knows I know him well.

Ant. I must obey.—[*To* VIO.] This comes with seeking you;
But there's no remedy: I shall answer it.
What will you do? Now my necessity
Makes me to ask you for my purse: It grieves me
Much more for what I cannot do for you,
Than what befalls myself. You stand amaz'd;
But be of comfort.

2 *Off.* Come, sir, away.

Ant. I must entreat of you some of that money.

Vio. What money, sir?
For the fair kindness you have show'd me here,
And part, being prompted by your present trouble,
Out of my lean and low ability
I'll lend you something: My having is not much;
I'll make division of my present with you:
Hold, there is half my coffer.

Ant. Will you deny me now?
Is't possible that my deserts to you
Can lack persuasion? Do not tempt my misery,
Lest that it make me so unsound a man,
As to upbraid you with those kindnesses
That I have done for you

Vio. I know of none;
Nor know I you by voice, or any feature:
I hate ingratitude more in a man,
Than lying, vainness, babbling drunkenness,
Or any taint of vice, whose strong corruption
Inhabits our frail blood.

Ant. O, heavens themselves!

2 *Off.* Come, sir; I pray you go.

Ant. Let me speak a little. This youth that you see here
I snatch'd one half out of the jaws of death;
Relieved him with such sanctity of love,
And to his image, which, methought, did promise
Most venerable worth, did I devotion.

1 *Off.* What's that to us? The time goes by; away.

Ant. But, O! how vile an idol proves this god!—
Thou hast, Sebastian, done good feature shame.—
In nature there's no blemish, but the mind;
None can be call'd deform'd, but the unkind:
Virtue is beauty; but the beauteous-evil
Are empty trunks, o'erflourish'd [20] by the devil.

1 *Off.* The man grows mad: away with him.
Come, come, sir.

Ant. Lead me on. [*Exeunt Officers with* ANT.

Vio. Methinks, his words do from such passion fly,
That he believes himself; so do not I.[21]
Prove true, imagination, O! prove true,
That I, dear brother, be now ta'en for you!

Sir To. Come hither, knight; come hither, Fabian: we'll whisper o'er a couplet or two of most sage saws.

[20] Trunks, being then part of the furniture of apartments, were ornamented with scroll work or *flourished* devices.

[21] That is, I do not yet believe myself, when from this accident I gather hope of my brother's life.

Vio. He nam'd Sebastian: I my brother know
Yet living in my glass;[22] even such, and so,
In favour was my brother; and he went
Still in this fashion, colour, ornament,
For him I imitate: O! if it prove,
Tempests are kind, and salt waves fresh in love!
[*Exit.*

Sir To. A very dishonest paltry boy, and more a coward than a hare: his dishonesty appears, in leaving his friend here in necessity, and denying him; and for his cowardship, ask Fabian.

Fab. A coward, a most devout coward, religious in it.

Sir. And. 'Slid! I'll after him again, and beat him.

Sir To. Do; cuff him soundly, but never draw thy sword.

Sir And. An I do not, — [*Exit.*

Fab. Come, let's see the event.

Sir To. I dare lay any money, 'twill be nothing yet. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. The Street before OLIVIA's House.

Enter SEBASTIAN *and* CLOWN.

Clo. Will you make me believe that I am not sent for you?

Seb. Go to, go to; thou art a foolish fellow:
Let me be clear of thee.

Clo. Well held out, i'faith! No, I do not know

[22] His resemblance *survives* in the reflection of my own figure

you; nor I am not sent to you by my lady, to bid you come speak with her; nor your name is not master Cesario; nor this is not my nose neither. — Nothing, that is so, is so.

Seb. I pr'ythee, vent thy folly somewhere else: Thou know'st not me.

Clo. Vent my folly! He has heard that word of some great man, and now applies it to a fool. Vent my folly! I am afraid this great lubber, the world, will prove a cockney. — I pr'ythee now, ungird thy strangeness, and tell me what I shall vent to my lady: Shall I vent to her that thou art coming?

Seb. I pr'ythee, foolish Greek,[1] depart from me:
There's money for thee: if you tarry longer,
I shall give worse payment.

Clo. By my troth, thou hast an open hand: — These wise men that give fools money get themselves a good report after fourteen years' purchase.[2]

Enter Sir ANDREW, *Sir* TOBY, *and* FABIAN.

Sir And. Now, sir, have I met you again? there's for you. [*Striking* SEB.

Seb. Why, there's for thee, and there, and there: Are all the people mad? [*Beating Sir* AND.

Sir To. Hold, sir, or I'll throw your dagger o'er the house.

Clo. This will I tell my lady straight: I would not be in some of your coats for two-pence.

[*Exit* CLOWN.

Sir To. Come on, sir; hold! [*Holding* SEB.

[1] *A merry Greek*, or *a foolish Greek*, were ancient proverbial expressions applied to boon companions, good fellows, as they were called, who spent their time in riotous mirth. Matthew Merry-greek is a character in Ralph Roister Doister, a play written as early as the reign of Edward VI. H.

[2] That is, at a very extravagant price, *twelve* years' purchase being then the current price of estates.

Sir And. Nay, let him alone; I'll go another way to work with him: I'll have an action of battery against him, if there be any law in Illyria: Though I struck him first, yet it's no matter for that.

Seb. Let go thy hand.

Sir To. Come, sir, I will not let you go. Come, my young soldier, put up your iron: you are well flesh'd: Come on.

Seb. I will be free from thee. What wouldst thou now?
If thou dar'st tempt me further, draw thy sword.

Sir To. What, what! Nay, then I must have an ounce or two of this malapert blood from you.

[*Draws.*

Enter OLIVIA.

Oli. Hold, Toby! on thy life I charge thee, hold!

Sir To. Madam, —

Oli. Will it be ever thus? Ungracious wretch!
Fit for the mountains and the barbarous caves,
Where manners ne'er were preach'd: Out of my sight! —
Be not offended, dear Cesario. —
Rudesby,[3] be gone! — I pr'ythee, gentle friend,

[*Exeunt Sir* TO., *Sir* AND., *and* FAB.

Let thy fair wisdom, not thy passion, sway
In this uncivil and unjust extent
Against thy peace. Go with me to my house;
And hear thou there how many fruitless pranks
This ruffian hath botch'd up, that thou thereby
Mayst smile at this: thou shalt not choose but go;
Do not deny: Beshrew his soul for me,
He started one poor heart[4] of mine in thee.

[3] Rude fellow.

[4] An equivoque is here intended between *hart* and *heart*, which were formerly written alike

Seb. What relish is in this? how runs the stream?
Or I am mad, or else this is a dream: —
Let fancy still my sense in Lethe steep;
If it be thus to dream, still let me sleep!

Oli. Nay, come, I pr'ythee: 'Would thou'dst be rul'd by me!

Seb. Madam, I will.

Oli. O! say so, and so be.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. A Room in OLIVIA's House.

Enter MARIA *and Clown.*

Mar. Nay, I pr'ythee, put on this gown and this beard: make him believe thou art Sir Topas the curate; do it quickly: I'll call Sir Toby the whilst.

[*Exit* MARIA.

Clo. Well, I'll put it on, and I will dissemble[1] myself in't; and I would I were the first that ever dissembled in such a gown. I am not tall[2] enough to become the function well; nor lean enough to be thought a good student: but to be said, an honest man and a good housekeeper, goes as fairly as to say, a careful man and a great scholar. The competitors[3] enter.

Enter Sir TOBY BELCH *and* MARIA.

Sir To. Jove bless thee, master parson!

Clo. *Bonos dies*, Sir Toby! for as the old hermit

[1] That is, *disguise.* Shakespeare has here used a Latinism. "*Dissimulo*, to dissemble, to *cloak*, to hide," says Hutton's Dictionary, 1583. And Ovid, speaking of Achilles:

"Veste virum longa *dissimulatus* erat."

[2] The modern editors have changed this to *fat* without any apparent reason; *tall* being sometimes used in the sense of *lusty*, and thus making a good antithesis to *lean.* H.

[3] Confederates. See The Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act ii. sc. 6, and note.

of Prague, that never saw pen and ink, very wittily said to a niece of king Gorboduc, "That, that is, is;" so I, being master parson, am master parson: For what is that, but that? and is, but is?[4]

Sir To. To him, Sir Topas.

Clo. What, ho! I say: — Peace in this prison!

Sir To. The knave counterfeits well: a good knave.

Mal. [*Within.*] Who calls there?

Clo. Sir Topas the curate, who comes to visit Malvolio the lunatic.

Mal. Sir Topas, Sir Topas, good Sir Topas, go to my lady.

Clo. Out, hyperbolical fiend! how vexest thou this man! talkest thou nothing but of ladies?

Sir To. Well said, master parson.

Mal. Sir Topas, never was man thus wronged: good Sir Topas, do not think I am mad: they have laid me here in hideous darkness.

Clo. Fie, thou dishonest Sathan! I call thee by the most modest terms; for I am one of those gentle ones, that will use the devil himself with courtesy: Say'st thou that house is dark?

Mal. As hell, Sir Topas.

Clo. Why, it hath bay-windows[5] transparent as barricadoes, and the clear stories[6] towards the

[4] A humorous banter upon the language of the schools.

[5] *Bay windows* were large projecting windows, probably so called because they occupied a whole *bay* or space between two cross beams in a building. Minshew says a bay-window is so called "because it is builded in manner of a *bay* or road for ships, that is, round."

[6] *Clear stories*, in Gothic architecture, denote the row of windows running along the upper part of a lofty hall or of a church, over the arches of the nave: "Over each side of the nave is a row of *clere story* windows."—*Ormerod's Hist. of Cheshire*, i. 450. The first folio reads clear *stores*, the second folio clear *stones*, which was followed by all subsequent editors. The emendation and explanation are Mr. Blakeway's.

south-north are as lustrous as ebony; and yet complainest thou of obstruction!

Mal. I am not mad, Sir Topas: I say to you this house is dark.

Clo. Madman, thou errest: I say, there is no darkness, but ignorance; in which thou art more puzzled than the Egyptians in their fog.

Mal. I say, this house is as dark as ignorance, though ignorance were as dark as hell; and I say there was never man thus abus'd: I am no more mad than you are; make the trial of it in any constant question.

Clo. What is the opinion of Pythagoras concerning wild-fowl?

Mal. That the soul of our grandam might haply inhabit a bird.

Clo. What thinkest thou of his opinion?

Mal. I think nobly of the soul, and no way approve his opinion.

Clo. Fare thee well: remain thou still in darkness. Thou shalt hold the opinion of Pythagoras, ere I will allow of thy wits; and fear to kill a woodcock,[7] lest thou dispossess the soul of thy grandam. Fare thee well.

Mal. Sir Topas! Sir Topas! —

Sir To. My most exquisite Sir Topas!

Clo. Nay, I am for all waters.[8]

[7] The clown mentions a woodcock, because it was proverbial as a foolish bird, and therefore a proper ancestor for a man out of his wits.

[8] "A proverbial phrase not yet satisfactorily explained. The meaning, however, appears to be,—'I can turn my hand to any thing, or assume any character.' Florio in his translation of Montaigne, speaking of Aristotle, says,—'He hath *an oar in every water*, and meddleth with all things.' And in his 'Second Frutes' there is an expression more resembling the import of that in the text: 'I am a knight for *all saddles*' Nash in his 'Lenten Stuffe,'

Mar. Thou mightst have done this without thy beard and gown: he sees thee not.

Sir To. To him in thine own voice, and bring me word how thou findest him: I would we were well rid of this knavery. If he may be conveniently deliver'd, I would he were; for I am now so far in offence with my niece, that I cannot pursue with any safety this sport to the upshot. Come by and by to my chamber. [*Exeunt Sir* To. *and* MARIA.

Clo. "Hey Robin, jolly Robin,[9]
Tell me how thy lady does." [*Singing.*

Mal. Fool, —

Clo. "My lady is unkind, perdy."

Mal. Fool, —

Clo. "Alas, why is she so?"

Mal. Fool, I say; —

Clo. "She loves another —" Who calls, ha?

Mal. Good fool, as ever thou wilt deserve well at my hand, help me to a candle, and pen, ink, and paper: as I am a gentleman, I will live to be thankful to thee for't.

Clo. Master Malvolio?

Mal. Ay, good fool.

Clo. Alas! sir, how fell you beside your five wits?

Mal. Fool, there was never man so notoriously abus'd: I am as well in my wits, fool, as thou art.

1599, has almost the language of the Clown: 'He is first broken to the sea in the Herring-man's skiffe or cock-boate, where having learned to *brooke all waters*, and drink as he can out of a tarrie can.'"

Such is the Chiswick commentary on the text. To which we can add nothing more than to suggest whether the words of the Clown were not meant as a humorous application of the passage in Isaiah xxxiii. 20: "Blessed are ye that *sow beside all waters*." H.

[9] This ballad may be found in Percy's Reliques. Dr. Nott has also printed it among the poems of Sir Thomas Wiatt the elder.

Clo. But as well? then you are mad, indeed, if you be no better in your wits than a fool.

Mal. They have here propertied me;[10] keep me in darkness, send ministers to me, asses, and do all they can to face me out of my wits.

Clo. Advise you what you say; the minister is here.[11] — Malvolio, Malvolio, thy wits the heavens restore! endeavour thyself to sleep, and leave thy vain bibble babble.

Mal. Sir Topas, —

Clo. Maintain no words with him, good fellow. — Who, I, sir? not I, sir. God b'wi'you, good Sir Topas. — Marry, amen. — I will, sir, I will.

Mal. Fool, fool, fool, I say. —

Clo. Alas! sir, be patient. What say you, sir? I am shent[12] for speaking to you.

Mal. Good fool, help me to some light, and some paper: I tell thee I am as well in my wits as any man in Illyria.

Clo. Well-a-day, — that you were, sir!

Mal. By this hand, I am: Good fool, some ink, paper, and light, and convey what I will set down to my lady: it shall advantage thee more than ever the bearing of letter did.

Clo. I will help you to't. But tell me true, are you not mad, indeed? or do you but counterfeit?

Mal. Believe me, I am not: I tell thee true.

[10] That is, "taken possession of me as of a man unable to look to himself." So says Dr. Johnson; but Mr. Collier suggests that there may be some allusion to the "properties" of a theatre, which when out of use were thrust nto some dark loft or lumber-room. H.

[11] The Clown, in the dark, acts two persons, and counterfeits, by variation of voice, a dialogue between himself and Sir Topas; the preceding part of this speech being spoken as Clown, the following as Priest. H.

[12] Scolded, reprimanded

Clo. Nay, I'll ne'er believe a madman till I see his brains. I will fetch you light, and paper, and ink.

Mal. Fool, I'll requite it in the highest degree: pr'ythee, begone.

Clo. "I am gone, sir,
And anon, sir,
I'll be with you again,
In a trice,
Like to the old vice,[13]
Your need to sustain;

Who with dagger of lath,
In his rage and his wrath,
Cries ah, ha! to the devil:
Like a mad lad,
Pare thy nails, dad,
Adieu, goodman devil." [*Exit.*

SCENE III. Olivia's Garden.

Enter Sebastian.

Seb. This is the air; that is the glorious sun;
This pearl she gave me, I do feel't and see't:
And though 'tis wonder that enwraps me thus,
Yet 'tis not madness. Where's Antonio then?
I could not find him at the Elephant:

[13] The *Vice* was the fool of the old moralities. He was grotesquely dressed in a cap with ass's ears, a long coat, and a dagger of lath. One of his chief employments was to make sport with the devil, leaping on his back and belabouring him with his dagger, till he made him roar. The devil however always carried him off in the end. The moral was, that sin, which has the courage to make very merry with the devil, and is allowed by him to take very great liberties, must finally become his prey. The lines are probably a part of some well-known old comic song, resounding the exploits of this ancient theatrical personage.

Yet there he was: and there I found this credit,[1]
That he did range the town to seek me out.
His counsel now might do me golden service:
For though my soul disputes well with my sense,
That this may be some error, but no madness,
Yet doth this accident and flood of fortune
So far exceed all instance, all discourse,
That I am ready to distrust mine eyes,
And wrangle with my reason, that persuades me
To any other trust but that I am mad,
Or else the lady's mad: yet, if 'twere so,
She could not sway her house, command her followers,
Take and give back affairs, and their despatch,
With such a smooth, discreet, and stable bearing,
As, I perceive, she does: There's something in't,
That is deceivable.[2] But here the lady comes.

Enter OLIVIA *and a Priest.*

Oli. Blame not this haste of mine: If you mean well,
Now go with me, and with this holy man,
Into the chantry[3] by: there, before him,
And underneath that consecrated roof,
Plight me the full assurance of your faith;
That my most jealous and too doubtful soul
May live at peace: He shall conceal it,
Whiles[4] you are willing it shall come to note;
What time we will our celebration keep
According to my birth. — What do you say?

[1] That is, belief, or thing believed. M.

[2] That is, deceptive. The Poet often uses the passive and the active adjectives interchangeably. See Act ii. sc. 1, note 4. H.

[3] *Chantry*, a little chapel, or particular altar in some cathedral or parochial church, endowed for the purpose of having masses sung therein for the souls of the founders.

[4] Until.

Seb. I'll follow this good man, and go with you;
And, having sworn truth,[5] ever will be true.

Ol. Then lead the way, good father: — And heavens so shine,
That they may fairly note this act of mine! [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I. The Street before OLIVIA's House.

Enter Clown and FABIAN.

Fab. Now, as thou lovest me, let me see his letter.

Clo. Good master Fabian, grant me another request.

Fab. Any thing.

Clo. Do not desire to see this letter.

Fab. This is, to give a dog, and in recompense desire my dog again.

Enter DUKE, VIOLA, *and Attendants.*

Duke. Belong you to the lady Olivia, friends?

Clo. Ay, sir; we are some of her trappings.

Duke. I know thee well: how dost thou, my good fellow?

Clo. Truly, sir, the better for my foes, and the worse for my friends.

Duke. Just the contrary; the better for thy friends.

Clo. No, sir, the worse.

Duke. How can that be?

[5] *Troth* or *fidelity.* It should be remarked that this was not an actual *marriage*, but a *betrothing*, affiancing, or solemn promise of future marriage; anciently distinguished by the name of *espousals* See The Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act ii. sc. 2. note 1

Clo. Marry, sir, they praise me, and make an ass of me: now my foes tell me plainly I am an ass so that by my foes, sir, I profit in the knowledge of myself; and by my friends I am abused: so that, conclusions to be as kisses,[1] if your four negatives make your two affirmatives, why, then the worse for my friends, and the better for my foes.

Duke. Why, this is excellent.

Clo. By my troth, sir, no; though it please you to be one of my friends.

Duke. Thou shalt not be the worse for me: there's gold.

Clo. But that it would be double-dealing, sir, I would you could make it another.

Duke. O! you give me ill counsel.

Clo. Put your grace in your pocket, sir, for this once, and let your flesh and blood obey it.

Duke. Well, I will be so much a sinner to be a double-dealer: there's another.

Clo. *Primo, secundo, tertio,* is a good play; and the old saying is, the third pays for all: the *triplex,* sir, is a good tripping measure; or the bells of St. Bennet, sir, may put you in mind, — One, two, three.

Duke. You can fool no more money out of me at this throw: if you will let your lady know I am here to speak with her, and bring her along with you, it may awake my bounty further.

Clo. Marry, sir, lullaby to your bounty, till I

[1] Warburton thought this should read. — "conclusion to be asked, is;" upon which Coleridge remarks: "Surely Warburton could never have wooed by kisses and won, or he would not have flounder-flatted so just and humorous, nor less pleasing than humorous, an image into so profound a nihility. In the name of love and wonder, do not four kisses make a double affirmative? The humour lies in the whispered 'No!' and the inviting 'Don't!' with which the maiden's kisses are accompanied, and thence compared to negatives, which by repetition constitute an affirmative.'

come again. I go, sir; but I would not have you to think that my desire of having is the sin of covetousness; but, as you say, sir, let your bounty take a nap; I will awake it anon. [*Exit Clown.*

Enter ANTONIO *and Officers.*

Vio. Here comes the man, sir, that did rescue me.

Duke. That face of his I do remember well;
Yet, when I saw it last, it was besmear'd
As black as Vulcan, in the smoke of war:
A bawbling vessel was he captain of,
For shallow draught and bulk unprizable;
With which such scathful grapple did he make
With the most noble bottom of our fleet,
That very envy, and the tongue of loss,
Cried fame and honour on him.—What's the matter?

1 Off. Orsino, this is that Antonio
That took the Phœnix and her fraught from Candy;
And this is he that did the Tiger board,
When your young nephew Titus lost his leg:
Here in the streets, desperate of shame and state,[2]
In private brabble did we apprehend him.

Vio. He did me kindness, sir; drew on my side;
But, in conclusion, put strange speech upon me:
I know not what 'twas, but distraction.

Duke. Notable pirate! thou salt-water thief!
What foolish boldness brought thee to their mercies,
Whom thou, in terms so bloody and so dear,[3]
Hast made thine enemies?

[2] Inattentive to his character or condition, like a desperate man.

[3] *Dear* is evidently used in the same sense here as in Hamlet: "Would I had met my *dearest* foe in heaven ere I had seen that day." Tooke has shown that this is much nearer the original sense of the word than the meaning commonly put upon it; *dear* being from the Anglo-Saxon verb to *dere*, which signifies to *hurt*. An object of love, any thing that we hold dear, may obviously

Ant. Orsino, noble sir,
Be pleas'd that I shake off these names you give me
Antonio never yet was thief, or pirate,
Though, I confess, on base and ground enough,
Orsino's enemy. A witchcraft draw me hither:
That most ingratef.l boy there, by your side,
From the rude sea's enrag'd and foamy mouth
Did I redeem: a wreck past hope he was.
His life I gave him, and did thereto add
My love, without retention or restraint,
All his in dedication: for his sake
Did I expose myself, pure for his love,
Into the danger of this adverse town;
Drew to defend him, when he was beset:
Where, being apprehended, his false cunning
(Not meaning to partake with me in danger)
Taught him to face me out of his acquaintance,
And grew a twenty-years-removed thing,
While one would wink; denied me mine own purse,
Which I had recommended to his use
Not half an hour before.

Vio. How can this be?

Duke. When came he to this town?

Ant. To-day, my lord; and for three months before
No interim, not a minute's vacancy;
Both day and night did we keep company.

Enter Olivia *and Attendants.*

Duke. Here comes the Countess: now heaven walks on earth!—
But for thee, fellow, fellow, thy words are madness:

cause us pain, distress, or anxiety, and is a natural source of care and solicitude: hence the word came to be used in the opposite senses of hateful and beloved. Perhaps we should add, that *dearth* and *dear* are from the same original H.

Three months this youth hath tended upon me;
But more of that anon. — Take him aside.

Oli. What would my lord, but that he may not have,
Wherein Olivia may seem serviceable? —
Cesario, you do not keep promise with me.

Vio. Madam?

Duke. Gracious Olivia, —

Oli. What do you say, Cesario? — Good my lord, —

Vio. My lord would speak, my duty hushes me.

Oli. If it be ought to the old tune, my lord,
It is as fat[4] and fulsome to mine ear
As howling after music.

Duke. Still so cruel?

Oli. Still so constant, lord.

Duke. What! to perverseness? you uncivil lady,
To whose ingrate and unauspicious altars
My soul the faithfull'st offerings hath breath'd out,
That e'er devotion tender'd! What shall I do?

Oli. Even what it please my lord, that shall become him.

Duke. Why should I not, had I the heart to do it,
Like to the Egyptian thief, at point of death,
Kill what I love?[5] a savage jealousy,

[4] Dull, gross.

[5] An allusion to the story of Thyamis, as told by Heliodorus in his Ethiopics, of which an English version by Thomas Underdowne was published a second time in 1587. Thyamis was a native of Memphis, and chief of a band of robbers. Chariclea, a Greek, having fallen into his hands, he grew passionately in love with her, and would have married her: but being surprised by a stronger band of robbers, and knowing he must die, he went to the cave where he had secreted her with his other treasures, and, seizing her by the hair with his left hand, with his right plunged a sword in her breast; it being the custom with those barbarians, when they despaired of their own life, first to kill those whom they held most dear, so as to have them as companions in the other world. H.

That sometime savours nobly. — But hear me this:
Since you to non-regardance cast my faith,
And that I partly know the instrument
That screws me from my true place in your favour,
Live you, the marble-breasted tyrant, still;
But this your minion, whom I know you love,
And whom, by heaven I swear, I tender dearly,
Him will I tear out of that cruel eye,
Where he sits crowned in his master's spite. —
Come, boy, with me: my thoughts are ripe in mischief:
I'll sacrifice the lamb that I do love,
To spite a raven's heart within a dove. [*Going.*

Vio. And I, most jocund, apt, and willingly,
To do you rest, a thousand deaths would die.
[*Following.*

Oli. Where goes Cesario?

Vio. After him I love,
More than I love these eyes, more than my life,
More, by all mores, than e'er I shall love wife:
If I do feign, you witnesses above,
Punish my life, for tainting of my love!

Oli. Ah me, detested! how am I beguil'd!

Vio. Who does beguile you? who does do you wrong?

Oli. Hast thou forgot thyself? Is it so long? —
Call forth the holy father. [*Exit an Attendant.*

Duke. [*To* VIOLA.] Come away.

Oli. Whither, my lord? — Cesario, husband, stay.

Duke. Husband?

Oli. Ay, husband: Can he that deny?

Duke. Her husband, sirrah?

Vio. No, my lord, not I

Oli. Alas, it is the baseness of thy fear,

That makes thee strangle thy propriety: [6]
Fear not, Cesario; take thy fortunes up:
Be that thou know'st thou art, and then thou art
As great as that thou fear'st. — O, welcome, father!

Re-enter Attendant and Priest.

Father, I charge thee, by thy reverence,
Here to unfold (though lately we intended
To keep in darkness what occasion now
Reveals before 'tis ripe) what thou dost know
Hath newly pass'd between this youth and me.

Priest. A contract of eternal bond of love,
Confirm'd by mutual joinder of your hands,
Attested by the holy close of lips,
Strengthen'd by interchangement of your rings: [7]
And all the ceremony of this compact
Seal'd in my function, by my testimony:
Since when, my watch hath told me, toward my grave
I have travell'd but two hours.

Duke. O, thou dissembling cub! what wilt thou be,
When time hath sow'd a grizzle on thy case? [8]
Or will not else thy craft so quickly grow,
That thine own trip shall be thine overthrow?
Farewell, and take her; but direct thy feet,
Where thou and I henceforth may never meet.

Vio. My lord, I do protest, —

Oli. O! do not swear:
Hold little faith, though thou hast too much fear.

[6] That is, suppress or disown thy *proper* self; deny what you really are. H.

[7] In ancient espousals the man received as well as gave a ring.

[8] The skin of a fox or rabbit was often called its case. So, in Cary's Present State of England, 1626: "Queen Elizabeth asked a knight, named Young, how he liked a company of brave ladies. He answered, — As I like my silver-haired conies at home: the *cases* are far better than the bodies."

Enter Sir ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK, *with his head broke*

Sir And. For the love of God, a surgeon! send one presently to Sir Toby.

Oli. What's the matter?

Sir And. He has broke my head across, and has given Sir Toby a bloody coxcomb too: for the love of God, your help! I had rather than forty pound, I were at home.

Oli. Who has done this, Sir Andrew?

Sir And. The Count's gentleman, one Cesario: we took him for a coward, but he's the very devil incardinate.

Duke. My gentleman, Cesario?

Sir And. Od's lifelings! here he is:—You broke my head for nothing; and that that I did, I was set on to do't by Sir Toby.

Vio. Why do you speak to me? I never hurt you:
You drew your sword upon me, without cause;
But I bespake you fair, and hurt you not.

Sir And. If a bloody coxcomb be a hurt, you have hurt me: I think you set nothing by a bloody coxcomb.

Enter Sir TOBY BELCH, *drunk, led by the Clown.*

Here comes Sir Toby halting; you shall hear more: but if he had not been in drink, he would have tickled you othergates[9] than he did.

Duke. How now, gentleman! how is't with you?

Sir To. That's all one: he has hurt me, and there's the end on't.—Sot, didst see Dick Surgeon, sot?

Clo. O! he's drunk, Sir Toby, an hour agone: his eyes were set at eight i'the morning.

[9] Otherways.

Sir To. Then's he's a rogue, and a passy-measures paynim: I hate a drunken rogue.

Ol. Away with him! Who hath made this havoc with them?

Sir And. I'll help you, Sir Toby, because we'll be dress'd together.

Sir To. Will you help?—An ass-head, and a coxcomb, and a knave! a thin-fac'd knave, a gull!

Ol. Get him to bed, and let his hurt be look'd to.

[*Exeunt Clown, Sir* To., *and Sir* And.

Enter Sebastian.

Seb. I am sorry, madam, I have hurt your kinsman;
But, had it been the brother of my blood,
I must have done no less, with wit and safety.
You throw a strange regard upon me, and by that
I do perceive it hath offended you:
Pardon me, sweet one, even for the vows
We made each other but so late ago.

Duke. One face, one voice, one habit, and two persons;
A natural perspective,[11] that is, and is not.

[10] *Pavin*, derived from *pavo*, a *peacock*, means a slow, heavy dance, such as a drunken man might be supposed to perform. *Passy-measures* is a corruption of *passamezzo*, an Italian name for a style of dancing not much unlike walking. Sir Toby therefore probably means that Dick Surgeon, when overloaded, went through a kind of slow, half-walking dance. It is observable that the Knight is very deep in the science of dancing, and liquor only helps on the outcome of his character. H.

[11] A *perspective* formerly meant a glass that assisted the sight in any way. The several kinds used in Shakespeare's time are enumerated in Scot's Discoverie of Witchcraft, 1584, where that alluded to by the Duke is thus described: "There be glasses also wherein one man may see another man's image and not his own"—where that which is, is not, or appears, in a different position, another thing.

Seb. Antonio! O, my dear Antonio!
How have the hours rack'd and tortur'd me,
Since I have lost thee!
Ant. Sebastian are you?
Seb. Fear'st thou that, Antonio?
Ant. How have you made division of yourself? —
An apple, cleft in two, is not more twin
Than these two creatures. Which is Sebastian?
Oli. Most wonderful!
Seb. Do I stand there? I never had a brother;
Nor can there be that deity in my nature,
Of here and every where. I had a sister,
Whom the blind waves and surges have devour'd. —
[*To* Vio.] Of charity, what kin are you to me?
What countryman? what name? what parentage?
Vio. Of Messaline: Sebastian was my father;
Such a Sebastian was my brother too;
So went he suited to his watery tomb:
If spirits can assume both form and suit,
You come to fright us.
Seb. A spirit I am, indeed;
But am in that dimension grossly clad,
Which from the womb I did participate.
Were you a woman, as the rest goes even,
I should my tears let fall upon your cheek,
And say — thrice welcome, drowned Viola!
Vio. My father had a mole upon his brow.
Seb. And so had mine.
Vio. And died that day when Viola from her birth
Had number'd thirteen years.
Seb. O, that record is lively in my soul!
He finished, indeed, his mortal act,
That day that made my sister thirteen years.
Vio. If nothing lets to make us happy both,
But this my masculine usurp'd attire,

Do not embrace me, till each circumstance
Of place, time, fortune, do cohere, and jump,
That I am Viola: which to confirm,
I'll bring you to a captain in this town,
Where lie my maiden weeds; by whose gentle help
I was preserv'd, to serve this noble Count:
All the occurrence of my fortune since
Hath been between this lady, and this lord.

Seb. [*To* OLI.] So comes it, lady, you have been mistook;
But nature to her bias drew in that.
You would have been contracted to a maid:
Nor are you therein, by my life, deceiv'd:
You are betroth'd both to a maid and man.

Duke. Be not amaz'd; right noble is his blood.—
If this be so, as yet the glass seems true,
I shall have share in this most happy wreck:
[*To* VIO.] Boy, thou hast said to me a thousand times,
Thou never should'st love woman like to me.

Vio. And all those sayings will I over-swear;
And all those swearings keep as true in soul,
As doth that orbed continent the fire
That severs day from night.

Duke. Give me thy hand;
And let me see thee in thy woman's weeds.

Vio. The captain, that did bring me first on shore,
Hath my maid's garments: he, upon some action,
Is now in durance at Malvolio's suit,
A gentleman and follower of my lady's.

Oli. He shall enlarge him: — Fetch Malvolio hither:
And yet, alas! now I remember me,
They say, poor gentleman, he's much distract.

A most extracting[12] frenzy of mine own
From my remembrance clearly banish'd his. —

Re-enter Clown, with a letter.

How does he, sirrah?

Clo. Truly, madam, he holds Belzebub at the stave's end, as well as a man in his case may do. He has here writ a letter to you: I should have given it you to-day morning; but as a madman's epistles are no gospels, so it skills not much[13] when they are deliver'd.

Oli. Open it, and read it.

Clo. Look then to be well edified, when the fool delivers the madman: — [*Reads.*] "By the Lord, madam," —

Oli. How now! art thou mad?

Clo. No, madam, I do but read madness: an your ladyship will have it as it ought to be, you must allow *vox.*[14]

Oli. Pr'ythee, read i'thy right wits.

Clo. So I do, madonna; but to read his right wits, is to read thus: therefore perpend,[15] my princess, and give ear.

Oli. [*To* FABIAN.] Read it you, sirrah.

Fab. [*Reads.*] By the Lord, madam, you wrong me, and the world shall know it: though you have put me into darkness, and given your drunken cousin rule over me, yet have I the benefit of my senses as well as your ladyship. I have your own letter that induced me to the semblance I put on; with the which I doubt not but to do

[12] That is, a frenzy that drew me away from every thing but its object.

[13] A common expression in the Poet's time, meaning, — it signifies not much. H.

[14] This may be explained: "If you would have the letter read in character, you must allow me to assume the *voice* or frantic tone of a madman."

[15] Consider.

myself much right, or you much shame. Think of me as you please. I leave my duty a little unthought of, and speak out of my injury. The madly-us'd

MALVOLIO.

Oli. Did he write this?

Clo. Ay, madam.

Duke. This savours not much of distraction.

Oli. See him deliver'd, Fabian: bring him hither.

[*Exit* FABIAN.

My lord, so please you, (these things further thought on,)
To think me as well a sister as a wife,
One day shall crown the alliance on't, so please you,
Here at my house, and at my proper cost.

Duke. Madam, I am most apt t'embrace your offer.—
[*To* VIO.] Your master quits you; and, for your service done him,
So much against the mettle of your sex,
So far beneath your soft and tender breeding,
And since you call'd me master for so long,
Here is my hand: you shall from this time be
Your master's mistress.

Oli. A sister: — you are she.

Re-enter FABIAN, *with* MALVOLIO.

Duke. Is this the madman?

Oli. Ay, my lord, this same.
How now, Malvolio?

Mal. Madam, you have done me wrong,
Notorious wrong.

Oli. Have I, Malvolio? no.

Mal. Lady, you have. Pray you, peruse that letter:
You must not now deny it is your hand, —

Write from it, if you can, in hand, or phrase, —
Or say 'tis not your seal, nor your invention;
You can say none of this: Well, grant it then,
And tell me, in the modesty of honour,
Why you have given me such clear lights of favour,
Bade me come smiling, and cross-garter'd to you,
To put on yellow stockings, and to frown
Upon Sir Toby, and the lighter people:
And, acting this in an obedient hope,
Why have you suffer'd me to be imprison'd,
Kept in a dark house, visited by the priest,
And made the most notorious geck,[16] and gull,
That e'er invention play'd on? tell me why.

Oli. Alas! Malvolio, this is not my writing,
Though, I confess, much like the character:
But, out of question, 'tis Maria's hand.
And now I do bethink me, it was she
First told me thou wast mad: thou cam'st in smiling,
And in such forms which here were presuppos'd
Upon thee in the letter. Pr'ythee, be content:
This practice hath most shrewdly pass'd upon thee;
But, when we know the grounds and authors of it,
Thou shalt be both the plaintiff and the judge
Of thine own case.

Fab. Good madam, hear me speak;
And let no quarrel, nor no brawl to come,
Taint the condition of this present hour,
Which I have wonder'd at. In hope it shall not,
Most freely I confess, myself, and Toby,
Set this device against Malvolio here,
Upon some stubborn and uncourteous parts
We had conceiv'd against him: Maria writ
The letter at Sir Toby's great importance;[17]

[16] From the Saxon *geac*, a cuckoo, and here meaning a *fool*. M.
[17] The Poet sometimes uses *important* and *importunate* indiscriminately. M.

In recompense whereof he hath married her.
How with a sportful malice it was follow'd,
May rather pluck on laughter than revenge;
If that the injuries be justly weigh'd,
That have on both sides pass'd.

Oli. Alas, poor fool! how have they baffled thee!

Clo. Why, "some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrown upon them." I was one, sir, in this interlude; one Sir Topas, sir; but that's all one. — "By the Lord, fool, I am not mad:" — But do you remember? "Madam, why laugh you at such a barren rascal? an you smile not, he's gagg'd:" And thus the whirligig of time brings in his revenges.

Mal. I'll be reveng'd on the whole pack of you. [*Exit.*

Oli. He hath been most notoriously abus'd.

Duke. Pursue him, and entreat him to a peace: —
He hath not told us of the captain yet:
When that is known and golden time convents,[16]
A solemn combination shall be made
Of our dear souls. — Meantime, sweet sister,
We will not part from hence. — Cesario, come,
For so you shall be, while you are a man;
But, when in other habits you are seen,
Orsino's mistress, and his fancy's queen. [*Exeunt.*

Clown sings.

When that I was and a little tiny boy,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
A foolish thing was but a toy,
For the rain it raineth every day.

[16] That is, shall serve, agree, make convenient.

But when I came to man's estate,
  With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
'Gainst knaves and thieves men shut their gate,
  For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came, alas! to wive,
  With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
By swaggering could I never thrive,
  For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came unto my bed,
  With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
With toss-pots still had drunken head,
  For the rain it raineth every day.

A great while ago the world begun,
  With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
But that's all one, our play is done,
  And we'll strive to please you every day.

[*Exit.*

INTRODUCTION

TO

MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE stands the fourth in the list of Comedies in the folio of 1623, where it was first printed. Like the four plays included in our first volume, the divisions and subdivisions of acts and scenes are carefully noted in the original edition, and at the end is a list of the persons represented, under the usual heading, "The names of all the actors." Though the general scope and sense of the dialogue are every where clear enough, there are several obscure and doubtful words and passages, which cause us to regret, more than in any of the preceding plays, the want of earlier impressions to illustrate, and rectify, or establish, the text. As it is, the right reading in some places can scarce be cleared of uncertainty, or placed beyond controversy.

The strongly-marked peculiarity in the language, cast of thought, and moral temper of Measure for Measure, have invested the play with great psychological interest, and bred a strange curiosity among critics to connect it in some way with the author's mental history; with some supposed crisis in his feelings and experience. Hence the probable date of its composition was for a long time argued more strenuously than the subject would otherwise seem to justify; and, as often falls out in such cases, the more the critics argued the point, the farther they were from coming to an agreement. But, what is not a little remarkable, the best thinkers have been struck widest of the truth; the dull matter-of-fact critics have borne the palm away from their more philosophical brethren;—an edifying instance how little the brightest speculation can do in questions properly falling within the domain of facts. Tieck and Ulrici, proceeding mainly upon internal evidence, fix the date somewhere between 1609 and 1612; and it is quite curious to observe how confident and positive they are in their inferences: Ulrici, after stating the reasons of Tieck for 1612, says,—"The later origin of the piece—certainly it did not precede 1609—is

vouched still more strongly by the profound masculine earnestness which pervades it, and by the prevalence of the same tone of feeling which led Shakespeare to abandon the life and pursuits of London for his native town."

Until since these conclusions were put forth, the English critics, in default of other data, grounded their reasonings upon certain probable allusions to contemporary matters; especially those passages which express the Duke's fondness for "the life remov'd," and his aversion to being greeted by crowds of people: and Chalmers, a very considerable instance of critical dulness, had the sagacity to discover a sort of portrait-like resemblance in the Duke to King James I. As the King was undeniably a much better theologian than statesman or governor, the circumstance of the Duke's appearing so much more at home in the cowl and hood than in his ducal robes certainly lends some credit to this discovery. The King's unamiable repugnance to being gazed upon by throngs of admiring subjects is thus spoken of by a contemporary writer: "In his public appearance, especially in his sports, the accesses of the people made him so impatient, that he often dispersed them with frowns, that we may not say with curses." And his unhandsome bearing towards the crowds which, prompted by eager loyalty, flocked forth to hail his accession, is noted by several historians. But he was a pretty liberal, and, for the time, judicious encourager of the drama, as well as of other learned delectations; and with those who sought or had tasted his patronage it was natural that these symptoms of weakness, or of something worse, should pass for tokens of a wise superiority to the dainties of popular applause.

All which renders it quite probable that the Poet may have had an eye to the King in the passages cited by Malone in support of his conjecture.

> "I love the people,
> But do not like to stage me to their eyes:
> Though it do well, I do not relish well
> Their loud applause and *aves* vehement;
> Nor do I think the man of safe discretion
> That does affect it."
>
> "And even so
> The general, subject to a well-wish'd king,
> Quit their own part, and in obsequious fondness
> Crowd to his presence, where their untaught love
> Must needs appear offence."

The allusion here being granted, Malone's inference that the play was probably made soon after the King's accession, and before the effect of his unlooked-for austerity on this score had spent itself, was natural enough. Nor is the conjecture of Ulrici and others without weight, "that Shakespeare was led to the compo-

sition of the play by the rigoristic sentiments and arrogant virtue of the Puritans." And in this view several points of the main action might be aptly suggested at the time in question: for the King had scarcely set foot in England but he began to be worried by the importunities of that remarkable people, who had been feeding upon the hope, that by the sole exercise of his prerogative he would cast out surplice, Liturgy, and Episcopacy, and revolutionize the Church up to the Presbyterian model; it being a prime notion of theirs, that with the truth a minority, however small, was better than a majority, however large, without it.

Whether this view be fully warranted or not, it has been much strengthened by a recent discovery. The play is now known to have been acted at court December 26, 1604. For this knowledge we are indebted to Edmund Tylney's "Account of the Revels at Court," preserved in the Audit Office, Somerset House, and lately edited by Mr. Peter Cunningham. Tylney was Master of the Revels from 1579 to 1610; and in his account of expenses for the year beginning in October, 1604, occurs the following entry: "By His Majesty's players: On St. Stephen's night in the Hall a play called Measure for Measure." In a column headed "The Poets which made the Plays," our author is set down as "Mr. Shaxberd;" the writer not taking pains to know the right spelling of a name, the mentioning of which was to be the sole cause that his own should be remembered in after ages and on other continents.

The date of the play being so far ascertained, all the main probabilities allegeable from the play itself readily fall into harmony therewith. And it is rather remarkable that Measure for Measure most resembles some other plays, known to have been written about the same time, in those very characteristics which led the German critics to fix upon a later date. Which shows how weak, in such cases, the internal evidence of style, temper, and spirit is by itself, and yet how strong in connection with the external evidence of facts.

No question is made, that for some particulars in the plot and story of Measure for Measure the Poet was ultimately indebted to Giraldi Cinthio, an Italian novelist of the sixteenth century. The original story forms the eighty-fifth in his *Hecatommithi*, or Hundred Tales. A youth named Ludovico is there overtaken in the same fault as Claudio; Juriste, a magistrate highly reputed for wisdom and justice, passes sentence of death upon him; and Epitia, Ludovico's sister, a virgin of rare gifts and graces, goes to pleading for her brother's life. Casting herself at the governor's feet, her beauty and eloquence, made doubly potent by the tears of suffering affection, have the same effect upon him as Isabella's upon Angelo. His proposals are rejected with scorn and horror; but the lady, overcome by the pathetic entreaties of her brother, at last yields to them under a solemn promise of marriage His object being gained, the wicked man commits a double vow-

breach, neither marrying the lady nor sparing her brother. She carries her cause to the Emperor, by whom Juriste is convicted, forced to marry her, and then sentenced to death; but is at last pardoned at the suit of Epitia, who is now as earnest and eloquent for her husband as she had been for her brother. Her holy and heroic conduct touches him with remorse, and finally proves as effective in redeeming his character as it was in redeeming his life.

As early as 1578, this tale of Cinthio's was dramatized after a sort by George Whetstone. The title of Whetstone's performance runs thus: "The right excellent and famous History of Promos and Cassandra, divided into Comical Discourses." In the conduct of the story Whetstone varies somewhat from his model; as may be seen by the following abstract of his argument:

In the city of Julio, then under the rule of Corvinus, King of Hungary, there was a law that for incontinency the man should lose his head, and the woman be marked out for infamy by her dress. Through the indulgence of magistrates this severe law came to be little regarded. At length the government falling into the hands of Lord Promos, he revived the terrible statute, and, a youth named Andrugio being convicted of the fault in question, resolved to visit the penalties in their utmost rigour upon both him and his partner in guilt. Andrugio had a sister of great virtue and accomplishment, named Cassandra, who undertook to sue for his life. Her good behaviour, great beauty, and the sweet order of her talk wrought so far with the governor as to induce a short reprieve; but, his love soon turning into lust, he set down the spoil of her honour as the ransom; but she, abhorring both him and his suit, could by no persuasion be won to his wish. Unable, however, to stand out against the pathetic pleadings of her brother, she at last yielded to the wicked man's proposal, upon condition that he should pardon her brother and then marry her. This he solemnly vowed to do; but, his wish being gained, instead of keeping his vows, he ordered the jailer to present Cassandra with her brother's head. The jailer, knowing what the governor had done, and touched with the outcries of Andrugio, took the head of a felon just executed, and set the other at liberty. Cassandra, thinking the head to be her brother's, was at the point to kill herself for grief at this treachery, but spared that stroke to be avenged of the traitor. She devised to make her case known to the King, and he forthwith hastened to do justice upon Promos, ordering that to repair the lady's honor he should marry her, and then for his crime against the state lose his head. No sooner was Cassandra a wife, than all her rhetoric of eye, tongue, and action was tasked to procure the pardon of her husband; but the King, tendering the public good more than hers, denied her suit. At length Andrugio, overcome by his sister's grief, made himself known; for he had all the while been about the place in disguise; whereupon the King, to honour the virtues of Cassandra pardoned both him and Promos

In 1582 Whetstone published his Heptameron of Civil Discourses, containing a prose version of the same tale. He was a writer of learning and talent, but not such that even the instructions of Shakespeare could have made him capable of dramatic excellence; and, as he had no such benefit, his performance, as might be expected, is insipid and worthless enough. It is observable that he deviates most from Cinthio in managing to bring Andrugio off alive; and from Shakespeare's concurring with him herein it may be fairly inferred that the borrowings were from him, not from the original author. The Poet, moreover, represents the illicit meeting of Claudio and Juliet as taking place under the shield of a solemn betrothment; which very much softens their fault, as marriage bonds were already upon them, and proportionably heightens the injustice of Angelo, as it brings upon him the guilt of making the law responsible for his own arbitrary rigour. Beyond this outline of the story, it does not appear that Shakespeare took any thing from Whetstone more than a few slight hints and casual expressions. And a comparison of the two performances were very far from abating the Poet's fame; it being more creditable to have lifted the story out of the mire into such a region of art and poetry than to have invented it. The main original feature in the plot of Measure for Measure is the part of Mariana, which puts a new life into the whole, and purifies it almost into another nature; as it prevents the soiling of Isabella's holy womanhood, suggests an apt reason for the Duke's mysterious conduct, and yields a pregnant motive for Angelo's pardon, in that his life is thereby bound up with that of a wronged and innocent woman, whom his crimes are made the occasion of restoring to her rights and happiness, so that her virtue may be justly allowed to reprieve him from death.

In the comic scenes of Whetstone's play there is all the grossness of Measure for Measure, unredeemed by any thing that the most courtesy of language can call wit or humour: here, as Shakespeare took no help, so he can have no excuse, from his predecessor. But he probably saw that some such matter was required by the scheme of the work and the laws of artistic proportion; and as in these parts the truth and character are all his own, so he can scarce be blamed for not anticipating the delicacy of later times, there being none such in the most refined audiences of his day: and his choice of a subject so ugly in itself is amply justified by the many sweet lessons of virtue and wisdom which he has used it as an opportunity of delivering. To have trained and taught a barbarous tale of cruelty and lust into such a rich mellow fruitage of poetry and humanity, may be safely left to offset whatsoever of offence there may be in the play to modern taste. Perhaps the hardest thing to digest is the conduct of Angelo, as being too improbable for a work of art or fiction; though history has recorded several instances substantially the

same, — of which probably the most familiar to English and American ears is that of Colonel Kirke, a lewd and inhuman minion of James II., whose crimes, however, did not exclude him from the favour of William III.

We have already referred to certain characteristics of style and temper which this play shares with several others written about the same period, and which have been thought to mark some crisis in the Poet's life. It cannot well be denied that the plays in question have something of a peculiar spirit, which might aptly suggest that some rude uncivil shock must have untuned the melody of his soul; that some passage of bitter experience must have turned the sweet milk of his genius for a time into gall, and put him upon a course of harsh and ungentle thought. The matter is well stated by Mr. Hallam: "There seems to have been a period of Shakespeare's life when his heart was ill at ease, and ill content with the world or his own conscience: the memory of hours misspent, the pang of affection misplaced or unrequited, the experience of man's worser nature, which intercourse with ill-chosen associates peculiarly teaches; these, as they sank down into the depths of his great mind, seem not only to have inspired into it the conception of Lear and Timon, but that of one primary character, the censurer of mankind. This type is first seen in the philosophic melancholy of Jaques, gazing with an undiminished serenity, and with a gayety of fancy, though not of manners, on the follies of the world. It assumes a graver cast in the exiled Duke of the same play, and one rather more severe in the Duke of Measure for Measure. In all these, however, it is merely a contemplative philosophy. In Hamlet this is mingled with the impulses of a perturbed heart under the pressure of extraordinary circumstances; it shines no longer, as in the former characters, with a steady light, but plays in fitful coruscations amid feigned gayety and extravagance. In Lear, it is the flash of sudden inspiration across the incongruous imagery of madness; in Timon, it is obscured by the exaggerations of misanthropy." Mr. Verplanck speaks in a similar strain of "that portion of the author's life which was memorable for the production of Othello, with all its bitter passion; the additions to the original Hamlet, with their melancholy wisdom; probably of Timon, with his indignant and hearty scorn, and rebukes of the baseness of civilized society; and above all of Lear, with its dark pictures of unmixed, unmitigated guilt, and its terrible and prophet-like denunciations."

These words certainly carry much weight, and may go far to warrant the suggestion of the same authors, that the Poet was visited with some external calamity, which wrought itself into his moral frame; some assault of fortune, that wrenched his mind from its once smooth and happy course, causing it to recoil upon itself and brood over its own thoughts. Yet there are considerable difficulties besetting a theory of this kind. For there is no

proof that Timon, but much that Twelfth Night, was written during the period in question: besides, even in the plays referred to there is so much of unquestionable difference blended with the acknowledged likeness, as will greatly embarrass, if not quite defeat, such a theory. But whatsoever may have caused the peculiar tone, the darker cast of thought, in these plays, it is pleasing to know that that darkness passed away; the clear azure, soft sunshine, and serene sweetness of The Tempest and The Winter's Tale being unquestionably of a later date. And surely, in the life of so thoughtful a man as Shakespeare, there might well be, nay, there must needs have been, times when, without any special woundings or bruisings of fortune, his mind got fascinated by the awful mystery, the appalling presence of evil that haunts our fallen nature.

That these hours, however occasioned, were more frequent at one period of his life than at others, is indeed probable And it was equally natural that their coming should sometimes engage him in heart-tugging and brain-sweating efforts to scrutinize the inscrutable workings of human guilt, and thus stamp itself strongly upon the offspring of his mind. Thus, without any other than the ordinary progress of thoughtful spirits, we should naturally have a middle period, when the early enthusiasm of hope and successful endeavour had passed away, and before the deeper, calmer, but not less cheerful tranquillity of resignation had set in, the experienced insufficiency of man for himself having charmed the wrestlings of thought into repose, and his spirit having undergone the chastening and subduing power of life's sterner discipline.

In some such passage as this, then, we should rather presume the unique conception of Measure for Measure to have been wrought up in his mind. We say unique, because this is his only instance of comedy where the wit seems to foam and sparkle up from a fountain of bitterness; where even the humour is made pungent with sarcasm; and where the poetry is marked with tragic austerity. In none of his plays does he exhibit less of leaning upon preëxisting models, or a more manly negligence, perhaps sometimes carried to excess, of those lighter graces of manner which none but the greatest minds may safely despise. His genius is here out in all its colossal individuality, and he seems to have meant it should be so; as if he felt that he had now reached his mastership; as if a large experience and long testing of his powers had taught him a just self-reliance, and given him to know that, from being the offspring, he was to become the soul of his age; that from his accumulated and well-practised learnings he had built up a power to teach still nobler lessons; so that, instead of leaning any longer upon those who had gone before, he was to be himself a safe leaning-place for those that were to follow.

Accordingly, if we here miss something of what Wordsworth finely calls

"That monumental grace
Of Faith, which doth all passions tame

That Reason *should* control,
And shows in the untrembling frame
A statue of the soul;"

yet we have the wise though fearless grapplings and strugglings of mind with thoughts too big for human mastery, whereby the imperfection was in due time to be outgrown. The thought is strong, and in its strength careless of appearances, and rather wishing than fearing to have its roughnesses seen: the style is rugged, irregular, abrupt, sometimes running into an almost forbidding sternness, but every where throbbing with life; the words, direct of movement, sudden and sure of result, always going right to the spot, and leaving none of their work undone: with but little of elaborate grace or finish, we have a few bold, deep strokes, where the want of finer softenings and shadings is more than made up by increased energy and expressiveness: often a rush and flood of thought is condensed and rammed into a line or clause, so that the life thereof beats and reverberates through the whole scene. Hence, perhaps, it is, in part, that so many axioms and "brief sententious precepts" of moral and political wisdom from this play have wrought themselves into the currency and familiarity of household words, and live for instruction or comfort in the memory of many who know nothing of their original source.

Whether from the nature of the subject, or the mode of treating it, or both, Measure for Measure is generally regarded as one of the least attractive, though most instructive, of Shakespeare's plays. Coleridge, in those precious fragments of his critical lectures, which now form our best text-book of English criticism, says,—"This play, which is Shakespeare's throughout, is to me the most painful—say rather, the only painful—part of his genuine works. The comic and tragic parts equally border on the μισητόν,—the one being disgusting, the other horrible; and the pardon and marriage of Angelo not merely baffles the strong indignant claims of justice, (for cruelty, with lust and damnable baseness, cannot be forgiven, because we cannot conceive them as being morally repented of;) but it is likewise degrading to woman." This language, though there is much in other critics to bear it out, seems not a little stronger than the subject will fairly justify; and when, in his Table Talk, he says that "Isabella herself contrives to be unamiable, and Claudio is detestable," we can by no means go along with him.

It would seem indeed as if undue censure had often passed, not so much on the play itself, as upon some of the persons, from trying them by a moral standard which cannot be fairly applied to them, as they are not supposed to have any means of knowing it; or from not duly weighing all the circumstances, feelings, and motives under which they are represented as acting. Thus Ulrici speaks of Claudio as being guilty of seduction: which is surely

wide of the mark; it being clear enough, that by the standard of morality then and there approved, he was, as he considered himself, virtually married, though not admissible to all the rights of the married life; in accordance with what the Duke says to Mariana, that there would be no crime in her meeting with Angelo, because he was her "husband on a pre-contract." And who does not know that, in ancient times, the ceremony of betrothment conferred the marriage tie, but not the nuptials, so that the union of the parties was thenceforth firm in the eyes of the law itself? Mr. Hallam, in like sort, speaking of Isabella, says, — "One is disposed to ask, whether, if Claudio had been really executed, the spectator would not have gone away with no great affection for her; and at least we now feel that her reproaches against her miserable brother, when he clings to life like a frail and guilty being, are too harsh." In reply to the first part of which, we would venture to ask this accomplished critic whether she would not have suffered a still greater depreciation in his esteem, if she had yielded to Angelo's proposal. As to the second part, though we do indeed feel that Claudio were rather to be pitied than blamed, whatever course he had taken in so terrible an alternative, yet the conduct of his sister strikes us as every way creditable to her. Her reproaches were indeed too harsh, if they appeared to spring from any want of love; but as it is their very harshness does her honour, as it shows the natural workings of a tender and deep affection, in an agony of disappointment at being counselled, by one for whom she would die, to an act which she shrinks from with noble horror, and justly regards as worse than death. We have here the keen anguish of conflicting feelings venting itself in a severity which, though certainly undeserved, only serves to disclose the more impressively the treasured riches of her character. And the same judicious writer, after stating that, without the part of Mariana, "the story could not have had any thing like a satisfactory termination," goes on, — "Yet it is never explained how the Duke had become acquainted with this secret, and, being acquainted with it, how he had preserved his esteem and confidence in Angelo." But surely we are given to understand in the outset that the Duke has not preserved the esteem and confidence in question. In his first scene with friar Thomas, among his reasons for the action he has on foot, he makes special mention of this one:

> "Lord Angelo is precise;
> Stands at a guard with envy; scarce confesses
> That his blood flows, or that his appetite
> Is more to bread than stone: *hence shall we see,*
> *If power change purpose, what our seemers be:*"

thus inferring that his main purpose, in assuming the disguise of a monk, is to unmask the deputy, and demonstrate to others

what himself has long known. And the Duke throws out other hints of a belief or suspicion that Lord Angelo is angling for emolument or popular breath, and baiting his hook with great apparent strictness and sanctity of life; thus putting on sheep's clothing to the end that he may play the wolf with safety and success. Nor was there much cause for explaining how the Duke came by the secret concerning Mariana; it being enough that he knows it, that the knowledge thereof justifies his distrust, and that when the time comes he uses it for a good purpose; the latter part of the work thus throwing light on what has gone before, and the former preparing the mind for what is to follow. Nor is it unreasonable to presume that one of the Duke's motives for the stratagem was, that he was better able to understand the deputy's character than persuade others of it: for a man of his wisdom, even if he had no available facts in the case, could hardly be ignorant that an austerity so theatrical as Angelo's must needs be not so much a virtue as an art; and that one so forward to air his graces and *make* his light shine could scarce intend thereby any other glory than his own.

Yet Angelo is not so properly a hypocrite as a self-deceiver. For it is very considerable that he wishes to be, and sincerely thinks that he is what he affects and appears to be; as is plain from his consternation at the wickedness which opportunity awakens into conscious action within him. For a most searching and pregnant exposition of this type of character the reader may be referred to Bishop Butler's Sermon before the House of Lords on the 30th of January; where that great and good man, whose every sentence is an acorn of wisdom, speaks of a class of men who "try appearances upon themselves as well as upon the world, and with at least as much success; and choose to manage so as to make their own minds easy with their faults, which can scarce be done without management, rather than to mend them." Thus Angelo for self-ends imitates sanctity, and gets taken in by his own imitation. His original fault lay in forgetting or ignoring his own frailty. As a natural consequence, his "darling sin is pride that apes humility;" and his pride of virtue, his conceit of purity, "my gravity wherein (let no man hear me) I take pride," while it keeps him from certain vices, is itself a far greater vice than any it keeps him from; insomuch that Isabella's presence may almost be said to *elevate* him into lust. And perhaps the array of low and loathsome vices, which the Poet has clustered about him in the persons of Lucio, the Clown, and Mrs. Over-done, was necessary to make us feel how unspeakably worse than any or all of these is Angelo's pride of virtue. It can hardly be needful to add, that in Angelo this "mystery of iniquity" is depicted with a truth and sternness of pencil, that could scarce have been achieved but in an age fruitful in living examples of it.

The placing of Isabella, "a thing enskied and sainted," and

who truly *is* all that Angelo seems, side by side with such a breathing shining mass of pitch, is one of those dramatic audacities wherein none perhaps but a Shakespeare could safely indulge. Of her character the most prolific hint that is given is what she says to the Duke, when he is urging her to fasten her ear on his advisings touching the part of Mariana: "I have spirit to do any thing that appears not foul in the truth of my spirit." That is, she cares not what face the action may wear to the world, nor how much reproach it may bring upon her from others, if it will only leave her the society, which she has never parted from, of a clean breast and an unsoiled conscience. In strict keeping with this, her character appears to us among the finest, in some respects the very finest in Shakespeare's matchless cabinet of female excellence. Called from the cloister, where she is on the point of taking the veil of earthly renouncement, to plead for her brother's life, she comes forth a saintly anchoress, clad in the sweet austere composures of womanhood, to throw the light of her virgin soul upon the dark, loathsome scenes and characters around her. With great strength of intellect and depth of feeling she unites an equal power of imagination, the whole being pervaded, quickened, and guided by a still, intense religious enthusiasm. And because her virtue is securely rooted and grounded in religion, therefore she never once thinks of it as her own, but only as a gift from the God whom she loves, and who is her only hope for the keeping of what she has. Which suggests the fundamental point of contrast between her and Angelo, whose virtue, if such it may be called, is nothing, nay, worse than nothing, because it is one of his own making, and has no basis but pride, which is itself but a bubble. Accordingly, there is a vestal beauty about her, to which we know of nothing equal save in the lives of some of the whitest saints. The power and pathos with which she pleads for her brother are well known. At first she is timid, distrustful of her powers, shrinking with modest awe of the law's appointed organ; and she seems drawn unawares into the heights of moral argument and the most sweetly-breathing strains of Gospel wisdom. Much of what she says has become domesticated wherever the English language is spoken, and would long since have grown old, if it were possible by any means to crush the freshness of immortal youth out of it.

The Duke has been rather hardly dealt with by critics. The Poet — than whom it would not be easy to find a better judge of what belongs to wisdom and goodness — seems to have meant him for a wise and good man; yet he has represented him as having rather more skill and pleasure in strategical arts and roundabout ways than is altogether compatible with such a character. Some of his alleged reasons for the action he is going about reflect no honour on him; but it is observable that the result does not approve them to have been his real ones: his conduct at the end infers better motives than his speech offered at the beginning:

which naturally suggests that there may have been more of purpose than of [illegible] in statement of them. A liberal, sagacious, and merciful prince, but with more of whim and caprice than suits the dignity of his place, humanity speaks richly from his lips; yet in his action the philosopher and divine is better shown than the statesman; and he seems to take a very questionable delight in moving about as an unseen providence, by secret counsels leading the wicked designs of others to safe and wholesome issues. Schlegel thinks "he has more pleasure in overbearing his subjects than in governing them in the usual way of princes;" and sets him down as an exception to the old proverb,—"A cowl does not make a monk:" and perhaps his princely virtues are somewhat obscured by the disguise which so completely transforms him into a monk. Whether he acts upon the wicked principle with which that fraternity is so often reproached, or not, it is pretty certain that some of his means can be justified by nothing but the end: so that if he be not himself wrong in what he does, he has no shield from the charge but the settled custom of the order whose functions he undertakes. Schlegel justly remarks, that "Shakespeare, amidst the rancour of religious parties, delights in painting monks, and always represents their influence as beneficial; there being in his plays none of the black and knavish specimens, which an enthusiasm for Protestantism, rather than poetical inspiration, has put some modern poets upon delineating. He merely gives his monks an inclination to be busy in the affairs of others, after renouncing the world for themselves; though in respect of pious frauds he does not make them very scrupulous." As to the Duke's pardon of Angelo, though Justice seems to cry out against the act, yet in the premises it were still more unjust in him to do otherwise; the deception he has practised upon Angelo in the substituting of Mariana having plainly bound him to the course he takes. For the same power whereby he effects this could easily have prevented Angelo's crime; and to punish the offence after thus withholding the means of prevention were obviously wrong; not to mention how his proceedings here involve an innocent person, so that he ought to spare Angelo for her sake, if not for his own. Nor does it strike us as very prudent to set bounds to the grace of repentance, or to say what amount of sin must render a man incapable of it. All which may in some measure explain the Duke's severity to the smaller crime of Lucio after his clemency to the greater one of Angelo.

Lucio is one of those mixed characters, such as are often generated amidst the refinements of city life, in whom low and disgusting vices, and a frivolity still more offensive, are blended with engaging manners and some manly sentiments. Thus he appears a gentleman and a blackguard by turns, and, what is more, does really unite something of these seemingly incompatible qualities. With a true eye and a just sympathy for virtue in others, yet, so

far as we can see, he cares not a jot to have it in himself. And while his wanton, waggish levity seems too much for any generous feeling to consist with, still he shows a strong and hearty friendship for Claudio; as if on purpose to teach us how "the web of our life is of a mingled yarn, good and ill together."

Dr. Johnson rather oddly remarks, that "the comic scenes are natural and pleasing;" not indeed but that the remark is true enough, but that it seems rather out of character. And if these scenes please, it is not so much from any fund of mirthful exhilaration, or any genial gushes of wit and humour, as from the reckless, unsympathizing freedom, not unmingled with touches of scorn, with which the deformities of mankind are shown up. The contrast between the right-thoughted, well-meaning Claudio, a generous spirit walled in with overmuch infirmity, and Barnardine, a frightful petrifaction of humanity, "careless, reckless, and fearless of what is past, present, or to come," is in the Poet's boldest manner.

Nevertheless, the general current of things is far from musical, and the issues greatly disappoint the reader's feelings. The drowsy Justice, which we expect and wish to see awakened, and set in living harmony with Mercy, apparently relapses at last into a deeper sleep than ever. Our loyalty to Womanhood is not a little wounded by the humiliations to which poor Mariana stoops, at the ghostly counsels of her spiritual guide, that she may twine her life with that of the cursed hypocrite who has wronged her sex so deeply. That, amid the general impunity of so much crime, the mere telling of some ridiculous lies to the Duke about himself should draw down a disproportionate severity upon Lucio, the lively, unprincipled jester and wag, who might well be let pass as a privileged character, makes the whole look more as if done in mockery of justice than in honour of mercy. Except, indeed, the noble unfolding of Isabella, scarce any thing turns out as we would have it; nor are we much pleased at seeing her diverted from the quiet tasks and holy contemplations which she is so able and worthy to enjoy.

It will not be amiss to add, that the title of this play is apt to give a wrong impression of its scope and purpose. *Measure for Measure* is in itself equivocal; but the subject-matter here fixes it to be taken in the sense, not of the old Jewish proverb, "An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth," but of the divine precept, "Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them." Thus the title falls in with that noble line by Coleridge, "What nature makes us mourn, she bids us heal;" or with a similar passage in the Merchant of Venice, "We do pray for mercy, and that same prayer doth teach us all to render the deeds of mercy."

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

VINCENTIO, Duke of Vienna.
ANGELO, Lord Deputy in the Duke's absence.
ESCALUS, an ancient Lord, joined with ANGELO in the Deputation.
CLAUDIO, a young Gentleman.
LUCIO, a Fantastic.
Two other like Gentlemen.
VARRIUS, a Gentleman, Servant to the Duke.
Provost.
THOMAS, } Two Friars.
PETER, }
A Justice.
ELBOW, a simple Constable.
FROTH, a foolish Gentleman.
Clown, Servant to Mrs. Over-done.
ABHORSON, an Executioner.
BARNARDINE, a dissolute Prisoner.

ISABELLA, Sister to CLAUDIO.
MARIANA, betrothed to ANGELO.
JULIET, beloved by CLAUDIO.
FRANCISCA, a Nun.
MISTRESS OVER-DONE, a Bawd.

Lords, Gentlemen, Guards, Officers, and other Attendants.

SCENE, Vienna.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

ACT I.

SCENE I. An Apartment in the Duke's Palace

Enter Duke, Escalus, *Lords, and Attendants.*

Duke. Escalus, —

Escal. My lord.

Duke. Of government the properties to unfold,
Would seem in me t'affect speech and discourse;
Since I am put to know,[1] that your own science
Exceeds, in that, the lists[2] of all advice
My strength can give you: Then, no more remains,
But that, to your sufficiency, as your worth is able,
And let them work.[3] The nature of our people,

[1] That is, informed; much the same as our phrase, *given to understand.* H.

[2] *Lists* are bounds, or limits.

[3] An instance of obscurity, such as often occurs in this play, resulting from an overcrowding of thought. It hath been generally supposed that some words must have dropped out in the hands of the transcriber or compositor. Of course no two editors can agree what those words were. Mr. Halliwell thinks to *relieve* the passage of darkness by printing *task* instead of *that*, — a correction which he found written by some unknown hand in an old copy of the play belonging to Mr. Tunno. But if we understand *that* as referring to the commission, which the Duke holds in his hand, as he afterwards says, — "There is our commission," — the passage, though still obscure, will appear complete as it stands. The meaning will then be, — "Since, then, your worth is ample, nothing is wanting to qualify you, to make you sufficient for the office, but this our commission, and let *them*, that is, the ability, which is in you, and the authority, which I confer upon you, work" H.

Our city's institutions, and the terms
For common justice, y'are as pregnant in,[4]
As art and practice hath enriched any
That we remember: There is our commission,
From which we would not have you warp. — Call hither,
I say, bid come before us Angelo. —
[*Exit an Attendant.*
What figure of us think you he will bear?
For you must know we have with special soul
Elected him in our absence to supply;
Lent him our terror, dress'd him with our love;
And given his deputation all the organs
Of our own power: What think you of it?
Escal. If any in Vienna be of worth
To undergo such ample grace and honour,
It is lord Angelo.

Enter ANGELO.

Duke. Look, where he comes.
Ang. Always obedient to your grace's will,
I come to know your pleasure.
Duke. Angelo,
There is a kind of character in thy life,
That, to the observer, doth thy history
Fully unfold. Thyself and thy belongings
Are not thine own so proper,[5] as to waste
Thyself upon thy virtues, them on thee.
Heaven doth with us, as we with torches do;
Not light them for themselves: for if our virtues

[4] That is, ready, skilful in. *Terms*, in the line before, Blackstone explains to mean the technical language of the courts; and he adds, — "An old book, called *Les Termes de la Ley*, was in Shakespeare's day the accidence of young students in the law." The same book was used in Blackstone's time. H.

[5] So much thy own property.

Did not go forth of us, 'twere all alike
As if we had them not. Spirits are not finely touch'd,
But to fine issues;[6] nor nature never lends[7]
The smallest scruple of her excellence,
But, like a thrifty goddess, she determines
Herself the glory of a creditor,
Both thanks and use.[8] But I do bend my speech
To one that can my part in him advértise:[9]
Hold, therefore, Angelo:[10]
In our remove, be thou at full ourself;
Mortality and Mercy in Vienna
Live in thy tongue and heart:[11] Old Escalus,
Though first in question, is thy secondary:
Take thy commission.

Ang. Now, good my lord,
Let there be some more test made of my metal,
Before so noble and so great a figure
Be stamp'd upon it.

Duke. No more evasion:
We have with a leaven'd[12] and prepared choice
Proceeded to you; therefore take your honours.
Our haste from hence is of so quick condition.

[6] That is, to noble ends, to high purposes. H.

[7] Two negatives, not making an affirmative, are common in Shakespeare's writings. So in Julius Cæsar: "*Nor* to *no* Roman else."

[8] *Use* in the mercantile sense of *interest*. H.

[9] That is, one that can himself set forth what pertains to him as my substitute. H.

[10] Tyrwhitt thinks the Duke here checks himself,—*Hold, therefore:* and that *Angelo* begins a new sentence. But *hold* seems addressed to Angelo; the sense being,—"Hold, therefore, our power;" referring to the commission which the Duke has in his hand. H.

[11] That is, I delegate to thy tongue the power of pronouncing sentence of death, and to thy heart the privilege of exercising mercy.

[12] A choice *mature, concocted, fermented;* that is, not hasty but considerate

That it prefers itself, and leaves unquestion'd
Matters of needful value. We shall write to you,
As time and our concernings shall impórtune,
How it goes with us; and do look to know
What doth befall you here. So, fare you well:
To the hopeful execution do I leave you
Of your commissions.

Ang. Yet, give leave, my lord,
That we may bring you something on the way.

Duke. My haste may not admit it;
Nor need you, on mine honour, have to do
With any scruple: your scope[13] is as mine own,
So to enforce or qualify the laws,
As to your soul seems good. Give me your hand.
I'll privily away: I love the people,
But do not like to stage me to their eyes:
Though it do well, I do not relish well
Their loud applause, and *aves*[14] vehement;
Nor do I think the man of safe discretion
That does affect it. Once more, fare you well.

Ang. The heavens give safety to your purposes!

Escal. Lead forth, and bring you back in happiness!

Duke. I thank you: Fare you well. [*Exit.*

Escal. I shall desire you, sir, to give me leave
To have free speech with you; and it concerns me
To look into the bottom of my place:
A power I have; but of what strength and nature
I am not yet instructed.

Ang. 'Tis so with me:—Let us withdraw together
And we may soon our satisfaction have
Touching that point.

Escal. I'll wait upon your honour.
[*Exeunt.*

[13] *Scope* is extent of power.

[14] *Aves* are hailings.

SCENE II. A Street.

Enter LUCIO *and two Gentlemen.*

Lucio. If the Duke, with the other dukes, come not to composition with the king of Hungary, why, then all the dukes fall upon the king.

1 *Gent.* Heaven grant us its peace, but not the king of Hungary's!

2 *Gent.* Amen.

Lucio. Thou conclud'st like the sanctimonious pirate, that went to sea with the Ten Commandments, but scrap'd one out of the table.

2 *Gent.* Thou shalt not steal?

Lucio. Ay, that he raz'd.

1 *Gent.* Why, 'twas a commandment to command the captain and all the rest from their functions: they put forth to steal. There's not a soldier of us all, that, in the thanksgiving before meat, doth relish the petition well that prays for peace.

2 *Gent.* I never heard any soldier dislike it.

Lucio. I believe thee; for I think thou never wast where grace was said.

2 *Gent.* No? a dozen times at least.

1 *Gent.* What! in metre?

Lucio. In any proportion,[1] or in any language.

1 *Gent.* I think, or in any religion.

Lucio. Ay; why not? Grace is grace, despite of all controversy: as, for example, thou thyself art a wicked villain, despite of all grace.

1 *Gent.* Well, there went but a pair of shears between us.[2]

[1] That is, measure.

[2] An old proverb, meaning,— We were both *cut off*, or out of the same piece.

Lucio. I grant; as there may between the lists and the velvet: Thou art the list.

1 *Gent.* And thou the velvet: thou art good velvet; thou art a three-pil'd piece, I warrant thee: I had as lief be a list of an English kersey, as be pil'd, as thou art pil'd, for a French velvet.[3] Do I speak feelingly now?

Lucio. I think thou dost; and, indeed, with most painful feeling of thy speech: I will, out of thine own confession, learn to begin thy health; but, whilst I live, forget to drink after thee.

1 *Gent.* I think I have done myself wrong, have I not?

2 *Gent.* Yes, that thou hast, whether thou art tainted or free.

Lucio. Behold, behold, where madam Mitigation comes! I have purchas'd as many diseases under her roof as come to —

2 *Gent.* To what, I pray?

Lucio. Judge.

2 *Gent.* To three thousand dollars a-year[4]

1 *Gent.* Ay, and more.

Lucio. A French crown more.

1 *Gent.* Thou art always figuring diseases in me: but thou art full of error; I am sound.

Lucio. Nay, not as one would say, healthy; but so sound as things that are hollow: thy bones are hollow; impiety has made a feast of thee.

[3] A quibble upon *piled* and *pilled.* Velvet was esteemed according to the richness of the *pile;* three-pil'd was the richest. But *Pil'd* also means *bald.* The jest alludes to the loss of hair in the French disease. Lucio, finding the Gentleman understands the distemper so well, and mentions it so *feelingly,* promises to remember to drink his *health,* but to forget *to drink after him.* In old times the cup of an infected person was thought to be contagious.

[4] A quibble upon *dollar* and *dolour.* It occurs again in The Tempest, Act ii. sc. 1. M.

Enter Bawd.

1 *Gent.* How now? Which of your hips has the most profound sciatica?

Bawd. Well, well; there's one yonder arrested, and carried to prison, was worth five thousand of you all.

1 *Gent.* Who's that, I pray thee?

Bawd. Marry, sir, that's Claudio; signior Claudio.

1 *Gent.* Claudio to prison! 'tis not so.

Bawd. Nay, but I know 'tis so: I saw him arrested; saw him carried away; and, which is more, within these three days his head's to be chopp'd off.

Lucio. But, after all this fooling, I would not have it so: Art thou sure of this?

Bawd. I am too sure of it; and it is for getting madam Julietta with child.

Lucio. Believe me, this may be: he promis'd to meet me two hours since; and he was ever precise in promise-keeping.

2 *Gent.* Besides, you know, it draws something near to the speech we had to such a purpose.

1 *Gent.* But, most of all, agreeing with the proclamation.

Lucio. Away: let's go learn the truth of it.

[*Exeunt* Lucio *and Gentlemen.*

Bawd. Thus, what with the war, what with the sweat,[8] what with the gallows, and what with poverty, I am custom-shrunk. How now? what's the news with you?

[8] The *sweat;* the consequences of the curative process then used for a certain disease.

Enter Clown.

Clo. Yonder man is carried to prison.

Bawd. Well: what has he done?

Clo. A woman.

Bawd. But what's his offence?

Clo. Groping for trouts in a peculiar river.

Bawd. What! is there a maid with child by him?

Clo. No; but there's a woman with maid by him: You have not heard of the proclamation, have you?

Bawd. What proclamation, man?

Clo. All houses in the suburbs of Vienna must be pluck'd down.

Bawd. And what shall become of those in the city?

Clo. They shall stand for seed: they had gone down too, but that a wise burgher put in for them.

Bawd. But shall all our houses of resort in the suburbs be pull'd down?[6]

Clo. To the ground, mistress.

Bawd. Why, here's a change, indeed, in the commonwealth! What shall become of me?

Clo. Come, fear not you; good counsellors lack no clients: though you change your place, you need not change your trade; I'll be your tapster still. Courage! there will be pity taken on you: you that have worn your eyes almost out in the service, you will be considered.

Bawd. What's to do here, Thomas Tapster? Let's withdraw.

[6] In one of the Scotch Laws of James it is ordered, "that *common women* be put at the utmost endes of townes, queire least peril of fire is." — It is remarkable that the licensed *houses of resort* at Vienna are at this time all in the suburbs, under the permission of the Committee of Chastity.

Clo. Here comes signior Claudio, led by the provost to prison; and there's madam Juliet. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. The Same.

Enter Provost,[1] CLAUDIO, JULIET, *and Officers;* LUCIO, *and two Gentlemen.*

Claud. Fellow, why dost thou show me thus to the world?
Bear me to prison where I am committed.
Prov. I do it not in evil disposition,
But from lord Angelo by special charge.
Claud. Thus can the demi-god, Authority,
Make us pay down for our offence by weight. —
The words of Heaven; — on whom it will, it will;
On whom it will not, so; yet still 'tis just.[2]
Lucio. Why, how now, Claudio? whence comes this restraint?
Claud. From too much liberty, my Lucio, liberty:
As surfeit is the father of much fast,
So every scope by the immoderate use
Turns to restraint: Our natures do pursue,
Like rats that ravin[3] down their proper bane,
A thirsty evil; and when we drink, we die.[4]

[1] *Provost* was anciently used for *principal* or *president* of any establishment. Here it means jailer. H.

[2] Authority, being absolute in Angelo, is finely styled by Claudio *the demigod,* whose decrees are as little to be questioned as *the words of Heaven.* The poet alludes to a passage in St. Paul's Epist. to the Romans, ch. ix. v. 15–18: "I will have mercy on whom I will have mercy."

[3] To *ravin* is to devour voraciously. *Ravenous* is still in use from the same original. H

[4] So, in Chapman's Revenge for Honour:

"Like poison'd rats, which, when they 've swallowed
The pleasing bane, rest not until they *drink,*
And can rest then much less, until they burst."

Lucio. If I could speak so wisely under an arrest, I would send for certain of my creditors: And yet, to say the truth, I had as lief have the foppery of freedom, as the morality of imprisonment. — What's thy offence, Claudio?

Claud. What but to speak of would offend again.

Lucio. What is it? murder?

Claud. No.

Lucio. Lechery?

Claud. Call it so.

Prov. Away, sir: you must go.

Claud. One word, good friend: — Lucio, a word with you. [*Takes him aside.*

Lucio. A hundred, if they'll do you any good. — Is lechery so look'd after?

Claud. Thus stands it with me: — Upon a true contract,
I got possession of Julietta's bed:
You know the lady; she is fast my wife,
Save that we do the denunciation[5] lack
Of outward order: this we came not to,
Only for propagation[6] of a dower

[5] To *denounce* was sometimes used in the sense of to publish, proclaim, or *announce*, a thing. Thus in Holinshed and others we have the phrase, "*denouncing* of war." So, also, in Raleigh's History of the World: "But Gracchus's soldiers, which were all, in a manner, the late armed slaves, had received from their general a peremptory *denunciation*, that, this day, or never, they must purchase their liberty, bringing every man, for price thereof, an enemy's head." H.

[6] A very singular and obscure use of *propagation*. The word, however, is derived from the Greek παγω, πηγνυμι, to *fix*; and Richardson says, that "in the methods of *propagating* trees described by Pliny, one is, when the twigs or branches are *fixed* in the earth; these branches, when rooted, are severed from the parent stock, and thus the tree *multiplied*." So that the sense of *propagation* in the text may be the *fixing* or *securing* of a dower. Or the word may be used in the more common sense of to *continue*, to *prolong*, or *extend the duration of*; as in Chapman's

Remaining in the coffer of her friends;
From whom we thought it meet to hide our love,
Till time had made them for us. But it chances,
The stealth of our most mutual entertainment
With character too gross is writ on Juliet.

Lucio. With child, perhaps?

Claud. Unhappily, even so.
And the new deputy now for the Duke, —
Whether it be the fault and glimpse of newness;
Or whether that the body public be
A horse whereon the governor doth ride,
Who, newly in the seat, that it may know
He can command, lets it straight feel the spur;
Whether the tyranny be in his place,
Or in his eminence that fills it up,
I stagger in: — But this new governor
Awakes me all the enrolled penalties,
Which have, like unscour'd armour, hung by the wall
So long, that nineteen zodiacs[7] have gone round,
And none of them been worn; and, for a name,
Now puts the drowsy and neglected act
Freshly on me: — 'tis surely for a name.

Lucio. I warrant, it is: and thy head stands so tickle[8] on thy shoulders, that a milk-maid, if she be in love, may sigh it off. Send after the Duke, and appeal to him.

Odyssey: "To try if we alone may *propagate* to victory our bold encounters." So also in Dryden's Virgil:

> "Afric and India shall his power obey;
> He shall extend his *propagated* sway
> Beyond the solar year, without the starry way."

In this case the meaning would be, that the lovers put off their marriage with a view to *continue* the prospect, to *keep up* the chance, of a dower, until time should favourably dispose the wills of those upon whom the lady's fortune was dependent. H.

[7] *Zodiacs*, yearly circles.

[8] *Tickle*, for ticklish.

Claud. I have done so, but he's not to be found.
I prythee, Lucio, do me this kind service:
This day my sister should the cloister enter,
And there receive her approbation:[9]
Acquaint her with the danger of my state;
Implore her, in my voice, that she make friends
To the strict deputy; bid herself assay him:
I have great hope in that; for in her youth
There is a prone[10] and speechless dialect,
Such as moves men: besides, she hath prosperous art
When she will play with reason and discourse,
And well she can persuade.

Lucio. I pray, she may: as well for the encouragement of the like, which else would stand under grievous imposition; as for the enjoying of thy life, who I would be sorry should be thus foolishly lost at a game of tick-tack.[11] I'll to her.

Claud. I thank you, good friend Lucio.

Lucio. Within two hours.

Claud. Come, officer; away. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. A Monastery.

Enter DUKE *and Friar* THOMAS.

Duke. No, holy father; throw away that thought:

[9] That is, enter on her *novitiate* or *probation.*

[10] *Prone* seems to be here used in the sense of *apt.* Cotgrave says,—"Prone, ready, nimble, quick, easily moving." And elsewhere we meet with the phrases, "so *prone* and fit," and "*prone* or apt." So that the meaning appears to be, "There is an apt and silent eloquence in her looks, such as moves men." H.

[11] *Tick-tack,* from the French *tric-trac,* and sometimes spelt trick-track in English, was a game played with tables, something like *backgammon.* Of course the word is here used in a wanton sense. H.

Believe not that the dribbling[1] dart of love
Can pierce a cómplete bosom: Why I desire thee
To give me secret harbour, hath a purpose
More grave and wrinkled than the aims and ends
Of burning youth.

Fri. May your grace speak of it?

Duke. My holy sir, none better knows than you
How I have ever lov'd the life remov'd;
And held in idle price to haunt assemblies,
Where youth, and cost, and witless bravery keeps.
I have deliver'd to lord Angelo
(A man of stricture and firm abstinence)
My absolute power and place here in Vienna,
And he supposes me travell'd to Poland;
For so I have strew'd it in the common ear,
And so it is receiv'd: Now, pious sir,
You will demand of me, why I do this?

Fri. Gladly, my lord.

[1] "*Dribble*," says Richardson, "is a diminutive of *drib*," from *drip*, and means to do any thing by drips or drops. The sense of *dribbling*, therefore, is *trifling*, *ineffective*. Thus in Holland's Livy: "Howbeit, there passed some *dribbling* skirmishes between the rearward of the Carthaginians and the vaunt-couriers of the Romans." So also in Milton's Apology for Smectymnus: "For small temptations allure but *dribbling* offenders!" And in Brome's Songs:

"And out of all 's ill-gotten store
He gives a *dribbling* to the poor."

Respecting the use of the term in archery, which Steevens thought could not be satisfactorily explained, Ascham says of one who, having learned to shoot well, neglects to practise with the bow,—"He shall become, of a fayre archer, a starke squyrter and *dribber*."—In the next line, "a complete bosom" is a bosom completely armed. H.

[2] That is, dwells. So, in 1 Henry IV. Act i. sc. 3, Hotspur says,—"'Twas where the madcap duke, his uncle, *kept*." This use of the word, though now rare in England, is so common in America as to be called an Americanism.—*Bravery* is fine showy dress. H.

Duke. We have strict statutes and most biting laws,
(The needful bits and curbs to headstrong steeds,[3]
Which for these fourteen years we have let sleep;
Even like an o'ergrown lion in a cave,
That goes not out to prey: Now, as fond fathers,
Having bound up the threatening twigs of birch,
Only to stick it in their children's sight,
For terror, not to use; in time the rod
Becomes[4] more mock'd than fear'd: so our decrees,
Dead to infliction, to themselves are dead,
And liberty plucks justice by the nose;
The baby beats the nurse, and quite athwart
Goes all decorum.

Fri. It rested in your grace
To unloose this tied-up justice, when you pleas'd;
And it in you more dreadful would have seem'd,
Than in lord Angelo.

Duke. I do fear, too dreadful:
Sith 'twas my fault to give the people scope,
'Twould be my tyranny to strike, and gall them
For what I bid them do: for we bid this be done,
When evil deeds have their permissive pass,
And not the punishment. Therefore, indeed, my father,
I have on Angelo impos'd the office;

[3] The original here has *weeds*, which Mr. Collier retains, saying that "weed is a term still commonly applied to an ill-conditioned horse." But this wants confirmation; otherwise the change were hardly to be allowed. — In the next line, instead of *let sleep*, the original has *let slip*, which Knight retains, notwithstanding its jarring with the context. While *sleep* seems required by the course of the metaphor, it is no less justified by what is said in another place: "The law hath not been dead, though it hath *slept*." H.

[4] This word, not in the original, but required alike by the sense and by the verse, was suggested by Davenant, and inserted by Pope, and has since been universally received H.

Who may, in the ambush of my name, strike home,
And yet my nature never in the fight,
To do in slander:[5] And to behold his sway,
I will, as 'twere a brother of your order,
Visit both prince and people: therefore, I pr'ythee,
Supply me with the habit, and instruct me
How I may formally in person bear me
Like a true friar. More reasons for this action
At our more leisure shall I render you;
Only, this one: — Lord Angelo is precise;
Stands at a guard[6] with envy; scarce confesses
That his blood flows, or that his appetite
Is more to bread than stone: Hence shall we see,
If power change purpose, what our seemers be.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. A Nunnery.

Enter ISABELLA *and* FRANCISCA.

Isab. And have you nuns no further privileges?
Fran. Are not these large enough?
Isab. Yes, truly: I speak not as desiring more;
But rather wishing a more strict restraint
Upon the sisterhood, the votarists of Saint Clare.
Lucio. [*Within.*] Ho! Peace be in this place!
Isab. Who's that which calls?
Fran. It is a man's voice: Gentle Isabella,

[5] This is the reading of the original. The passage is usually printed thus:

"And yet my nature never in the *sight*
To do *it* slander."

The words *ambush* and *strike home* show the image of a *fight* to have been in the Poet's mind. As the text stands, the speaker's purpose apparently is to avoid any open contest with crime, where his action would expose him to slander; not to let his person be seen in the fight, where he would have to work, *to do*, in the face of detraction and censure. H

[6] That is, stands on his defence against envy. H.

Turn you the key, and know his business of him;
You may, I may not; you are yet unsworn:
When you have vow'd, you must not speak with men
But in the presence of the prioress:
Then, if you speak, you must not show your face;
Or, if you show your face, you must not speak.
He calls again: I pray you, answer him.

[*Exit* FRANCISCA.

Isab. Peace and prosperity! Who is't that calls?

Enter LUCIO.

Lucio. Hail, virgin, if you be; as those cheek-roses
Proclaim you are no less! can you so stead me,
As bring me to the sight of Isabella,
A novice of this place, and the fair sister
To her unhappy brother Claudio?

Isab. Why her unhappy brother? let me ask;
The rather, for I now must make you know
I am that Isabella, and his sister.

Lucio. Gentle and fair, your brother kindly greets you:
Not to be weary with you, he's in prison.

Isab. Woe me! For what?

Lucio. For that, which, if myself might be his judge,
He should receive his punishment in thanks:
He hath got his friend with child.

Isab. Sir, make me not your story.[1]

Lucio. 'Tis true. I would not — though 'tis my familiar sin

[1] Such is the reading of the original; the *me* being expletive, as in the well-known passage setting forth the virtues of sack: "It ascends *me* into the brain," &c. So that the meaning is, — "Make not your tale, invent not your fiction." Malone *improves* the passage thus: "Sir, mock me not, — your story;" which surely, renders Lucio's reply, *'tis true*, very unapt. H.

With maids to seem the lapwing,[2] and to jest,
Tongue far from heart — play with all virgins so:
I hold you as a thing enskied and sainted
By your renouncement; an immortal spirit,
And to be talk'd with in sincerity,
As with a saint.

Isab. You do blaspheme the good, in mocking me.

Lucio. Do not believe it. Fewness and truth,[3] 'tis thus:
Your brother and his lover have embrac'd:
As those that feed grow full; as blossoming time,
That from the seedness the bare fallow brings
To teeming foison;[4] even so her plenteous womb
Expresseth his full tilth[5] and husbandry.

Isab. Some one with child by him? — My cousin Juliet?

Lucio. Is she your cousin?

Isab. Adoptedly; as school-maids change their names,
By vain though apt affection.

Lucio. She it is.

Isab. O, let him marry her!

Lucio. This is the point.

[2] This bird is said to divert pursuers from her nest by crying in other places. "The lapwing cries most, farthest from her nest," is an old proverb. Thus in The Comedy of Errors:

"Far from her nest the lapwing cries away;
My heart prays for him, though my tongue doth curse;"

which shows what is meant by "tongue far from heart." So, again, in Lyly's Alexander and Campaspe: "You resemble the lapwing, who crieth most where her nest is not, and so, to lead me from espying your love for Campaspe, you cry Timoclea." H.

[3] That is, in few and true words.

[4] *Teeming foison* is abundant produce.

[5] *Tilth* is tillage. So in Shakespeare's third Sonnet:

"For who is she so fair, whose unrear'd *womb*
Disdains the *tillage* of thy husbandry?"

The Duke is very strangely gone from hence;
Bore many gentlemen, myself being one,
In hand,[6] and hope of action: but we do learn
By those that know the very nerves of state,
His givings-out were of an infinite distance
From his true-meant design. Upon his place,
And with full line of his authority,
Governs lord Angelo; a man whose blood
Is very snow-broth; one who never feels
The wanton stings and motions of the sense;
But doth rebate[7] and blunt his natural edge
With profits of the mind, study and fast.
He — to give fear to use and liberty,[8]
Which have, for long, run by the hideous law,
As mice by lions — hath pick'd out an act,
Under whose heavy sense your brother's life
Falls into forfeit: he arrests him on it;
And follows close the rigour of the statute,
To make him an example: all hope is gone,
Unless you have the grace by your fair prayer
To soften Angelo: And that's my pith
Of business 'twixt you and your poor brother.

Isab. Doth he so seek his life?

Lucio. Has censur'd[9] him

[6] "To bear in hand," says Richardson, "is merely to carry along with us, to lead along, as suitors, dependants, expectants, believers." The phrase is not uncommon in old writers. Thus, in 2 Henry IV. Act i. sc. 2: "A rascally yea-forsooth knave' *to bear a gentleman in hand*, and then stand upon security!" H.

[7] To *rebate* is to beat back; hence, applied to any thing sharp, it is to make dull. H.

[8] That is, to put the restraint of fear upon licentious custom and abused freedom. H.

[9] To *censure* is to *judge*, to pass sentence. We have it again in the next scene:

> "When I that *censure* him do so offend,
> Let mine own judgment pattern out my death."

Already; and, as I hear, the provost hath
A warrant for his execution.

Isab. Alas! what poor ability's in me
To do him good?

Lucio. Assay the power you have.

Isab. My power? alas! I doubt.

Lucio. Our doubts are traitors,
And make us lose the good we oft might win,
By fearing to attempt: Go to lord Angelo,
And let him learn to know, when maidens sue,
Men give like gods; but when they weep and kneel,
All their petitions are as freely theirs
As they themselves would owe [10] them.

Isab. I'll see what I can do.

Lucio. But speedily.

Isab. I will about it straight;
No longer staying but to give the mother [11]
Notice of my affair. I humbly thank you:
Commend me to my brother: soon at night
I'll send him certain word of my success.

Lucio. I take my leave of you.

Isab. Good sir, adieu.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. A Hall in Angelo's House.

Enter Angelo, Escalus, *a Justice, Provost, Officers, and other Attendants.*

Ang. We must not make a scare-crow of the law,
Setting it up to fear [1] the birds of prey,

[10] To *owe* is to *have*, to *possess*.
[11] That is, the *abbess*
[1] To *fear* is to affright.

And let it keep one shape, till custom make it
Their perch, and not their terror.

Escal. Ay, but yet
Let us be keen, and rather cut a little,
Than fall,[2] and bruise to death: Alas! this gentleman,
Whom I would save, had a most noble father.
Let but your honour know,
(Whom I believe to be most strait in virtue,)
That, in the working of your own affections,
Had time coher'd with place, or place with wishing,
Or that the resolute acting of your blood
Could have attain'd the effect of your own purpose,
Whether you had not sometime in your life
Err'd in this point where now you censure him,[3]
And pull'd the law upon you.

Ang. 'Tis one thing to be tempted, Escalus,
Another thing to fall. I not deny,
The jury, passing on the prisoner's life,
May, in the sworn twelve, have a thief or two
Guiltier than him they try: What's open made
To justice, that justice seizes. What know the laws,
That thieves do pass[4] on thieves? 'Tis very pregnant,[5]
The jewel that we find, we stoop and take it,
Because we see it; but what we do not see,
We tread upon, and never think of it.
You may not so extenuate his offence,
For[6] I have had such faults; but rather tell me,

[2] That is, throw down; *to fall* a tree is still used for *to fell* it.

[3] To complete the sense of this line *for* seems to be required,—"which now you censure him *for*." But Shakespeare frequently uses elliptical expressions.

[4] An old forensic term, signifying *to pass judgment*, or *sentence*.

[5] *Full of force or conviction*, or *full of proof in itself*. So, in Othello, Act ii. sc. 1: "As it is a most *pregnant* and unfore'd position."

[6] That is, because.

When I, that censure him, do so offend,
Let mine own judgment pattern out my death,
And nothing come in partial. Sir, he must die.

Escal. Be it as your wisdom will.

Ang. Where is the provost?

Prov. Here, if it like your honour.

Ang. See that Claudio
Be executed by nine to-morrow morning:
Bring him his confessor, let him be prepar'd;
For that's the utmost of his pilgrimage.

[*Exit Provost.*

Escal. Well, Heaven forgive him; and forgive us all!
Some rise by sin, and some by virtue fall:
Some run from brakes of vice,[7] and answer none;
And some condemned for a fault alone.

[7] The original here reads, — "Some run from brakes of ice;" which Mr. Collier retains, silently changing *brakes* into *breaks*. It can hardly be denied that this reading yields very good sense; the image of course being that of men making good their escape, even when the ice is breaking under them. But *brakes* and *ice* do not quite cohere; and it seems as proper to change *ice* into *vice*, as *brakes* into *breaks;* and, as the former accords better with the rest of the passage, we venture to accept it. It was first made by Rowe. But there is a further question, whether *brake*, allowing that to be the right word, here means an engine of war or torture, or a snare, or a bramble; the word being used in all these senses. For the first, thus in Holland's Pliny: "Among engines of artillery, the Cretes invented the scorpion or crossebow; the Syrians, the catapult; the Phenicians, the balist or *brake*, and the sling;" and in Palsgrave: "I brake on a *brake* or payne bauke, as men do mysdoers to confesse the trouthe." For the second, it occurs in Skelton's Ellinour Rummin: "It was a stale to take — the devil in a *brake;*" and in another old play: "Her I'll make a stale to catch this courtier in a *brake*." For the third, it is found in Henry VIII. Act i. sc. 2: "'Tis but the fate of place, and the rough *brake* that virtue must go through;" and Ben Jonson has, — "Look at the false and cunning man, crush'd in the snaky *brakes* that he had past." Which of these senses the word bears in the text, we must leave the reader to decide for himself. Mr. Dyce thinks that *brakes* is here used for instruments or engines of

Enter ELBOW, FROTH, *Clown, Officers, &c.*

Elb. Come, bring them away: If these be good people in a commonweal, that do nothing but use their abuses in common houses, I know no law: bring them away.

Ang. How now, sir! What's your name? and what's the matter?

Elb. If it please your honour, I am the poor Duke's constable, and my name is Elbow: I do lean upon justice, sir, and do bring in here before your good honour two notorious benefactors.

Ang. Benefactors! Well; what benefactors are they? are they not malefactors?

Elb. If it please your honour, I know not well what they are: but precise villains they are, that I am sure of; and void of all profanation in the world, that good Christians ought to have.

Escal. This comes off well:[8] here's a wise officer.

Ang. Go to: What quality are they of? Elbow is your name? Why dost thou not speak, Elbow?

Clo. He cannot, sir: he's out at elbow.

Ang. What are you, sir?

Elb. He, sir? a tapster, sir; parcel-bawd; one that serves a bad woman, whose house, sir, was, as they say, pluck'd down in the suburbs; and now she professes a hot-house,[9] which, I think, is a very ill house too.

punishment, from which some men escape, and answer no questions. But the more common notion is, that in this place the word means brambles, thickets, or thorny entanglements of vice, which some rush into, and, when pursued, run away from uncaught, while others have to suffer for a single act of vice. H.

[8] That is, this *is well told*. The meaning of the phrase, when seriously applied to speech, is, "This is well delivered, this story is well told." But in the present instance it is used ironically.

[9] That is, professes, or pretends, *to keep* a hot-house. *Hot-*

Escal. How know you that?

Elb. My wife, sir, whom I detest[10] before heaven and your honour, —

Escal. How! thy wife?

Elb. Ay, sir; whom, I thank Heaven, is an honest woman, —

Escal. Dost thou detest her therefore?

Elb. I say, sir, I will detest myself also, as well as she, that this house, if it be not a bawd's house, it is pity of her life, for it is a naughty house.

Escal. How dost thou know that, constable?

Elb. Marry, sir, by my wife; who, if she had been a woman cardinally given, might have been accus'd in fornication, adultery, and all uncleanliness there.

Escal. By the woman's means?

Elb. Ay, sir, by mistress Over-done's means: but as she spit in his face, so she defied him.

Clo. Sir, if it please your honour, this is not so.

Elb. Prove it before these varlets here, thou honourable man; prove it.

Escal. [*To* ANG.] Do you hear how he misplaces?

Clo. Sir, she came in great with child; and longing (saving your honour's reverence) for stew'd prunes: sir, we had but two in the house, which at that very distant[11] time stood, as it were, in a fruit-dish, a dish of some three-pence: your honours have seen such dishes; they are not China dishes, but very good dishes.

houses were bagnios supplied with vapour-baths; but under this name other accommodations were often furnished. — *Parcel-bawd*, a few lines before, probably means *partly bawd*, alluding to his uniting the two offices of pimp and tapster. So, in 2 Henry IV. Act i. sc. 2, we have "*parcel-gilt* goblet," for partly gilt. H.

[10] *Detest* is an Elbowism for *protest*. H.

[11] The Clown, catching the constable's trick of speech, here uses *distant* as an Elbowism for *instant*. H.

Escal. Go to, go to: no matter for the dish, sir.

Clo. No, indeed, sir, not of a pin; you are therein in the right: but, to the point: As I say, this mistress Elbow, being, as I say, with child, and being great-bellied, and longing, as I said, for prunes; and having but two in the dish, as I said, master Froth here, this very man, having eaten the rest, as I said, and, as I say, paying for them very honestly; — for, as you know, master Froth, I could not give you three-pence again.

Froth. No, indeed.

Clo. Very well: you being then, if you be remember'd, cracking the stones of the foresaid prunes.

Froth. Ay, so I did, indeed.

Clo. Why, very well: I telling you then, if you be remember'd, that such a one, and such a one, were past cure of the thing you wot of, unless they kept very good diet, as I told you.

Froth. All this is true.

Clo. Why, very well then.

Escal. Come, you are a tedious fool: to the purpose: — What was done to Elbow's wife, that he hath cause to complain of? Come we to what was done to her.

Clo. Sir, your honour cannot come to that yet.

Escal. No, sir, nor I mean it not.

Clo. Sir, but you shall come to it, by your honour's leave: And, I beseech you, look into master Froth here, sir; a man of fourscore pound a year; whose father died at Hallowmas: — Was't not at Hallowmas, master Froth?

Froth. All-hollownd eve.[12]

Clo. Why, very well: I hope here be truths:

[12] *All-Hollownd Eve*, the Eve of All Saints' day

He, sir, sitting, as I say, in a lower[13] chair, sir; — 'twas in the Bunch of Grapes,[14] where, indeed, you have a delight to sit, have you not?

Froth. I have so; because it is an open room, and good for winter.

Clo. Why, very well then: — I hope here be truths.

Ang. This will last out a night in Russia,
When nights are longest there: I'll take my leave,
And leave you to the hearing of the cause;
Hoping you'll find good cause to whip them all.

Escal. I think no less: Good morrow to your lordship. [*Exit* ANGELO.
Now, sir, come on: What was done to Elbow's wife, once more?

Clo. Once, sir? there was nothing done to her once.

Elb. I beseech you, sir, ask him what this man did to my wife.

Clo. I beseech your honour, ask me.

Escal. Well, sir: What did this gentleman to her?

Clo. I beseech you, sir, look in this gentleman's face: — Good master Froth, look upon his honour; 'tis for a good purpose: Doth your honour mark his face?

Escal. Ay, sir, very well.

Clo. Nay, I beseech you, mark it well.

Escal. Well, I do so.

Clo. Doth your honour see any harm in his face?

Escal. Why, no.

Clo. I'll be suppos'd upon a book, his face is the worst thing about him: Good then; if his face be

[13] Every house had formerly what was called a *low chair*, designed for the ease of sick people, and occasionally occupied by lazy ones.

[14] Such names were often given to rooms in the Poet's time. Thus in the Will of Henry Harte, we read of a "chamber called the Half-moon" H.

the worst thing about him, how could master Froth do the constable's wife any harm? I would know that of your honour?

Escal. He's in the right: Constable, what say you to it?

Elb. First, an it like you, the house is a respected house: next, this is a respected fellow; and his mistress is a respected woman.

Clo. By this hand, sir, his wife is a more respected person than any of us all.

Elb. Varlet, thou liest; thou liest, wicked varlet: the time is yet to come, that she was ever respected with man, woman, or child.

Clo. Sir, she was respected with him before he married with her.

Escal. Which is the wiser here, Justice, or Iniquity?[15] Is this true?

Elb. O thou caitiff! O thou varlet! O thou wicked Hannibal! I respected with her, before I was married to her? If ever I was respected with her, or she with me, let not your worship think me the poor Duke's officer: — Prove this, thou wicked Hannibal, or I'll have mine action of battery on thee.

Escal. If he took you a box o' the ear, you might have your action of slander too.

Elb. Marry, I thank your good worship for it: What is't your worship's pleasure I shall do with this wicked caitiff?

Escal. Truly. officer, because he has some offences in him, that thou wouldst discover if thou couldst, let him continue in his courses till thou know'st what they are.

Elb. Marry, I thank your worship for it: — Thou seest, thou wicked varlet now, what's come upon

[15] That is, the prosecutor or the criminal.

thee: thou art to continue now, thou varlet; thou art to continue.

Escal. Where were you born, friend?

Froth. Here in Vienna, sir.

Escal. Are you of fourscore pounds a year?

Froth. Yes, an't please you, sir.

Escal. So. — What trade are you of, sir?

Clo. A tapster; a poor widow's tapster.

Escal. Your mistress's name?

Clo. Mistress Over-done.

Escal. Hath she had any more than one husband?

Clo. Nine, sir; Over-done by the last.

Escal. Nine! — Come hither to me, master Froth. Master Froth, I would not have you acquainted with tapsters; they will draw you, master Froth, and you will hang them: Get you gone, and let me hear no more of you.

Froth. I thank your worship: for mine own part, I never come into any room in a taphouse, but I am drawn in.

Escal. Well; no more of it, master Froth: farewell. [*Exit* FROTH.] — Come you hither to me, master tapster: What's your name, master tapster?

Clo. Pompey.

Escal. What else?

Clo. Bum, sir.

Escal. 'Troth, and your bum is the greatest thing about you:[16] so that, in the beastliest sense, you are Pompey the great. Pompey, you are partly a bawd, Pompey, howsoever you colour it in being a tapster. Are you not? come, tell me true: it shall be the better for you.

[16] The breeches were formerly worn very large about the hips and perhaps Pompey went beyond the fashion. R.

Clo. Truly, sir, I am a poor fellow that would live.

Escal. How would you live, Pompey? by being a bawd? What do you think of the trade, Pompey? is it a lawful trade?

Clo. If the law would allow it, sir.

Escal. But the law will not allow it, Pompey; nor it shall not be allowed in Vienna.

Clo. Does your worship mean to geld and spay all the youth of the city?

Escal. No, Pompey.

Clo. Truly, sir, in my poor opinion, they will to't then: If your worship will take order for the drabs and the knaves, you need not to fear the bawds.

Escal. There are pretty orders beginning, I can tell you: It is but heading and hanging.

Clo. If you head and hang all that offend that way but for ten year together, you'll be glad to give out a commission for more heads. If this law hold in Vienna ten year, I'll rent the fairest house in it after three-pence a day: if you live to see this come to pass, say Pompey told you so.

Escal. Thank you, good Pompey: and, in requital of your prophecy, hark you:—I advise you, let me not find you before me again upon any complaint whatsoever, no, not for dwelling where you do: if I do, Pompey, I shall beat you to your tent, and prove a shrewd Cæsar to you; in plain dealing, Pompey, I shall have you whipt: so for this time, Pompey, fare you well.

[17] *A bay* is a principal division in building, as a *barn of three bays* is a barn twice crossed by beams. Coles in his Latin Dictionary defines "a bay of building, *mensura* 24 *pedum*." Houses appear to have been estimated by the number of bays.

Clo. I thank your worship for your good counsel; but I shall follow it as the flesh and fortune shall better determine.

Whip me? No, no; let carman whip his jade;
The valiant heart's not whipt out of his trade.

[*Exit.*

Escal. Come hither to me, master Elbow; come hither, master constable. How long have you been in this place of constable?

Elb. Seven year and a half, sir.

Escal. I thought, by your readiness in the office, you had continued in it some time: You say, seven years together?

Elb. And a half, sir.

Escal. Alas! it hath been great pains to you. They do you wrong to put you so oft upon't: Are there not men in your ward sufficient to serve it?

Elb. Faith, sir, few of any wit in such matters: As they are chosen, they are glad to choose me for them: I do it for some piece of money, and go through with all.

Escal. Look you bring me in the names of some six or seven, the most sufficient of your parish.

Elb. To your worship's house, sir?

Escal. To my house: Fare you well. [*Exit* ELBOW.] What's o'clock, think you?

Just. Eleven, sir.

Escal. I pray you home to dinner with me.

Just. I humbly thank you.

Escal. It grieves me for the death of Claudio;
But there's no remedy.

Just. Lord Angelo is severe.

Escal. It is but needful:
Mercy is not itself that oft looks so;
Pardon is still the nurse of second woe:

But yet, — poor Claudio! — There's no remedy.
Come, sir. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. Another Room in the same.

Enter Provost and a Servant.

Serv. He's hearing of a cause: he will come straight.
I'll tell him of you.

Prov. Pray you, do. [*Exit Servant.*] I'll know
His pleasure: may be, he will relent. Alas!
He hath but as offended in a dream:
All sects, all ages smack of this vice; and he
To die for it! —

Enter ANGELO.

Ang. Now, what's the matter, provost?

Prov. Is it your will Claudio shall die to-morrow?

Ang. Did I not tell thee, yea? hadst thou not order?
Why dost thou ask again?

Prov. Lest I might be too rash:
Under your good correction, I have seen,
When, after execution, judgment hath
Repented o'er his doom.

Ang. Go to; let that be mine:
Do you your office, or give up your place,
And you shall well be spar'd.

Prov. I crave your honour's pardon. —
What shall be done, sir, with the groaning Juliet?
She's very near her hour.

Ang. Dispose of her
To some more fitter place; and that with speed.

Re-enter Servant.

Serv. Here is the sister of the man condemn'd.
Desires access to you.

Ang. Hath he a sister?
Prov. Ay, my good lord; a very virtuous maid,
And to be shortly of a sisterhood,
If not already.
Ang. Well, let her be admitted. [*Exit Serv.*
See you the fornicatress be remov'd:
Let her have needful but not lavish means;
There shall be order for it.

Enter LUCIO *and* ISABELLA.

Prov. Save your honour. [*Offering to retire.*
Ang. Stay a little while.—[*To* ISAB.] You are welcome: What's your will?
Isab. I am a woful suitor to your honour,
Please but your honour hear me.
Ang. Well; what's your suit?
Isab. There is a vice, that most I do abhor,
And most desire should meet the blow of justice;
For which I would not plead, but that I must;
For which I must not plead, but that I am
At war 'twixt will and will not.
Ang. Well; the matter?
Isab. I have a brother is condemn'd to die:
I do beseech you, let it be his fault,
And not my brother.[1]
Prov. Heaven give thee moving graces!
Ang. Condemn the fault, and not the actor of it!
Why, every fault's condemn'd, ere it be done:
Mine were the very cipher of a function,
To fine[2] the faults, whose fine stands in record,
And let go by the actor.
Isab. O just, but severe law!

[1] That is, let my brother's fault die, but let not him suffer.
[2] That is, "to pronounce the fine or sentence of the law upon the *crime*, and let the *delinquent* escape."

I had a brother then. — Heaven keep your honour! [*Retiring.*]

Lucio. [*To* ISAB.] Give't not o'er so: to him again, intreat him;
Kneel down before him, hang upon his gown;
You are too cold: if you should need a pin,
You could not with more tame a tongue desire it:
To him, I say.

Isab. Must he needs die?

Ang. Maiden, no remedy.

Isab. Yes; I do think that you might pardon him
And neither Heaven, nor man, grieve at the mercy.

Ang. I will not do't.

Isab. But can you, if you would?

Ang. Look, what I will not, that I cannot do.

Isab. But might you do't, and do the world no wrong,
If so your heart were touch'd with that remorse
As mine is to him?

Ang. He's sentenc'd: 'tis too late.

Lucio. [*To* ISAB.] You are too cold.

Isab. Too late? why, no; I, that do speak a word
May call it back again: — Well, believe [3] this,
No ceremony that to great ones 'longs,
Not the king's crown, nor the deputed sword,
The marshal's truncheon, nor the judge's robe,
Become them with one half so good a grace
As mercy does. If he had been as you
And you as he, you would have slipt like him,
But he, like you, would not have been so stern.

Ang. Pray you, begone.

Isab. I would to Heaven I had your potency,
And you were Isabel! should it then be thus?

[3] That is, be assured of it.

No; I would tell what 'twere to be a judge,
And what a prisoner.

Lucio. [*Aside.*] Ay, touch him: there's the vein.

Ang. Your brother is a forfeit of the law,
And you but waste your words.

Isab. Alas! alas!
Why, all the souls that were, were forfeit once;
And He, that might the vantage best have took,
Found out the remedy. How would you be,
If He, which is the top of judgment, should
But judge you as you are? O! think on that;
And mercy then will breathe within your lips,
Like man new made.[4]

Ang. Be you content, fair maid:
It is the law, not I, condemns your brother:
Were he my kinsman, brother, or my son,
It should be thus with him: — he must die to-morrow.

Isab. To-morrow? O, that's sudden! Spare him, spare him!
He's not prepar'd for death. Even for our kitchens
We kill the fowl of season:[5] shall we serve Heaven
With less respect than we do minister
To our gross selves? Good, good my lord, bethink you:
Who is it that hath died for this offence?
There's many have committed it.

Lucio. [*Aside.*] Ay, well said.

Ang. The law hath not been dead, though it hath slept:[6]
Those many had not dar'd to do that evil,

[4] "You will then be as tender-hearted and merciful as the first man was in his days of innocence."

[5] That is, when in season.

[6] "*Dormiunt aliquando leges, moriuntur nunquam,*" is a maxim of our law.

If the first that did the edict infringe
Had answer'd for his deed: now 'tis awake;
Takes note of what is done; and, like a prophet,
Looks in a glass,[7] that shows what future evils
(Either now, or by remissness new-conceiv'd,
And so in progress to be hatch'd and born)
Are now to have no súccessive degrees,
But, ere they live, to end.

Isab. Yet show some pity

Ang. I show it most of all, when I show justice;
For then I pity those I do not know,[8]
Which a dismiss'd offence would after gall;
And do him right, that, answering one foul wrong,
Lives not to act another. Be satisfied:
Your brother dies to-morrow: be content.

Isab. So, you must be the first, that gives this sentence;
And he, that suffers: O! it is excellent
To have a giant's strength; but it is tyrannous
To use it like a giant.

Lucio. [*Aside.*] That's well said.

Isab. Could great men thunder
As Jove himself does, Jove would ne'er be quiet,
For every pelting,[9] petty officer
Would use his heaven for thunder;
Nothing but thunder. Merciful Heaven!
Thou rather, with thy sharp and sulphurous bolt,
Split'st the unwedgeable and gnarled[10] oak,
Than the soft myrtle; but man, proud man!
Dress'd in a little brief authority,

[7] This alludes to the deceptions of the fortune-tellers, who pretended to see future events in a beryl, or crystal glass.

[8] One of Judge Hale's Memorials is of the same tendency "When I find myself swayed to mercy, let me remember that there is a mercy likewise due to the country."

[9] *Pelting* for paltry.

[10] *Gnarled*, knotted.

Most ignorant of what he's most assur'd,
His glassy essence,[11] like an angry ape,
Plays such fantastic tricks before high Heaven,
As make the angels weep; who, with our spleens,
Would all themselves laugh mortal.[12]

Lucio. [*To* ISAB.] O, to him, to him, wench! he will relent:
He's coming, I perceive't.

Prov. [*Aside.*] Pray Heaven, she win him!

Isab. We cannot weigh our brother with yourself:
Great men may jest with saints: 'tis wit in them;
But in the less foul profanation.

Lucio. [*To* ISAB.] Thou'rt in the right, girl: more o' that.

Isab. That in the captain's but a choleric word,
Which in the soldier is flat blasphemy.

Lucio. [*Aside.*] Art advis'd o' that? more on't.

Ang. Why do you put these sayings upon me?

Isab. Because authority, though it err like others,
Hath yet a kind of medicine in itself,
That skins the vice o' the top:[13] Go to your bosom;
Knock there, and ask your heart what it doth know
That's like my brother's fault: if it confess
A natural guiltiness, such as is his,
Let it not sound a thought upon your tongue
Against my brother's life.

Ang. [*Aside.*] She speaks, and 'tis

[11] That is, his brittle, fragile being. H.

[12] The notion of angels weeping for the sins of men is rabbinical. By *spleens* Shakespeare meant that peculiar turn of the human mind, which always inclines it to a spiteful and unseasonable mirth. Had the angels *that*, they would laugh themselves out of their immortality, by indulging a passion unworthy of that prerogative.

[13] Shakespeare has used this indelicate metaphor again in Hamlet: "It will but skin and film the ulcerous place."

Such sense, that my sense breeds with it.[14]

[*To her.*] Fare you well.

Isab. Gentle my lord, turn back.

Ang. I will bethink me: — Come again to-morrow.

Isab. Hark, how I'll bribe you: Good my lord, turn back.

Ang. How! bribe me?

Isab. Ay, with such gifts, that Heaven shall share with you.

Lucio. [*Aside.*] You had marr'd all else.

Isab. Not with fond shekels of the tested gold,
Or stones, whose rates are either rich or poor
As fancy values them: but with true prayers,
That shall be up at heaven, and enter there,
Ere sunrise; prayers from preserved souls,
From fasting maids, whose minds are dedicate
To nothing temporal.

Ang. Well: come to me
To-morrow.

Lucio. [*Aside to* ISAB.] Go to; it is well: away.

Isab. Heaven keep your honour safe!

Ang. [*Aside.*] Amen;[15]
For I am that way going to temptation,
Where prayers cross.[16]

Isab. At what hour to-morrow
Shall I attend your lordship?

[14] That is, such sense as breeds a response in his mind. Malone thought that *sense* here meant *sensual desire*.

[15] Isabella prays that his honour may be safe, meaning only to give him his title: his mind is caught by the word *honour*, he feels that it is in danger, and therefore says amen to her benediction.

[16] The petition of the Lord's Prayer, "Lead us not into temptation," is here considered as *crossing* or intercepting the way in which Angelo was going: he was exposing himself to temptation by the appointment for the morrow's meeting.

Ang. At any time 'fore noon.
Isab. Save your honour!
[*Exeunt* LUCIO, ISABELLA, *and Provost.*
Ang. From thee; even from thy virtue! —
What's this? what's this? Is this her fault, or mine?
The tempter, or the tempted, who sins most? Ha!
Not she; nor doth she tempt: but it is I,
That, lying by the violet in the sun,
Do, as the carrion does, not as the flower,
Corrupt with virtuous season. Can it be,
That modesty may more betray our sense
Than woman's lightness? Having waste ground enough,
Shall we desire to raze the sanctuary,
And pitch our evils there?[17] O, fie, fie, fie!
What dost thou, or what art thou, Angelo?
Dost thou desire her foully, for those things
That make her good? O, let her brother live!
Thieves for their robbery have authority,
When judges steal themselves. What! do I love her,
That I desire to hear her speak again,
And feast upon her eyes? What is't I dream on?
O! cunning enemy, that, to catch a saint,
With saints dost bait thy hook! Most dangerous
Is that temptation, that doth goad us on
To sin in loving virtue: Never could the strumpet,
With all her double vigour, art and nature,
Once stir my temper; but this virtuous maid
Subdues me quite. — Ever, till now,
When men were fond, I smil'd, and wonder'd how!
[*Exit.*

[17] No language could more forcibly express the aggravated profligacy of Angelo's passion, which the purity of Isabella but served the more to inflame. The desecration of edifices devoted to religion, by converting them to the most abject purposes of nature, was an eastern method of expressing contempt. See 2 Kings x. 27.

SCENE III. A Room in a Prison.

Enter Duke, habited like a Friar, and Provost.

Duke. Hail to you, provost! so, I think, you are.

Prov. I am the provost: What's your will, good friar?

Duke. Bound by my charity, and my bless'd order,
I come to visit the afflicted spirits
Here in the prison: do me the common right
To let me see them, and to make me know
The nature of their crimes, that I may minister
To them accordingly.

Prov. I would do more than that, if more were needful.

Enter JULIET.

Look, here comes one; a gentlewoman of mine,
Who, falling in the flames of her own youth,
Hath blister'd her report: She is with child;
And he that got it, sentenc'd; a young man
More fit to do another such offence
Than die for this.

Duke. When must he die?

Prov. As I do think, to-morrow.—
[*To* JULIET.] I have provided for you: stay a while,
And you shall be conducted.

Duke. Repent you, fair one, of the sin you carry?

Juliet. I do; and bear the shame most patiently.

Duke. I'll teach you how you shall arraign your conscience,
And try your penitence, if it be sound,
Or hollowly put on.

Juliet. I'll gladly learn.

Duke. Love you the man that wrong'd you?

Juliet. Yes, as I love the woman that wrong'd him

Duke. So then, it seems, your most offenceful act
Was mutually committed?
Juliet. Mutually.
Duke. Then was your sin of heavier kind than his.
Juliet. I do confess it, and repent it, father.
Duke. 'Tis meet so, daughter: But lest you do repent,
As that the sin hath brought you to this shame, —
Which sorrow is always towards ourselves, not Heaven;
Showing, we would not serve Heaven as we love it,
But as we stand in fear, —
Juliet. I do repent me, as it is an evil;
And take the shame with joy.
Duke. There rest.[2]
Your partner, as I hear, must die to-morrow,
And I am going with instruction to him. —
Grace go with you! *Benedicite.* [*Exit.*
Juliet. Must die to-morrow! O, injurious law,[3]
That respites me a life, whose very comfort
Is still a dying horror!
Prov. 'Tis pity of him. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. A Room in ANGELO'S House.

Enter ANGELO.

Ang. When I would pray and think, I think and pray
To several subjects: Heaven hath my empty words;

[1] That is, not spare to offend Heaven.
[2] That is, keep yourself in this frame of mind.
[3] Sir Thomas Hanmer proposed to read *law* instead of *love*; a reading that coheres well with the Provost's reply.

Whilst my invention,[1] hearing not my tongue,
Anchors on Isabel: Heaven in my mouth,
As if I did but only chew His name;
And in my heart, the strong and swelling evil
Of my conception. The state, whereon I studied,
Is like a good thing, being often read,
Grown sear'd[2] and tedious; yea, my gravity,
Wherein (let no man hear me) I take pride,
Could I, with boot,[3] change for an idle plume,
Which the air beats for vain. O place! O form!
How often dost thou with thy case, thy habit,
Wrench awe from fools, and tie the wiser souls
To thy false seeming![4] Blood, thou art blood!
Let's write good angel on the devil's horn,
'Tis not the devil's crest.[5]

[1] *Invention* for imagination. So, in Henry V.:

"O for a muse of fire, that would ascend
The brightest heaven of *invention*."

[2] Respecting this word, which is usually given as *fear'd*, it is quite remarkable that of the first folio some copies read *fear'd*, and others *sear'd*, as if the correction were made while the edition was going through the press; though which way the change ran is not altogether certain. Such a use of either word is singular enough: but on the whole we prefer *sear'd*, as it agrees very well with the Poet's use of that word in other places. Thus, in The Comedy of Errors, Act iv. sc. 2:

"He is deformed, crooked, old, and *sere*,
Ill-fac'd, worse-bodied, shapeless every where."

And again, in the well-known passage in Macbeth:

"I have liv'd long enough; my way of life
Is fall'n into the *sere*, the yellow leaf."

So, also, in Spenser's Shepherd's Calender, January:

"All so my lustfull leafe is drie and *sere*,
My timely buds with wayling all are wasted." H.

[3] Boot is profit.

Shakespeare judiciously distinguishes the different operations of high place upon different minds. Fools are frighted and wise men allured. Those who cannot judge but by the eye are easily awed by splendour; those who consider men as well as conditions, are easily persuaded to love the appearance of virtue dignified with power.

[5] The crest was often emblematic of something in the wearer,

Enter Servant.

How now! who's there?

Serv. One Isabel, a sister,
Desires access to you.

Ang. Teach her the way. [*Exit Serv.*

O heavens!
Why does my blood thus muster to my heart,
Making both it unable for itself,
And dispossessing all my other parts
Of necessary fitness?
So play the foolish throngs with one that swoons;
Come all to help him, and so stop the air
By which he should revive: and even so
The general,[6] subject to a well-wish'd king,
Quit their own part, and in obsequious fondness
Crowd to his presence, where their untaught love
Must needs appear offence.

Enter ISABELLA.

How now, fair maid?

Isab. I am come to know your pleasure.

Ang. That you might know it, would much better please me,
Than to demand what 'tis. Your brother cannot live.

such, for example, as his ancestral name. "The devil's horn" is "the devil's crest;" but if we write "good angel" on it, the emblem is overlooked in the "false seeming;" we think it is not the devil's horn, because itself tells us otherwise. H

[6] That is, the *people* or *multitude* subject to a king. So, in Hamlet: "The play pleased not the million; 'twas caviare to the *general*." It is supposed that Shakespeare, in this passage, and in one before, Act i. sc. 2, intended to flatter the unkingly weakness of James I., which made him so impatient of the crowds which flocked to see him, at his first coming, that he restrained them by a proclamation.

Isab. Even so? — Heaven keep your honour! [*Retiring*

Ang. Yet may he live awhile; and it may be,
As long as you, or I: Yet he must die.

Isab. Under your sentence?

Ang. Yea.

Isab. When, I beseech you? that in his reprieve,
Longer, or shorter, he may be so fitted,
That his soul sicken not.

Ang. Ha! Fie, these filthy vices! It were as good
To pardon him, that hath from nature stolen
A man already made,[7] as to remit
Their saucy sweetness, that do coin Heaven's image
In stamps that are forbid: 'tis all as easy
Falsely to take away a life true made,
As to put mettle in restrained means,
To make a false one.[8]

Isab. 'Tis set down so in heaven, but not in earth

Ang. Say you so? then I shall pose you quickly
Which had you rather, that the most just law
Now took your brother's life; or, to redeem him,
Give up your body to such sweet uncleanness,
As she that he hath stain'd?

Isab. Sir, believe this,
I had rather give my body than my soul.[9]

Ang. I talk not of your soul: Our compell'd sins
Stand more for number than accompt.[10]

[7] That is, that hath killed a man.

[8] The thought is simply, that murder is as easy as fornication; and the inference which Angelo would draw is, that it is as improper to pardon the latter as the former.

[9] Isabel appears to use the words "give my body" in a different sense than Angelo. Her meaning appears to be, "I had rather *die* than forfeit my eternal happiness by the prostitution of my person."

[10] That is, actions that we are compelled to, however numerous, are not imputed to us by Heaven as crimes.

Isab. How say you?

Ang. Nay, I'll not warrant that; for I can speak
Against the thing I say. Answer to this:—
I, now the voice of the recorded law,
Pronounce a sentence on your brother's life:
Might there not be a charity in sin,
To save this brother's life?

Isab. Please you to do't,
I'll take it as a peril to my soul:
It is no sin at all, but charity.

Ang. Pleas'd you to do't, at peril of your soul,
Were equal poise of sin and charity.

Isab. That I do beg his life, if it be sin,
Heaven, let me bear it! you granting of my suit,
If that be sin, I'll make it my morn prayer
To have it added to the faults of mine,
And nothing of your answer.

Ang. Nay, but hear me:
Your sense pursues not mine: either you are ignorant,
Or seem so, craftily; and that's not good.

Isab. Let me be ignorant, and in nothing good
But graciously to know I am no better.

Ang. Thus wisdom wishes to appear most bright,
When it doth tax itself: as these black masks[11]
Proclaim an enshield[12] beauty ten times louder
Than beauty could displayed.—But mark me:
To be received plain, I'll speak more gross:
Your brother is to die.

Isab. So.

[11] The masks worn by female spectators of the play are here probably meant. At the beginning of Romeo and Juliet, we have a passage of similar import:

> "These happy *masks* that kiss fair ladies' brows,
> Being *black*, put us in mind they hide the fair."

[12] That is, enshielded, covered.

Ang. And his offence is so, as it appears
Accountant to the law upon that pain.

Isab. True.

Ang. Admit no other way to save his life,
(As I subscribe not that, nor any other,)
But, in the loss of question,[13] that you, his sister,
Finding yourself desir'd of such a person,
Whose credit with the judge, or own great place,
Could fetch your brother from the manacles
Of the all-binding law; and that there were
No earthly mean to save him, but that either
You must lay down the treasures of your body
To this suppos'd, or else to let him suffer;
What would you do?

Isab. As much for my poor brother, as myself:
That is, were I under the terms of death,
The impression of keen whips I'd wear as rubies,
And strip myself to death, as to a bed
That longing I've been sick for, ere I'd yield
My body up to shame.

Ang. Then must your brother die.

Isab. And 'twere the cheaper way:
Better it were, a brother died at once,
Than that a sister, by redeeming him,
Should die forever.

Ang. Were not you then as cruel as the sentence
That you have slander'd so?

Isab. Ignomy[14] in ransom, and free pardon,
Are of two houses: lawful mercy is
Nothing akin to foul redemption.

Ang. You seem'd of late to make the law a tyrant,
And rather prov'd the sliding of your brother
A merriment than a vice.

[13] That is, conversation that tends to nothing.
[14] *Ignomy*, ignominy.

Isab. O pardon me, my lord! it oft falls out,
To have what we would have, we speak not what we mean:
I something do excuse the thing I hate,
For his advantage that I dearly love.

Ang. We are all frail.

Isab. Else let my brother die;
If not a feodary, but only he,
Owe, and succeed this weakness.[15]

Ang. Nay, women are frail too.

Isab. Ay, as the glasses where they view themselves;
Which are as easy broke as they make forms.
Women! — Help, Heaven! men their creation mar
In profiting by them.[16] Nay, call us ten times frail;
For we are soft as our complexions are,
And credulous to false prints.[17]

Ang. I think it well:
And from this testimony of your own sex,
(Since, I suppose, we are made to be no stronger
Than faults may shake our frames,) let me be bold: —
I do arrest your words: Be that you are,
That is, a woman; if you be more, you're none:
If you be one, (as you are well express'd

[15] A very obscure passage. The original reads, *thy weakness*, which fairly defies explanation. The word *this* is adopted by Mr. Collier from an old manuscript note in a copy of the first folio belonging to Lord Francis Egerton. With this change, the passage, though still obscure, makes good sense enough: "If we are not *all frail*, — if my brother have no *feodary*, that is, no companion, one holding by the same tenure of frailty, — if he alone be found to *own and succeed* to this weakness, — then let him die." H.

[16] The meaning appears to be, that men debase their natures by taking advantage of women's weakness. She therefore calls on Heaven to assist them.

[17] That is, impressions.

By all external warrants,) show it now,
By putting on the destin'd livery.

Isab. I have no tongue but one: gentle my lord,
Let me entreat you speak the former language.

Ang. Plainly, conceive I love you.

Isab. My brother did love Juliet; and you tell me
That he shall die for it.

Ang. He shall not, Isabel, if you give me love.

Isab. I know your virtue hath a license in't,
Which seems a little fouler than it is,
To pluck on others.[18]

Ang. Believe me, on mine honour,
My words express my purpose.

Isab. Ha! little honour to be much believ'd,
And most pernicious purpose! — Seeming, seeming! —
I will proclaim thee, Angelo; look for't!
Sign me a present pardon for my brother,
Or, with an outstretch'd throat, I'll tell the world aloud
What man thou art.

Ang. Who will believe thee, Isabel?
My unsoil'd name, the austereness of my life,
My vouch against you, and my place i'the state,
Will so your accusation overweigh,
That you shall stifle in your own report,
And smell of calumny. I have begun,
And now I give my sensual race the rein:
Fit thy consent to my sharp appetite;
Lay by all nicety, and prolixious blushes,[19]
That banish what they sue for; redeem thy brother

[18] That is, your virtue assumes an air of *licentiousness*, which is not natural to you, on purpose to try me.

[19] *Prolixious blushes* means what Milton has elegantly called "sweet reluctant amorous *delay*."

By yielding up thy body to my will;
Or else he must not only die the death,
But thy unkindness shall his death draw out
To lingering sufferance. Answer me to-morrow,
Or, by the affection that now guides me most,
I'll prove a tyrant to him: As for you,
Say what you can, my false o'erweighs your true.
[*Exit.*

Isab. To whom should I complain? Did I tell this,
Who would believe me? O perilous mouths!
That bear in them one and the selfsame tongue,
Either of condemnation or approof;
Bidding the law make courtesy to their will;
Hooking both right and wrong to the appetite,
To follow as it draws! I'll to my brother:
Though he hath fallen by prompture of the blood,
Yet hath he in him such a mind of honour,
That had he twenty heads to tender down
On twenty bloody blocks, he'd yield them up,
Before his sister should her body stoop
To such abhorr'd pollution.
Then, Isabel, live chaste, and, brother, die:
More than our brother is our chastity!
I'll tell him yet of Angelo's request,
And fit his mind to death, for his soul's rest. [*Exit*

ACT III.

SCENE I. A Room in the Prison.

Enter DUKE, *as a Friar*, CLAUDIO, *and Provost.*

Duke. So, then, you hope of pardon from lord Angelo?

Claud. The miserable have no other medicine,
But only hope:
I have hope to live, and am prepar'd to die.

Duke. Be absolute for death; either death or life
Shall thereby be the sweeter. Reason thus with life:
If I do lose thee, I do lose a thing
That none but fools would keep:[1] a breath thou art,
Servile to all the skyey influences,
That dost this habitation, where thou keep'st,[2]
Hourly afflict: Merely, thou art death's fool;[3]
For him thou labour'st by thy flight to shun,
And yet runn'st toward him still: Thou art not noble;

[1] *Keep* here means *care for*, a common acceptation of the word in Chaucer and later writers.

[2] That is, dwellest. See Act i. sc. 4, note 2, of this play.

[3] Death and his fool were personages that once figured on the stage. Douce relates having seen a play at a fair, in which Death bore a part, attended by a fool or clown; the person that represented Death being habited in a close black vest so painted as to look like a skeleton. Douce also had an old wood-cut, one of a series representing the Dance of Death, in which the fool was engaged in combat with his adversary, and buffetting him with a bladder filled with peas or small pebbles. In all such performances, the rule appears to have been, that the fool, after struggling long against the stratagems of Death, at last became his victim.

H.

For all the accommodations that thou bear'st
Are nurs'd by baseness:[4] Thou art by no means valiant;
For thou dost fear the soft and tender fork
Of a poor worm:[5] Thy best of rest is sleep,
And that thou oft provok'st; yet grossly fear'st
Thy death, which is no more. Thou art not thyself;
For thou exist'st on many a thousand grains
That issue out of dust: Happy thou art not;
For what thou hast not, still thou striv'st to get;
And what thou hast, forget'st: Thou art not certain;
For thy complexion shifts to strange effects,
After the moon: If thou art rich, thou art poor;
For, like an ass whose back with ingots bows,
Thou bear'st thy heavy riches but a journey,
And death unloads thee: Friend hast thou none;
For thine own bowels, which do call thee sire,
The mere effusion of thy proper loins,
Do curse the gout, serpigo,[6] and the rheum,
For ending thee no sooner: Thou hast nor youth, nor age;
But, as it were, an after-dinner's sleep,
Dreaming on both:[7] for all thy blessed youth

[4] Upon this passage Johnson observes: "A minute analysis of life at once destroys that splendour which dazzles the imagination. Whatever grandeur can display, or luxury enjoy, is procured by *baseness*, by offices of which the mind shrinks from the contemplation. All the delicacies of the table may be traced back to the shambles and the dunghill, all magnificence of building was hewn from the quarry, and all the pomp of ornament from among the damps and darkness of the mine."

[5] *Worm* is put for any creeping thing or *serpent*. Shakespeare adopts the vulgar error, that a serpent wounds with his tongue, and that his tongue is *forked*. In old tapestries and paintings the tongues of serpents and dragons always appear barbed like the point of an arrow.

[6] *Serpigo* is a leprous eruption.

[7] This is exquisitely imagined. When we are young, we busy ourselves in forming schemes for succeeding time, and miss the

Becomes as aged, and doth beg the alms
Of palsied eld;[8] and when thou art old and rich,
Thou hast neither heat, affection, limb, nor beauty,
To make thy riches pleasant. What's yet in this
That bears the name of life? Yet in this life
Lie hid more thousand deaths; yet death we fear,
That makes these odds all even.

Claud. I humbly thank you.
To sue to live, I find I seek to die;
And, seeking death, find life: Let it come on.

Isab. [*Without.*] What, ho! Peace here; grace and good company!

Prov. Who's there? come in: the wish deserves a welcome.

Enter ISABELLA.

Duke. Dear sir, ere long I'll visit you again.

Claud. Most holy sir, I thank you.

Isab. My business is a word or two with Claudio.

Prov. And very welcome. Look, signior, here's your sister.

Duke. Provost, a word with you.

Prov. As many as you please.

gratifications that are before us; when we are old, we amuse the languor of age with the recollection of youthful pleasures or performances; so that our life, of which no part is filled with the business of the present time, resembles our dreams after dinner, when the events of the morning are mingled with the designs of the evening.

[8] *Old age.* In youth, which is or ought to be the *happiest* time, man commonly wants means to obtain what he could enjoy; he is dependent on *palsied eld;* must beg alms from the coffers of hoary avarice; and, being very niggardly supplied, *becomes as aged,* looks like an old man on happiness beyond his reach. And when he is *old and rich,* when he has wealth enough for the purchase of all that formerly excited his desires, he has no longer the powers of enjoyment.

Duke. Bring me to hear them speak, where I may be conceal'd.

[*Exeunt* DUKE *and Provost.*

Claud. Now, sister, what's the comfort?

Isab. Why, as all
Comforts are; most good, most good, indeed:
Lord Angelo, having affairs to heaven,
Intends you for his swift ambassador,
Where you shall be an everlasting lieger:[9]
Therefore your best appointment[10] make with speed;
To-morrow you set on.

Claud. Is there no remedy?

Isab. None, but such remedy, as to save a head
To cleave a heart in twain.

Claud. But is there any?

Isab. Yes, brother, you may live:
There is a devilish mercy in the judge,
If you'll implore it, that will free your life,
But fetter you till death.

Claud. Perpetual durance?

Isab. Ay, just; perpetual durance: a restraint,
Though all the world's vastidity[11] you had,
To a determin'd scope.[12]

Claud. But in what nature?

Isab. In such a one as, you consenting to't,
Would bark your honour from that trunk you bear,
And leave you naked.[13]

Claud. Let me know the point.

Isab. O! I do fear thee, Claudio; and I quake,
Lest thou a feverous life shouldst entertain,
And six or seven winters more respect

[9] A *lieger* is a resident. [10] That is, preparation.
[11] That is, vastness of extent.
[12] A confinement of your mind to one idea; to ignominy, of which the remembrance can neither be suppressed nor escaped.
[13] A metaphor, from stripping trees of their *bark.*

Than a perpetual honour. Dar'st thou die?
The sense of death is most in apprehension;
And the poor beetle, that we tread upon,
In corporal sufferance finds a pang as great
As when a giant dies.[14]

Claud. Why give you me this shame?
Think you I can a resolution fetch
From flowery tenderness? If I must die,
I will encounter darkness as a bride,
And hug it in mine arms.

Isab. There spake my brother: there my father's grave
Did utter forth a voice! Yes, thou must die:
Thou art too noble to conserve a life
In base appliances. This outward-sainted deputy —
Whose settled visage and deliberate word
Nips youth i'the head, and follies doth emmew,[15]
As falcon doth the fowl — is yet a devil:
His filth within being cast, he would appear
A pond as deep as hell.

Claud. The precise Angelo?

Isab. O! 'tis the cunning livery of hell,
The damned'st body to invest and cover
In precise guards![16] Dost thou think, Claudio,

[14] This beautiful passage is in all our minds and memories, but it most frequently stands in quotation detached from the antecedent line, — "The sense of death is most in apprehension;" without which it is liable to an opposite construction. The meaning is, that fear is the principal sensation in death, which has no pain; and the giant when he dies feels no greater pain than the beetle.

[15] In whose presence the follies of youth are afraid to show themselves, as the fowl is afraid to flutter while the falcon hovers over it. To *emmew* is a term in falconry, signifying to restrain, to keep in a mew or cage either by force or terror.

[16] The original here reads *prenzie guards*, and, three lines above, *prenzie Angelo;* both of them evident corruptions, there being no such word. The common reading in both places is *princely*. Warburton would have it *priestly*, and Tieck suggests

If I would yield him my virginity,
Thou might'st be freed?

Claud. O, heavens! it cannot be.

Isab. Yes, he would give't thee, from this rank offence,
So to offend him still.[17] This night's the time
That I should do what I abhor to name,
Or else thou diest to-morrow.

Claud. Thou shalt not do't.

Isab. O! were it but my life,
I'd throw it down for your deliverance
As frankly[18] as a pin.

Claud. Thanks, dear Isabel.

Isab. Be ready, Claudio, for your death to-morrow.

Claud. Yes.—Has he affections in him,
That thus can make him bite the law by the nose,
When he would force it?[19] Sure it is no sin;
Or of the deadly seven it is the least.

Isab. Which is the least?

precise, which is adopted by Knight and Verplanck. *Precise* certainly suits well with the character of the Deputy, and the Duke has already said,—"Lord Angelo is *precise*." And the use, so familiar in the Poet's time, of *precisian* for *puritan*, would render the term as intelligible to an audience as it is appropriate to the person.—*Guards* were trimmings, facings, ornaments; and as Angelo was a precisian in morals and manners, he would naturally be so likewise in his dress: the "pride" he takes in his "gravity" would lead him to affect plainness of decoration. Halliwell objects to *precise*, that it makes the metre irregular; but such irregularities appear to have been oftener sought than shunned by the Poet. H.

[17] That is, "*from the time* of my committing this offence, you might persist in sinning with safety."

[18] *Frankly*, freely.

[19] "Has *he* passions that impel him to transgress the law at the very moment that he is enforcing it against others? Surely then it cannot be a sin so very heinous, since Angelo, who is so wise, will venture it." Shakespeare shows his knowledge of human nature in the conduct of Claudio.

Claud. If it were damnable, he, being so wise,
Why, would he for the momentary trick,
Be perdurably fin'd? — O Isabel!

Isab. What says my brother?

Claud. Death is a fearful thing.

Isab. And shamed life a hateful.

Claud. Ay, but to die, and go we know not where
To lie in cold obstruction, and to rot;
This sensible warm motion to become
A kneaded clod; and the delighted spirit [20]
To bathe in fiery floods, or to reside
In thrilling region of thick-ribbed ice; [21]

[20] This passage is a standing puzzle to commentators; "fiery floods" and "region of thick-ribbed ice" being, as one would think, among the last places to be *delighted* in. The most common explanation is, that *delighted spirit* means the spirit that has been delighted, or is accustomed to delight. Another, and perhaps a better explanation, is, that the passive form is here used in an active sense, *delighted* for *delighting* or *delightful*, — an usage quite frequent in Shakespeare; as in Othello, Act i. sc. 3: "If virtue no *delighted* beauty lack;" and in The Merry Wives of Windsor, Act iv. sc. 6: "Give our hearts *united* ceremony." But the best suggestion we have seen is, that the word is here used in the sense of *removed from* or *deprived of* the light, as if it were written *de-lighted*; which is a strictly classical use of the prepositive *de*, and certainly has the merit of harmony with the context. The use of the Latin prepositive *de, di, dis*, in combination with native words, is so common in Shakespeare and other writers of that time, that it is scarce worth the while to cite examples. Thus, Shakespeare has *dislimns* and *dismask'd*; Drayton, *diswitted*; Daniel, *disweaponing*; Feltham, *disman'd*; Drant, *dehusk'd*; Speed, *deking'd*; and Giles Fletcher, in his fine poem, Christ's Victory and Triumph, thus describes the passing away of an eclipse of the sun:

"But soon as he again *deshadow'd* is,
Restoring the blind world his blemish'd sight,
As though another day were newly his,
The coz'ned birds busily take their flight,
And wonder at the shortness of the night." H.

[21] So, in Ben Jonson's Catiline, Act i sc. 1: "We are spirit-bound in *ribs of ice*, our whole bloods are one stone, and honour cannot thaw us;" and in Paradise Lost, Book ii.:

To be imprison'd in the viewless winds,
And blown with restless violence round about
The pendent world; or to be worse than worst
Of those, that lawless and incertain thoughts
Imagine howling! — 'tis too horrible!
The weariest and most loathed worldly life,
That age, ache, penury, and imprisonment
Can lay on nature, is a paradise
To what we fear of death.

Isab. Alas! alas!

Claud. Sweet sister, let me live:
What sin you do to save a brother's life,
Nature dispenses with the deed so far,
That it becomes a virtue.

Isab. O, you beast!
O, faithless coward! O, dishonest wretch!
Wilt thou be made a man out of my vice?
Is't not a kind of incest, to take life
From thine own sister's shame? What should I think?
Heaven shield, my mother play'd my father fair!
For such a warped slip of wilderness[22]
Ne'er issued from his blood. Take my defiance:[23]
Die; perish! might but my bending down
Reprieve thee from thy fate, it should proceed:
I'll pray a thousand prayers for thy death,
No word to save thee.

Claud. Nay, hear me, Isabel.

Isab. O, fie, fie, fie!
Thy sin's not accidental, but a trade:

"From beds of raging fire to starve in ice
Their soft ethereal warmth, and there to pine
Immovable, infix'd, and frozen round,
Periods of time."

[22] *Wilderness* for wildness.
[23] That is, my refusal.

Mercy to thee would prove itself a bawd:
'Tis best that thou diest quickly. [*Going.*

Claud. O, hear me, Isabella.

Re-enter DUKE.

Duke. Vouchsafe a word, young sister; but one word.

Isab. What is your will?

Duke. Might you dispense with your leisure, I would by and by have some speech with you: the satisfaction I would require is likewise your own benefit.

Isab. I have no superfluous leisure: my stay must be stolen out of other affairs; but I will attend you a while.

Duke. [*Aside to* CLAUDIO.] Son, I have overheard what hath pass'd between you and your sister. Angelo had never the purpose to corrupt her; only he hath made an assay of her virtue, to practise his judgment with the disposition of natures: She, having the truth of honour in her, hath made him that gracious denial which he is most glad to receive: I am confessor to Angelo, and I know this to be true; therefore prepare yourself to death: Do not satisfy your resolution[24] with hopes that are fallible: tomorrow you must die: Go to your knees, and make ready.

Claud. Let me ask my sister pardon. I am so out of love with life, that I will sue to be rid of it.

Duke. Hold[25] you there: Farewell.

[*Exit* CLAUDIO.

[24] *Satisfy* was used by old writers in the sense of to *stay, stop, quench,* or *stint;* as in the phrase,—"Sorrow is *satisfied* with tears." To satisfy or *stint* hunger; to *quench* or satisfy thirst.

[25] *Hold you there:* continue in that resolution.

Re-enter Provost.

Provost, a word with you.

Prov. What's your will, father?

Duke. That now you are come, you will be gone: Leave me awhile with the maid: my mind promises with my habit; no loss shall touch her by my company.

Prov. In good time.[26] [*Exit Provost.*

Duke. The hand that hath made you fair hath made you good: the goodness that is cheap in beauty makes beauty brief in goodness; but grace, being the soul of your complexion, shall keep the body of it ever fair. The assault that Angelo hath made to you fortune hath convey'd to my understanding; and, but that frailty hath examples for his falling, I should wonder at Angelo. How would you do to content this substitute, and to save your brother?

Isab. I am now going to resolve him: I had rather my brother die by the law, than my son should be unlawfully born. But O, how much is the good Duke deceiv'd in Angelo! If ever he return, and I can speak to him, I will open my lips in vain, or discover his government.

Duke. That shall not be much amiss: Yet, as the matter now stands, he will avoid your accusation; he made trial of you only. — Therefore, fasten your ear on my advisings: to the love I have in doing good a remedy presents itself. I do make myself believe, that you may most uprighteously do a poor wronged lady a merited benefit; redeem your brother from the angry law; do no stain to your own gracious person; and much please the absent

[26] That is, *à la bonne heure*, so be it, very well.

Duke, if, peradventure, he shall ever return to have hearing of this business.

Isab. Let me hear you speak further: I have spirit to do any thing that appears not foul in the truth of my spirit.

Duke. Virtue is bold, and goodness never fearful. Have you not heard speak of Mariana, the sister of Frederick, the great soldier who miscarried at sea?

Isab. I have heard of the lady, and good words went with her name.

Duke. She should this Angelo have married; he was affianced to her by oath, and the nuptial appointed: between which time of the contract and limit[27] of the solemnity, her brother Frederick was wreck'd at sea, having in that perished vessel the dowry of his sister. But mark how heavily this befel to the poor gentlewoman: there she lost a noble and renowned brother, in his love toward her ever most kind and natural; with him the portion and sinew of her fortune, her marriage dowry; with both, her combinate[28] husband, this well-seeming Angelo.

Isab. Can this be so? Did Angelo so leave her?

Duke. Left her in her tears, and dried not one of them with his comfort; swallowed his vows whole, pretending in her discoveries of dishonour: in few, bestow'd her on her own lamentation,[29] which she yet wears for his sake; and he, a marble to her tears, is washed with them, but relents not.

Isab. What a merit were it in death, to take this poor maid from the world! What corruption in this

[27] That is, appointed time.
[28] That is, betrothed.
[29] That is, gave her up to her sorrows.

life, that it will let this man live! — But how out of this can she avail?

Duke. It is a rupture that you may easily heal; and the cure of it not only saves your brother, but keeps you from dishonour in doing it.

Isab. Show me how, good father.

Duke. This forenamed maid hath yet in her the continuance of her first affection: his unjust unkindness, that in all reason should have quenched her love, hath, like an impediment in the current, made it more violent and unruly. Go you to Angelo; answer his requiring with a plausible obedience; agree with his demands to the point: only refer yourself[30] to this advantage, — first, that your stay with him may not be long; that the time may have all shadow and silence in it; and the place answer to convenience. This being granted in course, now follows all: We shall advise this wronged maid to stead up your appointment, go in your place; if the encounter acknowledge itself hereafter, it may compel him to her recompense: and here, by this, is your brother saved, your honour untainted, the poor Mariana advantaged, and the corrupt deputy foiled. The maid will I frame, and make fit for his attempt. If you think well to carry this, as you may, the doubleness of the benefit defends the deceit from reproof. What think you of it?

Isab. The image of it gives me content already; and I trust it will grow to a most prosperous perfection.

Duke. It lies much in your holding up: Haste

[30] *Refer yourself*, have recourse to.

[31] That is, stripped of his covering or disguise, his affectation of virtue; *desquamatus*. A metaphor of a similar nature has before occurred in this play, taken from the barking, peeling, or stripping of trees.

you speedily to Angelo: if for this night he entreat you to his bed, give him promise of satisfaction I will presently to St. Luke's; there, at the moated grange, resides this dejected Mariana:[32] At that place call upon me; and despatch with Angelo, that it may be quickly.

Isab. I thank you for this comfort: Fare you well, good father. [*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE II. The Street before the Prison.

Enter DUKE, *as a Friar; to him* ELBOW, *Clown, and Officers.*

Elb. Nay, if there be no remedy for it, but that you will needs buy and sell men and women like beasts, we shall have all the world drink brown and white bastard.[1]

Duke. O, heavens! what stuff is here?

[32] The dreary and desolate solitude of Mariana at the moated grange is wrought out with great power by Mr. Tennyson, in a poem from which we have room for but one stanza:

"Her tears fell with the dews at even,
Her tears fell ere the dews were dried;
She could not look on the sweet heaven,
Either at morn or eventide.
After the flitting of the bats,
When thickest dark did trance the sky,
She drew her casement curtain by,
And glanc'd athwart the glooming flats.
She only said, 'The night is dreary —
He cometh not,' she said;
She said, 'I am aweary, aweary;
I would that I were dead!'"

The whole poem is a rare specimen in the art of creating imagery so fitted to a given tone of feeling as to reproduce the feeling itself. — A *grange* was a large farm-house, such as are often kept for summer residence by wealthy citizens. The grange was sometimes *moated* for defence and safety. H.

[1] *Bastard.* A sweet wine, Raisin wine, according to Minshew

Clo. 'Twas never merry world, since, of two usuries, the merriest was put down, and the worser allow'd by order of law a furr'd gown to keep him warm; and furr'd with fox and lamb-skins[2] too, to signify that craft, being richer than innocency, stands for the facing.

Elb. Come your way, sir: — Bless you, good father friar.

Duke. And you, good brother father:[3] What offence hath this man made you, sir?

Elb. Marry, sir, he hath offended the law; and, sir, we take him to be a thief too, sir; for we have found upon him, sir, a strange pick-lock,[4] which we have sent to the deputy.

Duke. Fie, sirrah! a bawd, a wicked bawd!
The evil that thou causest to be done,
That is thy means to live: Do thou but think
What 'tis to cram a maw, or clothe a back,
From such a filthy vice: say to thyself, —
From their abominable and beastly touches
I drink, I eat, array myself, and live.
Canst thou believe thy living is a life,
So stinkingly depending? Go, mend; go, mend.

Clo. Indeed, it does stink in some sort, sir; but yet, sir, I would prove ——

Duke. Nay, if the devil have given thee proofs for sin,

[2] Perhaps we should read "fox *on* lamb-skins," otherwise craft will not stand for the facing. Fox-skins and lamb-skins were both used as facings. So, in Characterismi, 1631: "An usurer is an old fox clad in lamb-skin."

[3] The Duke humorously calls him *brother father*, because he had called him father friar, which is equivalent to *father brother*, friar being derived from *frère*, Fr.

[4] It is not necessary to take honest Pompey for a housebreaker: the locks he had occasion to pick were Spanish padlocks. In Jonson's Volpone, Corvino threatens to make his wife wear one of these strange contrivances.

Thou wilt prove his. Take him to prison, officer:
Correction and instruction must both work,
Ere this rude beast will profit.

Elb. He must before the deputy, sir; he has given him warning: The deputy cannot abide a whoremaster: if he be a whoremonger, and comes before him, he were as good go a mile on his errand.

Duke. That we were all, as some would seem to be,
Free from our faults, as faults from seeming free![5]

Enter LUCIO.

Elb. His neck will come to your waist; a cord,[6] sir.

Clo. I spy comfort: I cry, bail: Here's a gentleman, and a friend of mine.

Lucio. How now, noble Pompey? What, at the wheels of Cæsar? Art thou led in triumph? What, is there none of Pygmalion's images, newly made woman,[7] to be had now, for putting the hand in the pocket and extracting it clutch'd? What reply? Ha! What say'st thou to this tune, matter, and method? Is't not drown'd i'the last rain? Ha! What say'st thou, trot? Is the world as it was, man? Which is the way? Is it sad, and few words? Or how? The trick of it?

Duke. Still thus, and thus: still worse!

Lucio. How doth my dear morsel, thy mistress? Procures she still? Ha!

[5] That is, as free from faults as faults are from *seemliness*. W.

[6] His neck will be tied, like your waist, with a cord. The friar wore a rope for a girdle.

[7] That is, have you no new courtesans to recommend to your customers?

Clo. Troth, sir, she hath eaten up all her beef, and she is herself in the tub.[8]

Lucio. Why, 'tis good; it is the right of it: it must be so: Ever your fresh whore, and your powder'd bawd: an unshunn'd[9] consequence; it must be so: Art going to prison, Pompey?

Clo. Yes, faith, sir.

Lucio. Why, 'tis not amiss, Pompey: Farewell; go; say I sent thee thither. For debt, Pompey? Or how?

Elb. For being a bawd, for being a bawd.

Lucio. Well, then imprison him: If imprisonment be the due of a bawd, why, 'tis his right: Bawd is he, doubtless, and of antiquity too; bawd-born. Farewell, good Pompey: Commend me to the prison, Pompey: You will turn good husband now, Pompey; you will keep the house.[10]

Clo. I hope, sir, your good worship will be my bail.

Lucio. No, indeed, will I not, Pompey; it is not the wear.[11] I will pray, Pompey, to increase your bondage: if you take it not patiently, why, your mettle is the more: Adieu, trusty Pompey.—Bless you, friar.

Duke. And you.

Lucio. Does Bridget paint still, Pompey? Ha!

Elb. Come your ways, sir; come.

Clo. You will not bail me then, sir?

Lucio. Then, Pompey? nor now.—What news abroad, friar? What news?

Elb. Come your ways, sir; come.

[8] The method of cure for a certain disease was grossly called *the powdering tub.*

[9] That is, inevitable.

[10] That is, stay at home, alluding to the etymology of *husband*

[11] That is, fashion.

Lucio. Go, — to kennel, Pompey, go:

[*Exeunt* ELBOW, *Clown, and Officers.*

What news, friar, of the Duke?

Duke. I know none: Can you tell me of any?

Lucio. Some say he is with the emperor of Russia; other some, he is in Rome: But where is he, think you?

Duke. I know not where: but wheresoever, I wish him well.

Lucio. It was a mad fantastical trick of him, to steal from the state, and usurp the beggary he was never born to. Lord Angelo dukes it well in his absence: he puts transgression to't.

Duke. He does well in't.

Lucio. A little more lenity to lechery would do no harm in him: something too crabbed that way, friar.

Duke. It is too general a vice, and severity must cure it.

Lucio. Yes, in good sooth, the vice is of a great kindred; it is well allied: but it is impossible to extirp it quite, friar, till eating and drinking be put down. They say this Angelo was not made by man and woman, after the downright way of creation: Is it true, think you?

Duke. How should he be made then?

Lucio. Some report a sea-maid spawn'd him: — Some, that he was begot between two stock-fishes; — But it is certain, that when he makes water his urine is congeal'd ice; that I know to be true: and he is a motion ingenerative; that's infallible.

Duke. You are pleasant, sir; and speak apace.

Lucio. Why, what a ruthless thing is this in him for the rebellion of a cod-piece to take away the

[12] That is, a puppet, or moving body.

life of a man? Would the Duke that is absent have done this? Ere he would have hang'd a man for the getting a hundred bastards, he would have paid for the nursing of a thousand: He had some feeling of the sport; he knew the service, and that instructed him to mercy.

Duke. I never heard the absent Duke much detected[13] for women: he was not inclin'd that way.

Lucio. O, sir! you are deceiv'd.

Duke. 'Tis not possible.

Lucio. Who? not the Duke? yes, your beggar of fifty; — and his use was, to put a ducat in her clack-dish:[14] the Duke had crotchets in him: He would be drunk too; that let me inform you.

Duke. You do him wrong, surely.

Lucio. Sir, I was an inward[15] of his: A shy fellow was the Duke: and I believe I know the cause of his withdrawing.

Duke. What, I pr'ythee, might be the cause?

Lucio. No, — pardon; — 'tis a secret must be lock'd within the teeth and the lips: but this I can let you understand, — The greater file[16] of the subject held the Duke to be wise.

Duke. Wise? why, no question but he was.

Lucio. A very superficial, ignorant, unweighing[17] fellow.

[13] *Detected* for suspected. See The Merry Wives of Windsor, Act. iii. sc. 5, and note 4.

[14] A wooden dish with a movable cover, formerly carried by beggars, which they *clacked* and clattered to show that it was empty. It was one mode of attracting attention. Lepers and other paupers deemed infectious originally used it, that the sound might give warning not to approach too near, and alms be given without touching the object. The custom of *clacking* at Easter is not yet quite disused in some counties.

[15] That is, intimate.

[16] "The *greater file*," the majority of his subjects.

[17] That is, inconsiderate.

Duke. Either this is envy in you, folly, or mistaking: the very stream of his life, and the business he hath helmed,[18] must, upon a warranted need, give him a better proclamation. Let him be but testimonied in his own bringings forth, and he shall appear to the envious a scholar, a statesman, and a soldier: Therefore you speak unskilfully, or, if your knowledge be more, it is much darken'd in your malice.

Lucio. Sir, I know him, and I love him.

Duke. Love talks with better knowledge, and knowledge with dearer love.

Lucio. Come, sir, I know what I know.

Duke. I can hardly believe that, since you know not what you speak. But, if ever the Duke return, (as our prayers are he may,) let me desire you to make your answer before him: If it be honest you have spoke, you have courage to maintain it: I am bound to call upon you; and, I pray you, your name?

Lucio. Sir, my name is Lucio; well known to the Duke.

Duke. He shall know you better, sir, if I may live to report you.

Lucio. I fear you not.

Duke. O! you hope the Duke will return no more; or you imagine me too unhurtful an opposite:[19] But, indeed, I can do you little harm: you'll forswear this again.

Lucio. I'll be hang'd first: thou art deceiv'd in me, friar. But no more of this: Canst thou tell if Claudio die to-morrow, or no?

Duke. Why should he die, sir?

Lucio. Why? for filling a bottle with a tun-dish

[18] Guided, steered through, a metaphor from navigation.
[19] *Opposite*, opponent.

I would the Duke we talk of were return'd again: this ungenitur'd[20] agent will unpeople the province with continency; sparrows must not build in his house-eaves, because they are lecherous. The Duke yet would have dark deeds darkly answered; he would never bring them to light: would he were return'd! Marry, this Claudio is condemn'd for untrussing. Farewell, good friar; I pr'ythee, pray for me. The Duke, I say to thee again, would eat mutton[21] on Fridays. He's not past it yet; and I say to thee, he would mouth with a beggar, though she smelt[22] brown bread and garlic: say that I said so. Farewell. [*Exit.*

Duke. No might nor greatness in mortality
Can censure 'scape: back-wounding calumny
The whitest virtue strikes: What king so strong,
Can tie the gall up in the slanderous tongue?
But who comes here?

Enter ESCALUS, *Provost, Bawd, and Officers.*

Escal. Go: away with her to prison.

Bawd. Good my lord, be good to me; your honour is accounted a merciful man: good my lord.

Escal. Double and treble admonition, and still forfeit[23] in the same kind? This would make mercy swear, and play the tyrant.

[20] That is, unfathered, not begotten after the ordinary course of nature; in accordance with what Lucio says of him a little before. The word seems to be formed from *genitoirs*, which occurs several times in Holland's Pliny, and comes from the French *genitoires*. H.

[21] A wench was called a *laced mutton*. In Doctor Faustus, 1604, Lechery says, "I am one that loves an inch of raw *mutton* better than an ell of stock-fish." See The Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act. i. sc. 1, and note 9.

[22] Smelt, for smelt *of*.

[23] *Forfeit*, transgress, offend, from *forfaire*, Fr

Prov. A bawd of eleven years' continuance, may it please your honour.

Bawd. My lord, this is one Lucio's information against me: Mistress Kate Keep-down was with child by him in the Duke's time; he promis'd her marriage: his child is a year and a quarter old, come Philip and Jacob: I have kept it myself; and see how he goes about to abuse me.

Escal. That fellow is a fellow of much license: let him be call'd before us.—Away with her to prison: Go to; no more words. [*Exeunt Bawd and Officers.*] Provost, my brother Angelo will not be alter'd; Claudio must die to-morrow: Let him be furnish'd with divines, and have all charitable preparation: if my brother wrought by my pity, it should not be so with him.

Prov. So please you, this friar hath been with him, and advis'd him for the entertainment of death.

Escal. Good even, good father.

Duke. Bliss and goodness on you!

Escal. Of whence are you?

Duke. Not of this country, though my chance is now
To use it for my time: I am a brother
Of gracious order, late come from the see,
In special business from his holiness.

Escal. What news abroad i'the world?

Duke. None, but that there is so great a fever on goodness, that the dissolution of it must cure it: novelty is only in request; and as it is as dangerous to be aged in any kind of course, as it is virtuous to be constant in any undertaking, there is scarce truth enough alive, to make societies secure; but security enough, to make fellowships accurs'd:[24] Much upon

[24] The allusion is to those legal *securities* into which fellowship

this riddle runs the wisdom of the world. This news is old enough, yet it is every day's news. I pray you, sir, of what disposition was the Duke?

Escal. One that, above all other strifes, contended especially to know himself.

Duke. What pleasure was he given to?

Escal. Rather rejoicing to see another merry, than merry at any thing which profess'd to make him rejoice: a gentleman of all temperance. But leave we him to his events, with a prayer they may prove prosperous; and let me desire to know how you find Claudio prepar'd. I am made to understand, that you have lent him visitation.

Duke. He professes to have received no sinister measure from his judge, but most willingly humbles himself to the determination of justice: yet had he framed to himself, by the instruction of his frailty, many deceiving promises of life; which I, by my good leisure, have discredited to him, and now is he resolv'd[25] to die.

Escal. You have paid the heavens your function, and the prisoner the very debt of your calling. I have labour'd for the poor gentleman, to the extremest shore of my modesty; but my brother justice have I found so severe, that he hath forc'd me to tell him, he is indeed — justice.[26]

Duke. If his own life answer the straitness of his proceeding, it shall become him well; wherein, if he chance to fail, he hath sentenc'd himself.

Escal. I am going to visit the prisoner: Fare you well.

leads men to enter for each other. For this quibble Shakespeare has high authority; "He that hateth *suretyship is sure.*" Prov. xi. 15.

[25] That is, satisfied; probably because conviction leads to decision or resolution.

[26] *Summum jus, summa injuria.*

Duke. Peace be with you!

[*Exeunt* ESCALUS *and Provost.*

He who the sword of Heaven will bear
Should be as holy as severe;
Pattern in himself to know,
Grace to stand, and virtue go;[27]
More nor less to others paying,
Than by self-offences weighing.
Shame to him, whose cruel striking
Kills for faults of his own liking!
Twice treble shame on Angelo,
To weed my vice,[28] and let his grow!
O! what may man within him hide,
Though angel on the outward side!
How may likeness wade in crimes!
Making practice on the times,
To draw with idle spiders' strings
Most ponderous and substantial things![29]

[27] Coleridge, in his Literary Remains, remarks upon this passage,—"Worse metre indeed, but better English would be:

'Grace to stand, virtue to go.'" H.

[28] The Duke's *vice* may be explained by what he says himself Act i. sc. 4: "'Twas *my fault* to give the people scope." Angelo's vice requires no explanation.

[29] We here give the reading of the original, except the changeing of *made* into *wade*; an emendation proposed by Mr. Halliwell, and so apt that we have ventured to adopt it. How easy it were for a printer to put *m* for *w*, or *vice versa*, need not be argued; and an instance of it has already occurred in this play, Act ii. sc. 3, where the original reads *flawes* for *flames*. With this change, the passage, though rather dark in itself, is intelligible enough, when we consider that the speaker has Angelo in his mind; who, bad as he is, has by his hypocrisy managed to raise himself as high as merit could lift him. *Likeness* apparently has much the same meaning here as what the Poet elsewhere calls "virtuous-seeming." So that the passage may be rendered thus: How may seeming virtue, unsubstantial as it is, and wickedly put on, by practising upon the times draw to itself the greatest of earthly honours and emoluments, even while it is wading or rioting in crime! H.

Craft against vice I must apply:
With Angelo to-night shall lie
His old betrothed, but despised;
So disguise shall, by the disguised,
Pay with falsehood false exacting,
And perform an old contracting. [*Exit.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. A Room at the Moated Grange.

MARIANA *discovered sitting: a Boy singing.*

Song.[1]

Take, O! take those lips away,
  That so sweetly were forsworn;
And those eyes, the break of day,
  Lights that do mislead the morn:
But my kisses bring again,
                Bring again,
Seals of love, but seal'd in vain,
                Seal'd in vain.

[1] It does not appear certain to whom this beautiful little song rightly belongs. It is found with an additional stanza in Fletcher's Bloody Brother. Mr. Malone prints it as Shakespeare's, Mr. Boswell thinks Fletcher has the best claim to it, Mr. Weber that Shakespeare may have written the first stanza, and Fletcher the second. It may indeed be the property of some unknown or forgotten author. Be this as it may, the reader will be pleased to have the second stanza:—

"Hide, O! hide those hills of snow
  Which thy frozen bosom bears,
On whose tops the pinks that grow
  Are of those that April wears.
But first set my poor heart free,
Bound in those icy chains by thee"

Mari. Break off thy song, and haste thee quick away:
Here comes a man of comfort, whose advice
Hath often still'd my brawling discontent.—
[*Exit Boy*

Enter DUKE.

I cry you mercy, sir; and well could wish
You had not found me here so musical:
Let me excuse me, and believe me so,—
My mirth it much displeas'd, but pleas'd my woe.[2]

Duke. 'Tis good: though music oft hath such a charm,
To make bad good, and good provoke to harm.
I pray you, tell me, hath any body inquir'd for me here to-day? much upon this time have I promis'd here to meet.

Mari. You have not been inquir'd after: I have sat here all day.

Enter ISABELLA.

Duke. I do constantly believe you:—The time is come, even now. I shall crave your forbearance a little: may be, I will call upon you anon, for some advantage to yourself.

Mari. I am always bound to you. [*Exit*

Duke. Very well met, and welcome.
What is the news from this good deputy?

Isab. He hath a garden circummur'd[3] with brick
Whose western side is with a vineyard back'd;
And to that vineyard is a planched[4] gate,
That makes his opening with this bigger key:
This other doth command a little door,

[2] Though the music soothed my sorrows, it had no tendency to produce light merriment.

[3] *Circummur'd*, walled round. [4] *Planched*, planked, wooden.

Which from the vineyard to the garden leads;
There have I made my promise, upon the
Heavy middle of the night to call upon him.

Duke. But shall you on your knowledge find this way?

Isab. I have ta'en a due and wary note upon't:
With whispering and most guilty diligence,
In action all of precept, he did show me
The way twice o'er.

Duke. Are there no other tokens
Between you 'greed, concerning her observance?

Isab. No, none, but only a repair i'the dark;
And that I have possess'd[5] him, my most stay
Can be but brief: for I have made him know
I have a servant comes with me along,
That stays[6] upon me; whose persuasion is,
I come about my brother.

Duke. 'Tis well borne up.
I have not yet made known to Mariana
A word of this: — What, ho! within! come forth!

Re-enter MARIANA.

I pray you, be acquainted with this maid:
She comes to do you good.

Isab. I do desire the like.

Duke. Do you persuade yourself that I respect you?

Mari. Good friar, I know you do; and have found it.

Duke. Take, then, this your companion by the hand,
Who hath a story ready for your ear:

[5] That is, *informed*. Thus Shylock says, — "I have *possess'd* your grace of what I purpose."

[6] *Stays*, waits.

I shall attend your leisure; but make haste;
The vaporous night approaches.

Mari. Will't please you walk aside?

[*Exeunt* MARI. *and* ISA

Duke. O place and greatness! millions of fal
eyes
Are stuck upon thee. Volumes of report
Run with these false and most contrarious quests[7]
Upon thy doings: thousand escapes[8] of wit
Make thee the father of their idle dream,
And rack thee in their fancies!

Re-enter MARIANA *and* ISABELLA.

Welcome! How agreed?

Isab. She'll take the enterprise upon her, fath
If you advise it.

Duke. It is not my consent,
But my entreaty too.

Isab. Little have you to say,
When you depart from him, but, soft and low,
"Remember now my brother."

Mari. Fear me not.

Duke. Nor, gentle daughter, fear you not at a
He is your husband on a pre-contract:
To bring you thus together, 'tis no sin;
Sith that the justice of your title to him
Doth flourish[9] the deceit. Come, let us go:
Our corn's to reap, for yet our tilth's[10] to sow.

[*Exeu*

[7] *Quests*, inquisitions, inquiries.

[8] *Escapes*, sallies, sportive wiles.

[9] That is, *ornament*, embellish an action that would otherw seem ugly.

[10] *Tilth* here means land prepared for sowing. The old e reads *tithe;* the emendation is Warburton's. See Act i. sc note 5.

SCENE II. A Room in the Prison.

Enter Provost and Clown.

Prov. Come hither, sirrah: Can you cut off a man's head?

Clo. If the man be a bachelor, sir, I can; but if he be a married man, he is his wife's head, and I can never cut off a woman's head.

Prov. Come, sir, leave me your snatches, and yield me a direct answer. To-morrow morning are to die Claudio and Barnardine: Here is in our prison a common executioner, who in his office lacks a helper: if you will take it on you to assist him, it shall redeem you from your gyves;[1] if not, you shall have your full time of imprisonment, and your deliverance with an unpitied[2] whipping; for you have been a notorious bawd.

Clo. Sir, I have been an unlawful bawd, time out of mind; but yet I will be content to be a lawful hangman. I would be glad to receive some instruction from my fellow-partner.

Prov. What ho, Abhorson! Where's Abhorson, there?

Enter ABHORSON.

Abhor. Do you call, sir?

Prov. Sirrah, here's a fellow will help you tomorrow in your execution: If you think it meet, compound with him by the year, and let him abide here with you; if not, use him for the present, and dismiss him: He cannot plead his estimation with you; he hath been a bawd.

[1] That is, fetters.
[2] That is, a whipping that none shall pity.

Abhor. A bawd, sir? Fie upon him! he will discredit our mystery.

Prov. Go to, sir; you weigh equally: a feather will turn the scale. [*Exit.*

Clo. Pray, sir, by your good favour, (for, surely, sir, a good favour[3] you have, but that you have a hanging look,) do you call, sir, your occupation a mystery?

Abhor. Ay, sir; a mystery.

Clo. Painting, sir, I have heard say, is a mystery; and your whores, sir, being members of my occupation, using painting, do prove my occupation a mystery: but what mystery there should be in hanging, if I should be hang'd, I cannot imagine.

Abhor. Sir, it is a mystery.

Clo. Proof?

Abhor. Every true[4] man's apparel fits your thief —

Clo.[5] If it be too little for your thief, your true man thinks it big enough; if it be too big for your thief, your thief thinks it little enough: so every true man's apparel fits your thief.

Re-enter Provost.

Prov. Are you agreed?

Clo. Sir, I will serve him; for I do find your

[3] *Favour* is countenance. [4] That is, honest.

[5] So in the original: but the most of modern editions put this speech into the mouth of Abhorson; whereas such a lively, flippant piece of logic seems quite unsuited to so grave, slow-tongued, sententious a person. The Clown asks for proof that "hanging is a mystery;" and the hangman begins with a creeping, roundabout answer, when the Clown, being nimbler-witted, catches his method of proof, darts ahead of him in the argument, and proves, not indeed that hanging is a mystery, but that something else is. H.

hangman is a more penitent trade than your bawd: he doth oftener ask forgiveness.[6]

Prov. You, sirrah, provide your block and your axe to-morrow four o'clock.

Abhor. Come on, bawd; I will instruct thee in my trade: follow.

Clo. I do desire to learn, sir; and I hope, if you have occasion to use me for your own turn, you shall find me yare;[7] for, truly, sir, for your kindness, I owe you a good turn.

Prov. Call hither Barnardine and Claudio:

[*Exeunt Clown and* ABHORSON.

One has my pity; not a jot the other,
Being a murderer, though he were my brother.

Enter CLAUDIO.

Look, here's the warrant, Claudio, for thy death:
'Tis now dead midnight, and by eight to-morrow
Thou must be made immortal. Where's Barnardine?

Claud. As fast lock'd up in sleep, as guiltless labour
When it lies starkly[8] in the traveller's bones:
He will not wake.

Prov. Who can do good on him?
Well, go, prepare yourself. But hark! what noise?

[*Knocking within.*

Heaven give your spirits comfort! — By and by: —

[*Exit* CLAUDIO.

I hope it is some pardon, or reprieve,
For the most gentle Claudio. — Welcome, father.

[6] It was formerly the custom for an executioner, before proceeding to his office, to *ask forgiveness* of the person to be executed. M.

[7] That is, ready, nimble.

[8] That is, stiffly.

Enter DUKE.

Duke. The best and wholesomest spirits of night
Envelop you, good provost! Who call'd here late?
Prov. None, since the curfew rung.
Duke. Not Isabel?
Prov. No.
Duke. They will then, ere't be long.
Prov. What comfort is for Claudio?
Duke. There's some in hope.
Prov. It is a bitter deputy.
Duke. Not so, not so: his life is parallel'd
Even with the stroke[9] and line of his great justice.
He doth with holy abstinence subdue
That in himself, which he spurs on his power
To qualify[10] in others: were he meal'd[11]
With that which he corrects, then were he tyrannous; [*Knocking within.*
But this being so, he's just.—Now are they come.—
[*Exit Provost.*
This is a gentle provost: Seldom—when
The steeled jailer is the friend of men.—
How now! What noise? That spirit's possess'd with haste,
That wounds the unsisting[12] postern with these strokes.

[9] *Stroke* is here put for the *stroke* of a pen, or a line.
[10] To *qualify* is to temper, to moderate.
[11] *Meal'd* appears to mean here sprinkled, o'erdusted, defiled.
[12] So in the original. Sir William Blackstone suggests that *unsisting* may mean "*never at rest*, always opening." Mr. Collier proposes *resisting*, which might easily be misprinted *unsisting*, and seems to agree better with the subject; the Provost *wounding* the door *with strokes*, because it *resisted*, or stuck in the casement. Nevertheless, we adhere to the original. H

Re-enter Provost.

Prov. [*Speaking to one at the door.*] There he must stay, until the officer
Arise to let him in: he is call'd up.

Duke. Have you no countermand for Claudio yet,
But he must die to-morrow?

Prov. None, sir, none.

Duke. As near the dawning, provost, as it is,
You shall hear more ere morning.

Prov. Happily,[13]
You something know; yet, I believe, there comes
No countermand: no such example have we:
Besides, upon the very siege[14] of justice,
Lord Angelo hath to the public ear
Profess'd the contrary.

Enter a Messenger.

This is his lordship's man.

Duke. And here comes Claudio's pardon.

Mess. My lord hath sent you this note; and by me this further charge, that you swerve not from the smallest article of it, neither in time, matter, or other circumstance. Good-morrow; for, as I take it, it is almost day.

Prov. I shall obey him. [*Exit Messenger.*

Duke. [*Aside.*] This is his pardon, purchas'd by such sin;
For which the pardoner himself is in:
Hence hath offence his quick celerity,
When it is borne in high authority.
When vice makes mercy, mercy's so extended,

[13] *Haply, perhaps*, the old orthography of the word.
[14] That is, seat

That for the fault's love is the offender friended.—Now, sir, what news?

Prov. I told you: Lord Angelo, be-like, thinking me remiss in mine office, awakens me with this unwonted putting on:[15] methinks, strangely; for he hath not us'd it before.

Duke. Pray you, let's hear.

Prov. [*Reads.*] "Whatsoever you may hear to the contrary, let Claudio be executed by four of the clock; and, in the afternoon, Barnardine: For my better satisfaction, let me have Claudio's head sent me by five. Let this be duly performed; with a thought, that more depends on it than we must yet deliver. Thus fail not to do your office, as you will answer it at your peril."
What say you to this, sir?

Duke. What is that Barnardine, who is to be executed in the afternoon?

Prov. A Bohemian born; but here nurs'd up and bred: one that is a prisoner nine years old.[16]

Duke. How came it, that the absent Duke had not either deliver'd him to his liberty, or executed him? I have heard it was ever his manner to do so.

Prov. His friends still wrought reprieves for him: and, indeed, his fact, till now in the government of lord Angelo, came not to an undoubtful proof.

Duke. Is it now apparent?

Prov. Most manifest, and not denied by himself.

Duke. Hath he borne himself penitently in prison? How seems he to be touch'd?

Prov. A man that apprehends death no more dreadfully, but as a drunken sleep; careless, reckless, and fearless of what's past, present, or to come; insensible of mortality, and desperately mortal.[17]

[15] *Putting on* is spur, incitement.
[16] That is, nine years in prison.
[17] Perhaps we should read *mortally desperate*; as we have

Duke. He wants advice.

Prov. He will hear none: He hath evermore had the liberty of the prison: give him leave to escape hence, he would not: drunk many times a day, if not many days entirely drunk. We have very oft awak'd him, as if to carry him to execution, and show'd him a seeming warrant for it: it hath not moved him at all.

Duke. More of him anon. There is written in your brow, provost, honesty and constancy: if I read it not truly, my ancient skill beguiles me; but in the boldness of my cunning,[18] I will lay myself in hazard. Claudio, whom here you have warrant to execute, is no greater forfeit to the law than Angelo who hath sentenc'd him: To make you understand this in a manifested effect, I crave but four days' respite; for the which you are to do me both a present and a dangerous courtesy.

Prov. Pray, sir, in what?

Duke. In the delaying death.

Prov. Alack! how may I do it? having the hour limited, and an express command, under penalty, to deliver his head in the view of Angelo? I may make my case as Claudio's, to cross this in the smallest.

Duke. By the vow of mine order, I warrant you: if my instructions may be your guide, let this Barnardine be this morning executed, and his head borne to Angelo.

Prov. Angelo hath seen them both, and will discover the favour.

Duke. O! death's a great disguiser; and you

harmonious charmingly for *charmingly harmonious*, in The Tempest.

[18] That is, in *confidence* of my *sagacity*.

may add to it. Shave the head, and dye the beard; and say, it was the desire of the penitent to be so bar'd before his death: You know the course is common.[19] If any thing fall to you upon this more than thanks and good fortune, by the saint whom I profess, I will plead against it with my life.

Prov. Pardon me, good father: it is against my oath.

Duke. Were you sworn to the Duke, or to the deputy?

Prov. To him, and to his substitutes.

Duke. You will think you have made no offence, if the Duke avouch the justice of your dealing?

Prov. But what likelihood is in that?

Duke. Not a resemblance, but a certainty. Yet since I see you fearful; that neither my coat, integrity, nor my persuasion, can with ease attempt you, I will go further than I meant, to pluck all fears out of you. Look you, sir; here is the hand and seal of the Duke. You know the character, I doubt not; and the signet is not strange to you.

Prov. I know them both.

Duke. The contents of this is the return of the Duke: you shall anon overread it at your pleasure; where you shall find, within these two days he will be here. This is a thing that Angelo knows not; for he this very day receives letters of strange tenor; perchance, of the Duke's death; perchance, entering into some monastery; but, by chance, nothing of what is here writ. Look, the unfolding star calls up the shepherd.[20] Put not yourself into amaze-

[19] This probably alludes to a practice among Roman Catholics of desiring to receive the *tonsure* of the monks before they died.

[20] So Milton in Comus:

> "The star that bids the shepherd fold
> Now the top of heaven doth hold."

ment, how these things should be: all difficulties are but easy when they are known. Call your executioner, and off with Barnardine's head: I will give him a present shrift, and advise him for a better place. Yet you are amaz'd; but this shall absolutely resolve you. Come away; it is almost clear dawn. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. Another Room in the same.

Enter Clown.

Clo. I am as well acquainted here, as I was in our house of profession: one would think it were mistress Over-done's own house, for here be many of her old customers. First, here's young master Rash;[1] he's in for a commodity of brown paper and old ginger, ninescore and seventeen pounds; of which he made five marks, ready money:[2] marry, then, ginger was not much in request, for the old women were all dead. Then is there here one master Caper, at the suit of master Three-pile the mercer, for some four suits of peach-colour'd satin, which now peaches him a beggar. Then have we here young Dizzy, and young master Deep-vow, and

[1] This enumeration of the inhabitants of the prison affords a very striking view of the practices predominant in Shakespeare's age. Besides those whose follies are common to all times, we have four fighting men and a traveller. It is not unlikely that the originals of the pictures were then known. *Rash* was a silken stuff formerly worn in coats: all the names are characteristic.

[2] It was the practice of money lenders in Shakespeare's time, as well as more recently, to make advances partly in goods and partly in cash. The goods were to be resold generally at an enormous loss upon the cost price, and of these commodities it appears that *brown paper* and *ginger* often formed a part. In Green's Defence of Conny-catching, 1592: "If he borrow a hundred pound, he shall have forty in silver, and threescore in wares: as lute-strings, hobby-horses, or *brown paper*."

master Copper-spur, and master Starve-lackey, the rapier and dagger man, and young Drop-heir that kill'd lusty Pudding, and master Forthright the tilter, and brave master Shoe-tie the great traveller, and wild Half-can that stabb'd Pots, and, I think, forty more; all great doers in our trade, and are now for the Lord's sake.[3]

Enter ABHORSON.

Abhor. Sirrah, bring Barnardine hither.

Clo. Master Barnardine! you must rise and be hang'd, master Barnardine.

Abhor. What, ho! Barnardine!

Barnar. [*Within.*] A pox o' your throats! Who makes that noise there? What are you?

Clo. Your friends, sir; the hangmen: You must be so good, sir, to rise and be put to death.

Barnar. [*Within.*] Away, you rogue, away! I am sleepy.

Abhor. Tell him he must awake, and that quick ly too.

Clo. Pray, master Barnardine, awake till you are executed, and sleep afterwards.

Abhor. Go in to him, and fetch him out.

Clo. He is coming, sir, he is coming: I hear his straw rustle.

Enter BARNARDINE.

Abhor. Is the axe upon the block, sirrah?

[3] It appears from an ancient Epigram, that this was the language in which prisoners who were confined for debt addressed passengers: "Good gentle writers, *for the Lord's sake, for the Lord's sake*, like *Ludgate prisoners*, lo, I, begging, make my mone." And in Nashe's Peirce Pennilesse, 1593: "At that time that thy joys were in the *fleeting*, and thus crying *for the Lord's sake* out of an iron window."

Clo. Very ready, sir.

Barnar. How now, Abhorson? what's the news with you?

Abhor. Truly, sir, I would desire you to clap into your prayers; for, look you, the warrant's come.

Barnar. You rogue, I have been drinking all night; I am not fitted for't.

Clo. O! the better, sir; for he that drinks all night, and is hanged betimes in the morning, may sleep the sounder all the next day.

Enter DUKE.

Abhor. Look you, sir; here comes your ghostly father: Do we jest now, think you?

Duke. Sir, induced by my charity, and hearing how hastily you are to depart, I am come to advise you, comfort you, and pray with you.

Barnar. Friar, not I: I have been drinking hard all night, and I will have more time to prepare me, or they shall beat out my brains with billets: I will not consent to die this day, that's certain.

Duke. O! sir, you must: and therefore, I beseech you,
Look forward on the journey you shall go.

Barnar. I swear I will not die to-day for any man's persuasion.

Duke. But hear you, —

Barnar. Not a word: if you have any thing to say to me. come to my ward; for thence will not I to-day. [*Exit.*

Enter Provost.

Duke Unfit to live, or die: O, gravel heart! —
After him, fellows: bring him to the block.
[*Exeunt* ABHORSON *and Clown.*

Prov. Now, sir, how do you find the prisoner?

Duke. A creature unprepar'd, unmeet for death;
And, to transport[4] him in the mind he is,
Were damnable.

Prov. Here in the prison, father,
There died this morning of a cruel fever
One Ragozine, a most notorious pirate,
A man of Claudio's years; his beard and head
Just of his colour: What if we do omit
This reprobate, till he were well inclin'd,
And satisfy the deputy with the visage
Of Ragozine, more like to Claudio?

Duke. O, 'tis an accident that Heaven provides!
Despatch it presently: the hour draws on
Prefix'd by Angelo. See this be done,
And sent according to command; whiles I
Persuade this rude wretch willingly to die.

Prov. This shall be done, good father, presently.
But Barnardine must die this afternoon:
And how shall we continue Claudio,
To save me from the danger that might come,
If he were known alive?

Duke. Let this be done: —
Put them in secret holds, both Barnardine and Claudio:
Ere twice the sun hath made his journal greeting
To yonder generation,[5] you shall find
Your safety manifested.

[4] That is, to remove him from one world to another. The French *trépas* affords a kindred sense.

[5] That is, to the people without the walls of the prison; the sun never visiting those within. The usual reading is, *the under generation*, meaning the antipodes; a change first proposed by Hanmer, and approved by Johnson, but which, besides having no authority from the original, not a little mars the harmony of the text. For the scene takes place, and the pledge is given to the jailer, in the prison before dawn: Claudio is to be executed by four o'clock

Prov. I am your free dependant.

Duke. Quick, despatch, and send the head to Angelo. [*Exit Provost.*

Now will I write letters to Angelo,—
The provost, he shall bear them,—whose contents
Shall witness to him, I am near at home;
And that, by great injunctions, I am bound
To enter publicly: him I'll desire
To meet me at the consecrated fount,
A league below the city; and from thence,
By cold gradation and well-balanc'd[6] form,
We shall proceed with Angelo.

Re-enter Provost.

Prov. Here is the head: I'll carry it myself.

Duke. Convenient is it: Make a swift return;
For I would commune with you of such things,
That want no ear but yours.

Prov. I'll make all speed. [*Exit.*

Isab. [*Within.*] Peace, ho, be here!

Duke. The tongue of Isabel:—She's come to know,

that morning, and his head sent to Angelo by five. On the *next* morning the Duke is to arrive, and his coming is to *manifest* the jailer's safety. This manifestation the jailer is to have before the sun hath twice made his daily greeting to the city: accordingly, on the morning of his arrival, the Duke says to Friar Peter,—"The Provost knows our purpose and our plot;" which knowledge he must have received before sunrise that day, the Duke having had no communication with him since. It is hardly needful to add, that the sun would not have risen twice to the antipodes till the *evening after* the Duke's arrival; and his object is to make the time as short as he can, for the better satisfying of the Provost. H.

[6] The original has "*weal-balanc'd* form;" which may indeed possibly be right, referring to the state—*balanc'd* for the public *weal;* but this sense is so far-fetched and improbable, that we can scarce think it the Poet's. H

If yet her brother's pardon be come hither:
But I will keep her ignorant of her good,
To make her heavenly comforts of despair,
When it is least expected.

Enter ISABELLA.

Isab. Ho! by your leave.
Duke. Good morning to you, fair and gracious daughter.
Isab. The better, given me by so holy a man.
Hath yet the deputy sent my brother's pardon?
Duke. He hath releas'd him, Isabel, from the world:
His head is off, and sent to Angelo.
Isab. Nay, but it is not so.
Duke. It is no other:
Show your wisdom, daughter, in your close patience.
Isab. O, I will to him, and pluck out his eyes!
Duke. You shall not be admitted to his sight.
Isab. Unhappy Claudio! Wretched Isabel!
Injurious world! Most damned Angelo!
Duke. This nor hurts him, nor profits you a jot:
Forbear it, therefore; give your cause to Heaven.
Mark what I say, which you shall find
By every syllable a faithful verity:—
The Duke comes home to-morrow;—nay, dry your eyes:
One of our convent, and his confessor,
Gives me this instance: Already he hath carried
Notice to Escalus and Angelo;
Who do prepare to meet him at the gates,
There to give up their power. If you can, pace your wisdom
In that good path that I would wish it go;

And you shall have your bosom [7] on this wretch,
Grace of the Duke, revenges to your heart,
And general honour.

Isab. I am directed by you.

Duke. This letter, then, to friar Peter give;
'Tis that he sent me of the Duke's return:
Say, by this token, I desire his company
At Mariana's house to-night. Her cause, and yours,
I'll perfect him withal; and he shall bring you
Before the Duke; and to the head of Angelo
Accuse him home, and home. For my poor self,
I am combined [8] by a sacred vow,
And shall be absent. Wend [9] you with this letter:
Command these fretting waters from your eyes
With a light heart: trust not my holy order,
If I pervert your course.—Who's here?

Enter LUCIO.

Lucio. Good even, friar: where is the provost?

Duke. Not within, sir.

Lucio. O! pretty Isabella, I am pale at mine heart, to see thine eyes so red: thou must be patient. I am fain to dine and sup with water and bran; I dare not for my head fill my belly: one fruitful meal would set me to't: But they say the Duke will be here to-morrow. By my troth, Isabel, I lov'd thy brother: if the old fantastical Duke of dark corners had been at home, he had lived.

[*Exit* ISABELLA.

Duke. Sir, the Duke is marvellous little beholden

[7] Your *bosom* is your heart's desire, your wish.

[8] Shakespeare uses *combine* for *to bind by a pact or agreement* so he calls Angelo the *combinate* husband of Mariana

[9] That is, go.

to your reports; but the best is, he lives not in them.[10]

Lucio. Friar, thou knowest not the Duke so well as I do: he's a better woodman[11] than thou takest him for.

Duke. Well, you'll answer this one day. Fare ye well.

Lucio. Nay, tarry; I'll go along with thee: I can tell thee pretty tales of the Duke.

Duke. You have told me too many of him already, sir, if they be true; if not true, none were enough.

Lucio. I was once before him for getting a wench with child.

Duke. Did you such a thing?

Lucio. Yes, marry, did I; but was fain to forswear it: they would else have married me to the rotten medlar.

Duke. Sir, your company is fairer than honest: Rest you well.

Lucio. By my troth, I'll go with thee to the lane's end: If bawdy talk offend you, we'll have very little of it: Nay, friar, I am a kind of bur; I shall stick.

[*Exeunt.*

[10] That is, he depends not on them.

[11] A *woodman* was an attendant on the forester; his great employment was hunting. It is here used in a wanton sense for a hunter of a different sort of game. So, Falstaff asks his mistresses in The Merry Wives of Windsor: "Am I a woodman? Ha!" This use of the word may have sprung from the consonance of *deer* and *dear*; as in Beaumont and Fletcher's play, The Chances Act i. sc. 8:

"Well, well, son John,
I see you are a *woodman*, and can choose
Your *deer*, though it be i'the dark." M.

SCENE IV. A Room in ANGELO's House.

Enter ANGELO *and* ESCALUS.

Escal. Every letter he hath writ hath disvouch'd[1] other.

Ang. In most uneven and distracted manner. His actions show much like to madness: pray Heaven, his wisdom be not tainted! And why meet him at the gates, and re-deliver our authorities there?

Escal. I guess not.

Ang. And why should we proclaim it in an hour before his entering, that, if any crave redress of injustice, they should exhibit their petitions in the street?

Escal. He shows his reason for that: to have a despatch of complaints; and to deliver us from devices hereafter, which shall then have no power to stand against us.

Ang. Well, I beseech you, let it be proclaim'd:
Betimes i'the morn I'll call you at your house.
Give notice to such men of sort and suit,[2]
As are to meet him.

Escal. I shall, sir: fare you well. [*Exit.*

Ang. Good night.—
This deed unshapes me quite, makes me unpregnant,[3]
And dull to all proceedings. A deflowered maid!
And by an eminent body, that enforc'd
The law against it! — But that her tender shame
Will not proclaim against her maiden loss,
How might she tongue me! Yet reason dares her no;[4]

[1] *Disvouch'd* is contradicted. [2] Figure and rank.

[3] Unready, unprepared; the contrary to *pregnant* in its sense of ready, apprehensive.

[4] This is commonly printed thus: "Yet reason dares her ?..

For my authority here's of a credent[5] bulk,
That no particular[6] scandal once can touch,
But it confounds the breather.[7] He should have liv'd
Save that his riotous youth, with dangerous sense,
Might, in the times to come, have ta'en revenge,
By so receiving a dishonour'd life,
With ransom of such shame. 'Would yet he had
liv'd!
Alack! when once our grace we have forgot,
Nothing goes right: we would, and we would not.
[*Exit.*

no: for my authority," &c.; in which case *dares* has the sense of *prompt, challenge*, or *call forth*, as in 1 Henry IV. Act v. sc. 2:

"Unless a brother should a brother *dare*
To gentle exercise and proof of arms."

"Does reason move her to expose me?—No; the drawings of reason are all the other way;" which certainly yields an apt and clear meaning enough. Yet we give the passage as it stands in the original. Nor is the sense much less clear and apt as there printed. For *dare*, used transitively, may well have, and often has, the effect to keep or dissuade one from doing a thing; as if one should say,—"I *dared* him to strike me, and he *durst* not do it." So, in the text as we give it, the sense plainly is,—"Yet reason bids her *not* expose me;" the effect of that bidding being expressed by *no*; reason *threatens* and *overawes* her, so that she *dare not* do it. Thus, in Beaumont and Fletcher's play, The Chances, Act iii. sc. 4:

"His sister that you nam'd 'tis true I have long lov'd,
As true, I have enjoy'd her; no less truth,
I have a child by her: but that she, or he,
Or any of that family, are tainted,
Suffer disgrace, or ruin, by my pleasures,
I wear a sword to satisfy the world *no*."

That is, to satisfy the world that *'tis not so*. So, also, in A Wife for a Month, by the same authors: "I'm sure he did not, for I charg'd him *no*;" that is, charged him *not to do it*. But indeed this use of *no* is not uncommon in the old writers.—The *of* after *bears*, in the next line, seems to have a partitive sense: "For my authority *carries so much of weight*," &c. H.

[5] *Credent*, creditable, not questionable.

[6] *Particular* is *private*; a French sense of the word.

[7] That is, utterer.

SCENE V. Fields without the Town

Enter DUKE *in his own habit, and Friar* PETER.

Duke. These letters at fit time deliver me.
[*Giving letters.*
The provost knows our purpose, and our plot.
The matter being afoot, keep your instruction,
And hold you ever to our special drift;
Though sometimes you do blench [1] from this to that,
As cause doth minister. Go, call at Flavius' house,
And tell him where I stay: give the like notice
To Valentinus, Rowland, and to Crassus,
And bid them bring the trumpets to the gate;
But send me Flavius first.

F. Peter. It shall be speeded well. [*Exit Friar.*

Enter VARRIUS.

Duke. I thank thee, Varrius; thou hast made good haste:
Come, we will walk: There's other of our friends
Will greet us here anon, my gentle Varrius.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. Street near the City Gate.

Enter ISABELLA *and* MARIANA.

Isab. To speak so indirectly, I am loth:
I would say the truth; but to accuse him so,
That is your part: Yet I'm advis'd to do it;
He says, to vailful purpose.

Mari. Be rul'd by him.

Isab. Besides, he tells me, that, if peradventure

[1] To *blench*, to start off, to fly off.

He speak against me on the adverse side,
I should not think it strange; for 'tis a physic,
That's bitter to sweet end.

Mari. I would, friar Peter—

Isab. O, peace! the friar is come.

Enter Friar PETER.

F. Peter. Come; I have found you out a stand most fit,
Where you may have such vantage on the Duke,
He shall not pass you. Twice have the trumpets sounded:
The generous [2] and gravest citizens
Have hent [3] the gates, and very near upon
The Duke is entering: therefore hence, away.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I. A public Place near the City Gate.

MARIANA *veiled*, ISABELLA, *and* PETER, *at a distance. Enter, at opposite doors*, DUKE, VARRIUS, *Lords*; ANGELO, ESCALUS, LUCIO, *Provost, Officers, and Citizens.*

Duke. My very worthy cousin, fairly met:—
Our old and faithful friend, we are glad to see you.

Ang. and Escal. Happy return be to your royal grace!

Duke. Many and hearty thankings to you both.

[2] *Generous*, for most noble, or those of rank; *generosi*, Lat.
[3] That is, seized, laid hold on: from the Anglo-Saxon.

We have made inquiry of you; and we hear
Such goodness of your justice, that our soul
Cannot but yield forth to you public thanks,
Forerunning more requital.

Ang. You make my bonds still greater.

Duke. O! your desert speaks loud; and I should wrong it,
To lock it in the wards of covert bosom,
When it deserves with characters of brass
A forted residence, 'gainst the tooth of time,
And razure of oblivion: Give me your hand,
And let the subject see, to make them know
That outward courtesies would fain proclaim
Favours that keep within. — Come, Escalus;
You must walk by us on our other hand; —
And good supporters are you.

Friar PETER *and* ISABELLA *come forward*

F. Peter. Now is your time: Speak loud, and kneel before him.

Isab. Justice, O royal Duke! Vail[1] your regard
Upon a wrong'd, I would fain have said, a maid!
O worthy prince! dishonour not your eye
By throwing it on any other object,
Till you have heard me in my true complaint,
And given me, justice, justice, justice, justice!

Duke. Relate your wrongs: In what? By whom? Be brief:
Here is lord Angelo shall give you justice:
Reveal yourself to him.

Isab. O! worthy Duke,
You bid me seek redemption of the devil:
Hear me yourself; for that which I must speak

[1] To *vail* is to lower, to *let fall*, to cast down.

Must either punish me, not being believ'd,
Or wring redress from you: Hear me, O, hear me, here!

Ang. My lord, her wits, I fear me, are not firm:
She hath been a suitor to me for her brother,
Cut off by course of justice.

Isab. By course of justice!

Ang. And she will speak most bitterly, and strange

Isab. Most strange, but yet most truly, will I speak:
That Angelo's forsworn; is it not strange?
That Angelo's a murderer; is't not strange?
That Angelo is an adulterous thief,
An hypocrite, a virgin-violator;
Is it not strange, and strange?

Duke. Nay, it is ten times strange.

Isab. It is not truer he is Angelo,
Than this is all as true as it is strange:
Nay, it is ten times true; for truth is truth
To the end of reckoning.

Duke. Away with her: — Poor soul!
She speaks this in the infirmity of sense.

Isab. O prince! I conjure thee, as thou believ'st
There is another comfort than this world,
That thou neglect me not, with that opinion
That I am touch'd with madness: make not impossible
That which but seems unlike: 'Tis not impossible
But one, the wicked'st caitiff on the ground,
May seem as shy, as grave, as just, as absolute,
As Angelo; even so may Angelo,
In all his dressings,[2] characts,[3] titles, forms,

[2] That is, habiliments of office.

[3] *Characts* are *distinctive marks* or characters. A statute of Edward VI. directs the seals of office of every bishop to have "certain *characts* under the king's arms for the knowledge of the diocese."

Be an arch-villain: Believe it, royal prince,
If he be less, he's nothing; but he's more,
Had I more name for badness.

Duke. By mine honesty,
If she be mad, as I believe no other,
Her madness hath the oddest frame of sense,
Such a dependency of thing on thing,
As e'er I heard in madness.

Isab. O, gracious Duke!
Harp not on that; nor do not banish reason
For inequality:[4] but let your reason serve
To make the truth appear, where it seems hid,
And hide the false seems — true.

Duke. Many that are not mad
Have, sure, more lack of reason. — What would you say?

Isab. I am the sister of one Claudio,
Condemn'd upon the act of fornication
To lose his head; condemn'd by Angelo:
I, in probation of a sisterhood,
Was sent to by my brother: One Lucio
As then the messenger; —

Lucio. That's I, an't like your grace:
I came to her from Claudio, and desir'd her
To try her gracious fortune with Lord Angelo,
For her poor brother's pardon.

Isab. That's he, indeed.

Duke. You were not bid to speak.

Lucio. No, my good lord;
Nor wish'd to hold my peace.

Duke. I wish you now then:
Pray you, take note of it; and when you have

[4] The meaning appears to be, — "Do not suppose me mad because I speak inconsistently or *unequally*."

[5] That is, — Let your reason serve to discover the truth, where it lies hid, and to refute the false, where it seems true. H.

A business for yourself, pray Heaven you then
Be perfect.

Lucio. I warrant your honour.

Duke. The warrant's for yourself: take heed
to it.

Isab. This gentleman told somewhat of my tale.

Lucio. Right.

Duke. It may be right; but you are in the wrong
To speak before your time.—Proceed.

Isab. I went
To this pernicious caitiff deputy.

Duke. That's somewhat madly spoken.

Isab. Pardon it
The phrase is to the matter.[6]

Duke. Mended again: the matter?—Proceed.

Isab. In brief,—to set the needless process by,
How I persuaded, how I pray'd, and kneel'd,
How he refell'd[7] me, and how I replied;
(For this was of much length)—the vile conclusion
I now begin with grief and shame to utter:
He would not, but by gift of my chaste body
To his concupiscible intemperate lust,
Release my brother; and, after much debatement,
My sisterly remorse[8] confutes mine honour,
And I did yield to him. But the next morn betimes,
His purpose surfeiting, he sends a warrant
For my poor brother's head.

Duke. This is most likely!

Isab. O, that it were as like as it is true!

Duke. By Heaven, fond wretch! thou know'st not
what thou speak'st;
Or else thou art suborn'd against his honour,

[6] That is, *suited* to the matter; as in Hamlet: "The phrase would be more german to the matter."

[7] *Refell'd* is refuted.

[8] *Remorse* is pity.

In hateful practice.[9] First, his integrity
Stands without blemish: — next, it imports no reason,
That with such vehemency he should pursue
Faults proper to himself: if he had so offended,
He would have weigh'd thy brother by himself,
And not have cut him off: Some one hath set you on:
Confess the truth, and say by whose advice
Thou cam'st here to complain.

Isab. And is this all?
Then, O! you blessed ministers above,
Keep me in patience; and, with ripen'd time,
Unfold the evil which is here wrapt up
In countenance![10] — Heaven shield your grace from woe,
As I, thus wrong'd, hence unbelieved go!

Duke. I know, you'd fain be gone: — An officer!
To prison with her! — Shall we thus permit
A blasting and a scandalous breath to fall
On him so near us? This needs must be a practice.
Who knew of your intent, and coming hither?

Isab. One that I would were here; friar Lodowick.

Duke. A ghostly father, belike: — Who knows that Lodowick?

Lucio. My lord, I know him: 'tis a meddling friar;
I do not like the man: had he been lay,[11] my lord,
For certain words he spake against your grace
In your retirement, I had swing'd him soundly.

Duke. Words against me? This a good friar belike!

[9] *Practice* was used by the old writers for any *insidious stratagem or treachery.*

[10] That is, false appearance.

[11] That is, of the *laity*, a layman.

And to set on this wretched woman here
Against our substitute! — Let this friar be found.

Lucio. But yesternight, my lord, she and that friar
I saw them at the prison: a saucy friar,
A very scurvy fellow.

F. Peter. Blessed be your royal grace!
I have stood by, my lord, and I have heard
Your royal ear abus'd. First, hath this woman
Most wrongfully accus'd your substitute;
Who is as free from touch or soil with her,
As she from one ungot.

Duke. We did believe no less.
Know you that friar Lodowick that she speaks of?

F. Peter. I know him for a man divine and holy;
Not scurvy nor a temporary meddler,[12]
As he's reported by this gentleman:
And, on my trust, a man that never yet
Did, as he vouches, misreport your grace.

Lucio. My lord, most villanously; believe it.

F. Peter. Well, he in time may come to clear himself;
But at this instant he is sick, my lord,
Of a strange fever: Upon his mere request,
(Being come to knowledge that there was complaint
Intended 'gainst lord Angelo,) came I hither
To speak, as from his mouth, what he doth know
Is true, and false; and what he with his oath,
And all probation, will make up full clear,
Whensoever he's convented.[13] First, for this woman;
(To justify this worthy nobleman,
So vulgarly[14] and personally accus'd;)

[12] That is, a minder of other men's business; an intermeddler in matters that do not belong to him. *Temporary* means *time serving*. H.

[13] *Convented*, cited, summoned. [14] That is, publicly.

Her shall you hear disproved to her eyes,
Till she herself confess it.

Duke. Good friar, let's hear it.

[ISABELLA *is carried off, guarded; and* MARIANA *comes forward.*

Do you not smile at this, lord Angelo? —
O Heaven, the vanity of wretched fools! —
Give us some seats. — Come, cousin Angelo;
In this I'll be impartial:[15] be you judge
Of your own cause. — Is this the witness, friar?
First, let her show her face; and, after, speak.

Mari. Pardon, my lord: I will not show my face,
Until my husband bid me.

Duke. What, are you married?

Mari. No, my lord.

Duke. Are you a maid?

Mari. No, my lord.

Duke. A widow then?

Mari. Neither, my lord.

Duke. Why, you are nothing then: — Neither maid, widow, nor wife?

Lucio. My lord, she may be a punk; for many of them are neither maid, widow, nor wife.

Duke. Silence that fellow: I would he had some cause to prattle for himself.

Lucio. Well, my lord.

Mari. My lord, I do confess I ne'er was married;
And I confess, besides, I am no maid:
I have known my husband; yet my husband knows not
That ever he knew me.

Lucio. He was drunk then, my lord: it can be no better.

[15] That is, I'll take *no part* in this; as appears from his saying to Angelo, — "Be you judge of your own cause." H.

Duke. For the benefit of silence, 'would thou wert so too.

Lucio. Well, my lord.

Duke. This is no witness for lord Angelo.

Mari. Now I come to't, my lord:
She, that accuses him of fornication,
In selfsame manner doth accuse my husband;
And charges him, my lord, with such a time,
When I'll depose I had him in mine arms,
With all the effect of love.

Ang. Charges she more than me?

Mari. Not that I know.

Duke. No? you say, your husband.

Mari. Why, just, my lord, and that is Angelo,
Who thinks he knows, that he ne'er knew my body,
But knows he thinks, that he knew Isabel's.

Ang. This is a strange abuse:[16]—Let's see thy face.

Mari. My husband bids me: now I will unmask.
[*Unveiling.*
This is that face, thou cruel Angelo,
Which once, thou swor'st, was worth the looking on:
This is the hand, which, with a vow'd contract,
Was fast belock'd in thine: this is the body
That took away the match from Isabel,
And did supply thee at thy garden-house,[17]
In her imagin'd person.

Duke. Know you this woman?

[16] *Abuse* stands in this place for *deception* or *puzzle*. So in Macbeth: "My strange and self *abuse*;" meaning this *strange deception* of myself.

[17] *Garden-houses* were formerly much in fashion, and often used as places of clandestine meeting and intrigue. They were chiefly such buildings as we should now call *summer-houses*, standing in a walled or enclosed garden in the suburbs of London.

Lucio. Carnally, she says.

Duke. Sirrah, no more!

Lucio. Enough, my lord.

Ang. My lord, I must confess I know this woman;
And, five years since, there was some speech of marriage
Betwixt myself and her; which was broke off,
Partly, for that her promis'd proportions
Came short of composition;[18] but, in chief,
For that her reputation was disvalued
In levity: since which time of five years
I never spake with her, saw her, nor heard from her,
Upon my faith and honour.

Mari. Noble prince,
As there comes light from heaven, and words from breath;
As there is sense in truth, and truth in virtue,
I am affianc'd this man's wife, as strongly
As words could make up vows: and, my good lord,
But Tuesday night last gone, in his garden-house,
He knew me as a wife: As this is true
Let me in safety raise me from my knees;
Or else for ever be confixed here,
A marble monument!

Ang. I did but smile till now:
Now, good my lord, give me the scope of justice;
My patience here is touch'd: I do perceive,
These poor informal[19] women are no more
But instruments of some more mightier member

[18] Her fortune, which was promised *proportionate* to mine, fell short of what was *compounded*, contracted for.

[19] *Informal* signifies *out of their senses.* So, in The Comedy of Errors, Act v. sc. 1: "To make of him a *formal* man again." The speaker had just before said that she would keep Antipholus of Syracuse, who is behaving like a madman, till she had brought him to his right wits again. See also Twelfth Night, Act ii. sc. 5, and note 11.

That sets them on: Let me have way, my lord
To find this practice out.

Duke. Ay, with my heart;
And punish them unto your height of pleasure.
Thou foolish friar, and thou pernicious woman,
Compact with her that's gone, think'st thou, th
oaths,
Though they would swear down each particular sain
Were testimonies against his worth and credit,
That's seal'd in approbation?[20] — You, lord Escalu
Sit with my cousin: lend him your kind pains
To find out this abuse, whence 'tis deriv'd. —
There is another friar that set them on;
Let him be sent for.

F. Peter. Would he were here, my lord; for he,
indeed,
Hath set the women on to this complaint:
Your provost knows the place where he abides,
And he may fetch him.

Duke. Go, do it instantly. — [*Exit Provost.*
And you, my noble and well-warranted cousin,
Whom it concerns to hear this matter forth,[21]
Do with your injuries as seems you best,
In any chastisement: I for a while
Will leave you; but stir not you, till you have well
Determin'd upon these slanderers.

Escal. My lord, we'll do it throughly. — [*Exit* DUKE.] Signior Lucio, did not you say you knew that friar Lodowick to be a dishonest person?

Lucio. *Cucullus non facit monachum:*[22] honest in nothing, but in his clothes; and one that hath spoke most villanous speeches of the Duke.

[20] *Stamped* or *sealed*, as tried and *approved*.
[21] That is, out, to the end.
[22] "The cowl does not make a monk." It occurs again in Twelfth Night, Act i. sc. 5. H.

Escal. We shall entreat you to abide here till he come, and enforce them against him: We shall find this friar a notable fellow.

Lucio. As any in Vienna, on my word.

Escal. [*To an Attendant.*] Call that same Isabe. here once again: I would speak with her. Pray you, my lord, give me leave to question: you shall see how I'll handle her.

Lucio. Not better than he, by her own report.

Escal. Say you?

Lucio. Marry, sir, I think, if you handled her privately, she would sooner confess: perchance, publicly, she'll be asham'd.

Re-enter Officers, with ISABELLA, *the* DUKE *in the Friar's habit, and Provost.*

Escal. I will go darkly to work with her.

Lucio. That's the way; for women are light[22] at midnight.

Escal. [*To* ISAB.] Come on, mistress: here's a gentlewoman denies all that you have said.

Lucio. My lord, here comes the rascal I spoke of; here, with the provost.

Escal. In very good time: — speak not you to him, till we call upon you.

Lucio. Mum.

Escal. Come, sir: Did you set these women on to slander lord Angelo? they have confess'd you did.

Duke. 'Tis false.

Escal. How! know you where you are?

Duke. Respect to your great place! and let the devil

[22] This is one of the words on which Shakespeare delights to quibble. Thus Portia, in The Merchant of Venice: "Let me give *light*, but let me not be *light*."

Be sometime honour'd for his burning throne: —
Where is the Duke? 'tis he should hear me speak.

Escal. The Duke's in us; and he will hear you speak:
Look, you speak justly.

Duke. Boldly, at least: — But, O, poor souls!
Come you to seek the lamb here of the fox?
Good night to your redress. Is the Duke gone?
Then is your cause gone too. The Duke's unjust,
Thus to retort[24] your manifest appeal,
And put your trial in the villain's mouth,
Which here you come to accuse.

Lucio. This is the rascal: this is he I spoke of.

Escal. Why, thou unreverend and unhallow'd friar!
Is't not enough, thou hast suborn'd these women
To accuse this worthy man; but, in foul mouth,
And in the witness of his proper ear,
To call him villain? And then to glance from him
To the Duke himself, to tax him with injustice?
Take him hence; to the rack with him: We'll touse you
Joint by joint, — but we will know his purpose: —
What! unjust?

Duke. Be not so hot; the Duke dare
No more stretch this finger of mine, than he
Dare rack his own: his subject am I not,
Nor here provincial:[25] My business in this state
Made me a looker-on here in Vienna,
Where I have seen corruption boil and bubble,
Till it o'errun the stew: laws for all faults;

[24] To *retort* is to refer back.

[25] *Provincial* is pertaining to a province; most usually taken for the circuit of an ecclesiastical jurisdiction. The chief or head of any religious order in such a province was called the provincial, to whom alone the members of that order were accountable

But faults so countenanc'd, that the strong statutes
Stand like the forfeits in a barber's shop,
As much in mock as mark.[26]

Escal. Slander to the state! Away with him to prison.

Ang. What can you vouch against him, signior Lucio?
Is this the man that you did tell us of?

Lucio. 'Tis he, my lord. Come hither, goodman bald-pate: Do you know me?

Duke. I remember you, sir, by the sound of your voice: I met you at the prison in the absence of the Duke?

Lucio. O! did you so? And do you remember what you said of the Duke?

Duke. Most notedly, sir.

Lucio. Do you so, sir? And was the Duke a flesh-monger, a fool, and a coward, as you then reported him to be?

Duke. You must, sir, change persons with me, ere you make that my report: you, indeed, spoke so of him; and much more, much worse.

Lucio. O, thou damnable fellow! Did not I pluck thee by the nose for thy speeches?

Duke. I protest, I love the Duke, as I love myself.

Ang. Hark! how the villain would glose now, after his treasonable abuses.

Escal. Such a fellow is not to be talk'd withal:

[26] Barbers' shops were anciently places of great resort for passing away time in an idle manner. By way of enforcing some kind of regularity, and perhaps as much to promote drinking, certain laws were usually hung up, the transgression of which was to be punished by specific *forfeits;* which were *as much in mock as mark,* because the barber had no authority of himself to enforce them, and also because they were of a ludicrous nature.

— Away with him to prison: — Where is the provost? — Away with him to prison: Lay bolts enough upon him: — Let him speak no more. — Away with those giglots[27] too, and with the other confederate companion. [*The Provost lays hands on the* DUKE.

Duke. Stay, sir; stay a while.

Ang. What! resists he? Help him, Lucio.

Lucio. Come, sir; come, sir; come, sir; foh! sir: Why, you bald-pated, lying rascal! you must be hooded, must you? Show your knave's visage, with a pox to you! show your sheep-biting face, and be hang'd an hour![28] Will't not off? [*Pulls off the Friar's hood, and discovers the* DUKE.

Duke. Thou art the first knave that e'er made a duke. —
First, provost, let me bail these gentle three: —
[*To* LUCIO.] Sneak not away, sir; for the friar and you
Must have a word anon: — Lay hold on him.

Lucio. This may prove worse than hanging.

Duke. [*To* ESCALUS.] What you have spoke, I pardon; sit you down.
We'll borrow place of him: — [*To* ANGELO.] Sir, by your leave: —
Hast thou or word, or wit, or impudence,
That yet can do thee office?[29] If thou hast,
Rely upon it till my tale be heard,
And hold no longer out.

[27] *Giglots* are wantons. So, in 1 Henry VI., Act iv. sc. 7 "Young Talbot was not born to be the pillage of a *giglot* wench."

[28] "What, Piper ho! be *hang'd awhile*," is a line in an old madrigal. And in Ben Jonson's Bartholomew Fair, we have, — "Leave the bottle behind you, and be *curst awhile*." That is, be *hang'd*, be *curst*; *awhile* being, like *an hour* in the text, merely a vulgar expletive. M.

[29] That is, do thee *service*.

Ang. O, my dread lord!
I should be guiltier than my guiltiness,
To think I can be undiscernible,
When I perceive your grace, like power divine,
Hath look'd upon my passes:[30] Then, good prince,
No longer session hold upon my shame,
But let my trial be mine own confession:
Immediate sentence then, and sequent death,
Is all the grace I beg.

Duke. Come hither, Mariana:—
Say, wast thou e'er contracted to this woman?

Ang. I was, my lord.

Duke. Go take her hence, and marry her instantly.—
Do you the office, friar; which consummate,
Return him here again:—Go with him, provost.

[*Exeunt* ANGELO, MARIANA, PETER, *and Provost.*

Escal. My lord, I am more amaz'd at his dishonour,
Than at the strangeness of it.

Duke. Come hither, Isabel:
Your friar is now your prince: As I was then
Advértising and holy[31] to your business,
Not changing heart with habit, I am still
Attorney'd at your service.

Isab. O, give me pardon,
That I, your vassal, have employ'd and pain'd
Your unknown sovereignty!

Duke. You are pardon'd, Isabel:
And now, dear maid, be you as free[32] to us.

[30] *Passes* probably put for *trespasses;* or it may mean *courses,* from *passés,* Fr. *Les passés d'un cerf* is the track or passages of a stag, his *courses.*

[31] *Advértising and holy,* attentive and faithful.

[32] That is, *generous;*—pardon us as we have pardoned you.

Your brother's death, I know, sits at your heart;
And you may marvel why I obscur'd myself,
Labouring to save his life; and would not rather
Make rash remonstrance [33] of my hidden power,
Than let him so be lost: O, most kind maid!
It was the swift celerity of his death,
Which I did think with slower foot came on,
That brain'd my purpose: [34] But, peace be with him
That life is better life, past fearing death,
Than that which lives to fear: make it your comfort,
So happy is your brother.

Re-enter ANGELO, MARIANA, *Friar* PETER, *and Provost.*

Isab. I do, my lord.
Duke. For this new-married man, approaching here,
Whose salt imagination yet hath wrong'd
Your well-defended honour, you must pardon
For Mariana's sake: But as he adjudg'd your brother,
(Being criminal, in double violation
Of sacred chastity, and of promise-breach,[35]
Thereon dependent for your brother's life,)
The very mercy of the law cries out
Most audible, even from his proper [36] tongue,
"An Angelo for Claudio, death for death!"
Haste still pays haste, and leisure answers leisure

[33] *Rash remonstrance;* that is, "a premature *dixplay*" of it. Perhaps we should read *de*monstrance; but the word may be formed from *remonstrer*, French, *to show again.*

[34] *That brain'd my purpose.* We still use in conversation a ike phrase: "that knocked my design on the head."

[35] *Promise-breach.* It should be *promise; breach* is superfluous.

[36] Angelo's own tongue.

Like doth quit like, and Measure still for Measure.[37]
Then, Angelo, thy fault's thus manifested;
Which, though thou wouldst deny, denies thee vantage:[38]
We do condemn thee to the very block
Where Claudio stoop'd to death, and with like haste: —
Away with him.

Mari. O, my most gracious lord!
I hope you will not mock me with a husband.

Duke. It is your husband mock'd you with a husband:
Consenting to the safeguard of your honour,
I thought your marriage fit; else imputation,
For that he knew you, might reproach your life,
And choke your good to come: For his possessions,
Although by confiscation they are ours,
We do instate and widow you withal,
To buy you a better husband.

Mari. O, my dear lord!
I crave no other, nor no better man.

Duke. Never crave him: we are definitive.

Mari. Gentle my liege, — [*Kneeling.*

Duke. You do but lose your labor:
Away with him to death. — [*To* LUCIO.] Now, sir, to you.

Mari. O, my good lord! — Sweet Isabel, take my part:
Lend me your knees, and all my life to come
I'll lend you; all my life to do you service.

[37] *Measure* still *for measure.* This appears to have been a current expression for retributive justice. So, in 3 Henry VI., Act. ii. sc. 6: "*Measure for measure* must be answered." Perhaps the proverb grew from the Scripture, — "With what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again." H.

[38] That is, "To deny which will avail thee nothing."

Duke. Against all sense [39] you do impórtune her
Should she kneel down in mercy of this fact,[40]
Her brother's ghost his paved bed would break,
And take her hence in horror.

Mari. Isabel,
Sweet Isabel, do yet but kneel by me:
Hold up your hands, say nothing, I'll speak all.
They say best men are moulded out of faults;[41]
And, for the most, become much more the better
For being a little bad: so may my husband.
O, Isabel! will you not lend a knee?

Duke. He dies for Claudio's death.

Isab. [*Kneeling.*] Most bounteous sir,
Look, if it please you, on this man condemn'd,
As if my brother liv'd: I partly think
A due sincerity govern'd his deeds,
Till he did look on me: since it is so,
Let him not die: My brother had but justice,
In that he did the thing for which he died:
For Angelo,
His act did not o'ertake his bad intent;
And must be buried but as an intent
That perish'd by the way:[42] thoughts are no sub
jects;
Intents but merely thoughts.

Mari. Merely, my lord.

Duke. Your suit's unprofitable: stand up, I say.—

[39] That is, against *reason* and *affection*.

[40] That is, to beg for mercy on this act. H.

[41] On the principle that Nature or Providence often uses ov
vices to scourge down our pride; as in All's Well that Ends Wel
Act iv. sc. 3: "Our virtues would be proud, if our faults whipp'
them not." H.

[42] That is, like the traveller, who dies on his journey, is ob
scurely interred, and thought of no more:

"Illum expirantem ——
Obliti ignoto camporum in pulvere linquunt."

I have bethought me of another fault: —
Provost, how came it Claudio was beheaded
At an unusual hour?

Prov. It was commanded so.

Duke. Had you a special warrant for the deed?

Prov. No, my good lord: it was by private message.

Duke. For which I do discharge you of your office:
Give up your keys.

Prov. Pardon me, noble lord:
I thought it was a fault, but knew it not;
Yet did repent me, after more advice:
For testimony whereof, one in the prison,
That should by private order else have died,
I have reserv'd alive.

Duke. What's he?

Prov. His name is Barnardine.

Duke. I would thou hadst done so by Claudio. —
Go, fetch him hither: let me look upon him.

[*Exit Provost.*

Escal. I am sorry, one so learned and so wise
As you, lord Angelo, have still appear'd,
Should slip so grossly, both in the heat of blood,
And lack of temper'd judgment afterward.

Ang. I am sorry, that such sorrow I procure;
And so deep sticks it in my penitent heart,
That I crave death more willingly than mercy:
'Tis my deserving, and I do entreat it.

Re-enter Provost, BARNARDINE, CLAUDIO, *and* JULIET.

Duke. Which is that Barnardine?

Prov. This, my lord.

Duke. There was a friar told me of this man. —

Sirrah, thou art said to have a stubborn soul,
That apprehends no further than this world,
And squar'st thy life according: Thou'rt condemn'd:
But, for those earthly[43] faults, I quit them all;
And pray thee, take this mercy to provide
For better times to come.—Friar, advise him:
I leave him to your hand.—What muffled fellow's
that?

Prov. This is another prisoner that I sav'd,
That should have died when Claudio lost his head;
As like almost to Claudio, as himself.

[*Unmuffles* CLAUDIO.

Duke. [*To* ISAB.] If he be like your brother, for
his sake
Is he pardon'd: And, for your lovely sake,
Give me your hand, and say you will be mine;
He is my brother too: But fitter time for that.
By this, lord Angelo perceives he's safe:
Methinks I see a quickening in his eye:—
Well, Angelo, your evil quits[44] you well:
Look that you love your wife; her worth, worth
yours.[45]—
I find an apt remission in myself;
And yet here's one in place I cannot pardon:—
[*To* LUCIO.] You, sirrah, that knew me for a fool,
a coward,
One all of luxury,[46] an ass, a madman;
Wherein have I so deserv'd of you,
That you extol me thus?

Lucio. 'Faith, my lord, I spoke it but according
to the trick:[47] If you will hang me for it, you may;

[43] That is, so far as they are punishable on *earth*.
[44] Requites.
[45] That is, "her value is equal to yours; the match is not unworthy of you."
[46] Incontinence.
[47] Thoughtless practice.

but I had rather it would please you I might be whipp'd.

Duke. Whipp'd first, sir, and hang'd after.—
Proclaim it, provost, round about the city,
If any woman's wrong'd by this lewd fellow,
(As I have heard him swear himself there's one
Whom he begot with child,) let her appear,
And he shall marry her: the nuptial finish'd,
Let him be whipp'd and hang'd.

Lucio. I beseech your highness, do not marry me to a whore! Your highness said even now, I made you a duke: good my lord, do not recompense me in making me a cuckold.

Duke. Upon mine honour, thou shalt marry her.
Thy slanders I forgive; and therewithal
Remit thy other forfeits:[48]—Take him to prison;
And see our pleasure herein executed.

Lucio. Marrying a punk, my lord, is pressing to death, whipping, and hanging.

Duke. Slandering a prince deserves it.—
She, Claudio, that you wrong'd, look you restore.-
Joy to you, Mariana!—love her, Angelo:
I have confess'd her, and I know her virtue.—
Thanks, good friend Escalus, for thy much goodness:
There's more behind, that is more gratulate.[49]
Thanks, provost, for thy care and secrecy;
We shall employ thee in a worthier place:—
Forgive him, Angelo, that brought you home
The head of Ragozine for Claudio's:
The offence pardons itself.—Dear Isabel,

[48] Dr. Johnson says, *forfeits* means *punishments;* but is it not more likely to signify *misdoings, transgressions,* from the French *forfait?* Steevens's note affords instances of the word in this sense.

[49] That is, more *to be rejoiced in.*

I have a motion much imports your good;
Whereto if you'll a willing ear incline,
What's mine is yours, and what is yours is mine.—
So, bring us to our palace; where we'll show
What's yet behind, that's meet you all should know.
[*Exeunt.*

INTRODUCTION

TO

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

THE earliest notice that has reached us of MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING is an entry in the books of the Stationers' Company, bearing date August 4, 1600, and running thus:

"As You Like It, a book.
"Henry the Fifth, a book.
"Every Man in his Humour, a book.
"Much Ado about Nothing, a book.
} To be stayed."

Why these plays were thus entered and the publication stayed, cannot be certainly determined: probably it was to protect the authorized publishers and the public against those "stolen and surreptitious copies" which the editors of the folio allege to have been put forth. In the same Register, under the date of August 23, 1600, the following entry was made by Andrew Wise and William Aspley: "Two books, the one called Much Ado about Nothing, and the other The Second Part of the History of King Henry the IV., with the Humours of Sir John Falstaff: Written by Mr. Shakespeare." This entry was for publication; which may infer that the stay of August 4 had been revoked by the 23d of the same month. In the course of the same year a quarto pamphlet of thirty-six leaves was published, with a title-page reading as follows: "Much Ado about Nothing: As it hath been sundry times publicly acted by the right honourable the Lord Chamberlain his servants. Written by William Shakespeare. — London: Printed by V. S. for Andrew Wise and William Aspley. 1600." The frequent use of the play on the public stage, and the need of a stay to prevent a stolen issue, may doubtless be taken as evidence of a pretty good run. There is one more contemporary reference to this play, which should not be omitted. Mr. Steevens ascertained from one of Vertue's manuscripts that Much Ado about Nothing once passed under the title of Benedick and Beatrice;

and that Heminge the player received on the 20th of May, 1613, the sum of 40 pounds, and 20 pounds more as his Majesty's gratuity, for exhibiting six plays at Hampton Court, among which was this comedy.

Except the quarto of 1600, there was no other edition of Much Ado about Nothing, that we know of, till the folio of 1623, where it stands the sixth in the division of Comedies. In the first edition neither the scenes nor the acts, in the second only the latter, are marked. Some question has been made whether the folio were a reprint of the quarto, or from another manuscript. Considerable might be urged on either side of the question: but the arguments would hardly pay for the stating; the differences between the two copies being so few and slight as to make it of little consequence whether they were printed from several manuscripts, or the one from the other. And the superior authority of the quarto is sufficiently established in that it came out during the author's life, and when he was at hand to correct the proof: besides, in nearly every case of difference the reading of the quarto seems better in itself. There is one point, however, bearing rather in favor of several manuscripts, which ought perhaps to be stated. In Act ii. sc. 3, one of the stage directions in the folio is,—"Enter Prince, Leonato, Claudio, and *Jack Wilson*," thus substituting the name of the actor for that of the character; which looks very much as if the whole came fresh from the prompter's book. Wilson was a celebrated stage singer of that time; and we thus learn that he performed the part of Balthazar. Again, in Act iv. sc. 2, both quarto and folio set the names of Kemp and Cowley before the speeches of Dogberry and Verges; thus showing what actors originally played the parts of those immortal magistrates. So far as the question of several manuscripts is concerned, perhaps the agreement of the two editions in this latter case may be fairly regarded as offsetting their difference in the former, as Kemp had been dead some years when the folio appeared. It may be worth the while to add, that the folio omits some passages that are found in the quarto, two of which, besides being quite at home where they stand, are too good to be lost. One is the following part of Don Pedro's speech in Act iii. sc. 2: "Or in the shape of two countries at once; as a German from the waist downward, all slops, and a Spaniard from the hip upward, no doublet:" which Mr. Collier thinks may have been left out in consequence of some change of fashion between 1600 and 1623. The other passage includes a part of Dogberry's speech in Act iv. sc. 2: "Write down — that they hope they serve God: — and write God first; for God defend but God should go before such villains:" which, as Blackstone suggests, may have been thrown out in 1623, on account of a law made in the third year of James I. against the irreverent use of the sacred Name.

What with the copies of 1600 and 1623, the text of Much Ado

about Nothing, except in one instance, is every where so clear and well-settled as almost to foreclose controversy. That exception is the last verse of the Song in Act v. sc. 3; where the best result we can come to will be found in a note.

This play, as may be seen in our Introduction to The Two Gentlemen of Verona, is not in the list given by Francis Meres in 1598. As Meres' purpose was to set forth the Poet's excellence in comedy, it is hardly to be supposed that he would have taken The Two Gentlemen of Verona and left Much Ado about Nothing, if the latter had then been known. This circumstance, therefore, together with the publishing of the play in the latter part of 1600, sufficiently ascertains the probable date of the composition. Allowing time enough for a successful run upon the boards, and for such a growth of popularity as to invite a fraudulent publication, the play could scarce have been written after 1599, when the Poet was in his thirty-fifth year.

As in many other of our Author's plays, a part of the plot and story of Much Ado about Nothing was borrowed. But the same matter had been borrowed so many times before, and run into so many variations, that we cannot affirm with certainty to what source Shakespeare was immediately indebted. Mrs. Lenox, indeed, characteristically instructs us, that the Poet here "borrowed just enough to show his poverty of invention, and added enough to prove his want of judgment:" and this choice dropping of criticism, like many others vouchsafed by her learned ladyship, is too wise, if not too womanly, to need any comment from us, save that the Poet can better afford to have such things said, than the sayer can to have them repeated.

Pope says,—"The story is taken from Ariosto." And so much of it as relates to Hero, Claudio, and John, certainly bears a strong resemblance to the tale of Ariodante and Genevra, which occupies the whole of the fifth and part of the sixth books of Ariosto's Orlando Furioso. A translation of this part of the poem by Peter Beverly was licensed for the press in 1565; and Warton tells us it was reprinted in 1600; which is of some consequence, as suggesting that Shakespeare's play may have had something to do with the republication. An English version of Ariosto's whole poem, by Sir John Harrington, came out in 1591; but Much Ado about Nothing yields no traces of the Author's having been with Sir John. And indeed the fixing of any obligations in this quarter is the more difficult, forasmuch as the same matter appears to have been borrowed by Ariosto himself. For the story of a lady betrayed to peril and disgrace by the personation of her waiting-woman was an old European tradition: it has been traced to Spain; and Ariosto interwove it with the adventures of Rinaldo, as yielding an apt occasion for his chivalrous heroism. An outline of the story as told by Ariosto is thus given by Mr. Knight.

"The Lady Genevra, so falsely accused, was doomed to die,

unless a true knight came within a month to do battle for her honour. Her lover, Ariodante, had fled, and was reported to have perished. The wicked duke, Polinesso, who had betrayed Genevra, appears secure in his treachery. But the misguided woman, Dalinda, who had been the instrument of his crime, flying from her paramour, meets with Rinaldo, and declares the truth. Then comes the combat, in which the guilty duke is slain by the champion of innocence, and the lover reappears to be made happy with his spotless princess."

From which it will be seen at once that the Polinesso of the poem answers to the John of the play. But there is this important difference, that the motive of the former in vilifying the lady is to drive away her lover, that he may have her himself; whereas the latter acts from a self-generated malignity of spirit that takes pleasure in blasting the happiness of others without any hope of supplanting them.

Spenser, whose genius sucked in whatsoever was rich and rare in all the resources that learning could accumulate, seems to have followed Ariosto in working the same tale into the variegated structure of his great poem: but the Englishman so used it as to set forth a high moral lesson; the Italian, to minister opportunity for a romantic adventure. The story of Phedon, relating the treachery of his false friend Philemon, is in Book ii. Canto 4 of the Faery Queene.

The same story also forms the groundwork of one of Bandello's novels; and Mr. Skottowe's brief analysis of that tale will indicate the most probable source of Shakespeare's borrowings:

"Fenicia, the daughter of Lionato, a gentleman of Messina, is betrothed to Timbreo de Cardona. Girondo, a disappointed lover of the young lady, resolves, if possible, to prevent the marriage. He insinuates to Timbreo that his mistress is disloyal, and offers to show him a stranger scaling her chamber window. Timbreo accepts the invitation, and witnesses the hired servant of Girondo, in the dress of a gentleman, ascending a ladder and entering the house of Lionato. Stung with rage and jealousy, Timbreo the next morning accuses his innocent mistress to her father, and rejects the alliance. Fenicia sinks in a swoon; a dangerous illness succeeds; and to stifle all reports injurious to her fame, Lionato proclaims that she is dead. Her funeral rites are performed in Messina, while in truth she lies concealed in the obscurity of a country residence.

"The thought of having occasioned the death of an innocent and lovely female strikes Girondo with horror; in the agony of remorse he confesses his villany to Timbreo, and they both throw themselves on the mercy, and ask forgiveness, of the insulted family of Fenicia. On Timbreo is imposed only the penance of espousing a lady whose face he should not see previous to his marriage: instead of a new bride, whom he expected, he is pre

sented, at the nuptial altar, with his injured and beloved Fenicia."

How Shakespeare could have come to the knowledge of Bandello's novel, unless through the original, is not easy to explain; no translation of so early a date having been preserved. Which is probably the cause why the critics have been so unwilling to trace him to this source; as it did not suit their theory to allow that he had learning enough to read a simple tale in what was then the most generally-studied language of Europe.

This account of the matter, if it do no more, may serve to show, what is so often shown elsewhere, that in his borrowing of stories Shakespeare seems to have preferred such as were most received into the common circulation of thought, and most familiar to his audience, that he might have some tie of association to draw and hold their minds to the deep lessons of beauty and wisdom which he was ever pouring forth from himself. And surely much less of insight than he possessed might have taught him, that men are apt to study for novelty in proportion as they lack originality; and that where the latter abounds the former may be rather a hindrance than a help.

This placing of the main interest in something higher and better than any mere plot or story can be, is well stated by Coleridge: "The interest in the plot is on account of the characters, not *vice versa*, as in almost all other writers; the plot is a mere canvas, and no more. Take away from Much Ado about Nothing all that is not indispensable to the plot, either as having little to do with it, or, like Dogberry and his comrades, forced into the service, when any other less ingeniously-absurd watchmen and night-constables would have answered the mere necessities of the action; take away Benedick, Beatrice, Dogberry, and the reaction of the former on the character of Hero,—and what will remain? In other writers the main agent of the plot is always the prominent character: John is the mainspring of the plot in this play; but he is merely shown, and then withdrawn."

We have already seen from the external evidence that Much Ado about Nothing was probably written in or near the author's thirty-fifth year. And it requires no great perspicacity to see from the play itself that it naturally falls somewhere in the middle period of his productive years. The style, like that of Twelfth Night, is sustained and equal; easy, natural, and modest in dress and bearing; every where alive indeed with the exhilaration of wit, or humour, or poetry, but without the labored smoothness of his earlier plays, or the penetrating energy and quick, sinewy movement of his later ones. Compared with some of its predecessors, the play shows a decided growth in what may be termed virility of mind: a wider scope, a higher reach, a firmer grasp, have been attained: the Poet's faculties have manifestly been feeding upon tonics, and inhaling invigoration: he has come to read

nature less through "the spectacles of books," and does not hesitate to meet her face to face, and trust and try himself alone with her. The result of all which appears in a greater freshness and reality of characterization: there being less of a certain dim, equivocal hearsay air about the persons; as if his mind, having outgrown its recollected terms and bookish generalities, had plunged into living intercourse with surrounding life, where his personal observation and experience are blossoming up into poetry and going to seed in philosophy.

Much Ado about Nothing has great variety of interest, now running into the most grotesque drollery, now rising into an almost tragic dignity, now revelling in the most sparkling brilliancy. Its excellences, however, both of plot and of character are rather of the striking sort, involving little of the hidden beauty which shows just enough on the surface to invite a diligent search, and then overpays all the labour it costs. The play, accordingly, has always been very effective on the stage.—The characters of Hero and Claudio, though rather beautiful than otherwise in their simplicity and uprightness, offer no very salient points, and are indeed nowise extraordinary: they derive their interest mainly from the events that befall them; the reverse of which is generally true of Shakespeare's plays. One can scarce help thinking, that had the course of love run smooth with them, its voice, even if audible, had been hardly worth the hearing. Hero, indeed, is altogether gentle and womanly in her ways, and she offers a rather sweet, inviting nestling-place for the fireside affections; and there is something very pathetic and touching in her situation when she is stricken down in mute agony by the tongue of slander.—That Claudio should lend his ear to the poisonous breathings of one whose spirits are known to "toil in frame of villanies," is no little impeachment of his temper, or his understanding; and the preparing us for this, by representing him as falling into a fit of jealousy towards the Prince, is a fine instance of the Poet's skill and care in small matters. A piece of conduct, which the circumstances do not explain, is explained at once by thus disclosing a slight predisposition to jealousy in the subject. In keeping with this part of his behaviour, Claudio's action every where smacks of the soldier: he shows all along both the faults and the virtues of his calling; is sensitive, rash, "quick in quarrel," and as quick in reconciliation; and has a sort of unreflective spontaneousness about him, that is only not so good as a chastened discretion and a firm, steady self-control. This accounts very well for his sudden running into a match, which in itself looks more like a freak of fancy than a resolution of love; while the same suddenness on the side of the more calm, discreet, and patient Hero, is accounted for by the intervention of the Prince, and the sway he might justly have over her thoughts.—Critics have unnecessarily found fault with the Poet for the character of John, as if it lay without the circum

ference of truth and nature. They would apparently prefer the more commonplace character of a disappointed rival in love, whose guilt might be explained away into a pressure of violent motives. But Shakespeare saw deeper into human character; and perhaps his wisest departure from the original story is in making John a moody, sullen, envious rascal, who joys at others' pain, is pained at others' joy, and gloats over his power in working mischief; thus exemplifying in a smaller figure the same innate, spontaneous malice which towers into such a stupendous height of wickedness in Iago. We may well reluct to believe in the fact of such characters; but history is unhappily too full of deeds and plots that cannot be otherwise accounted for; nor need we go far to learn that men may "spin motives out of their own bowels;" and that the man often has more to do in shaping the motive than the motive in determining the man.

Ulrici, regarding the play as setting forth the contrast between life, as it is in itself, and as it seems to those engaged in its struggle, looks upon Dogberry as embodying the whole idea of the piece. And, sure enough, the impressive insignificance of his action to the lookers-on is equalled only by its stuffed importance to himself: when he is really most absurd and ridiculous, precisely then it is that he feels most confident and grave; the irony that is rarified into wit and poetry in the other characters being thus condensed into the broadest humour and drollery in him. The German critic, however, is not quite right in thinking that his blundering garrulity brings to light the infernal plot; as it rather keeps it in the dark: he is too fond of hearing himself talk to make known what he has to say, in time to do any good; and amidst his huge struttings and tumblings of mind the truth leaks out at last in spite of him. The part was imitated by other dramatists of the time; which shows it to have been a decided hit on the stage; and perhaps the Poet has evinced something of an author's weakness in attempting a repetition of Dogberry under the name of Elbow in Measure for Measure. But even Shakespeare himself could not make an imitation come up to his own original.

The good repute of Benedick and Beatrice has been greatly perilled by their wit. But it is the ordinary lot of persons so wise as they, to suffer under the misconstructions of prejudice or partial acquaintance; their wisdom augmenting the difficulty of coming to a true knowledge of them. How dangerous it is to be so gifted that way, may be seen by the impression these persons have had the ill luck to make on one whose good opinion is so desirable as Campbell's. He says,—"During one half of the play, we have a disagreeable female character in that of Beatrice. Her portrait, I may be told, is deeply drawn, and minutely finished. It is; and so is that of Benedick, who is entirely her counterpart, except that he is less disagreeable." A little after, he pronounces Beatrice "an odious woman." We are sorry so tasteful and

charming a critic should think so, but suppose there is no help for it. In support of his opinion he quotes Hero's speech,—"Disdain and scorn ride sparkling in her eyes," &c.; but he seems to forget that these words are spoken with the intent that Beatrice shall hear them, and at the same time think she overhears them; that is, not as being true, but as being suited to a certain end, and as having just enough of truth to be effective for that end. So that, viewed in reference to the speaker's purpose, perhaps nothing could be better; viewed as describing the character of Beatrice, scarce any thing were worse; and the effect the speech has on her proves it is not true. To the same end, the Prince, Leonato, and Claudio speak as much the other way, where they know Benedick is overhearing them; and what is there said in her favor is just a fair offset of what was before said against her. But indeed it is clear enough that a speech thus made really for the ear of the subject, yet seemingly in confidence to another person, cannot be received in evidence against her.

Fortunately, however for Beatrice, the critic's unfavorable opinion is accounted for by what himself has unfortunately witnessed. He says,—"I once knew such a pair; the lady was a perfect Beatrice; she railed hypocritically at wedlock before her marriage, and with bitter sincerity after it. She and her Benedick now live apart, but with entire reciprocity of sentiments; each devoutly wishing that the other may soon pass into a better world." So that the writer's strong dislike of Beatrice is one of the finest testimonies we have seen to the Poet's wonderful truth of delineation; inasmuch as it shows how our views of his characters, as of those in real life, depend less perhaps on what they are in themselves, than on our own peculiar associations. Nature's and Shakespeare's men and women seem very differently to different persons, and even to the same persons at different times. Need it be said that this is because the characters are individuals, not abstractions? — Viewed therefore in this light, the tribute is so exquisite that we half suspect the author meant it as such. In itself, however, we much prefer the ground taken by other critics: That in the unamiable part of their deportment Benedick and Beatrice are but playing; that their playing is with a view to conceal, not express, their real feelings; that it is the very strength of their feelings that puts and keeps them upon this mode of concealment; and that the exclusive pointing of their raillery against each other is itself proof of a deep and growing attachment: though it must be confessed, that the ability to play so well is a great temptation to carry it to excess, or where it will be apt to cause something else than mirth. This it is that justifies the repetition of the stratagem, the same process being necessary in both cases "to get rid of their reciprocal disguises, and make them straightforward and in earnest." And the effect of the stratagem is to begin the unmasking which is so thoroughly completed by the wrongs and sufferings of

Hero . they are thus disciplined, for a time at least, out of their playing, and made to show themselves as they are: before we saw but their art, now we see their virtue; and this, though not a little clouded with faults, strikes us as something rather noble.

The wit of these persons, though seeming at first view much the same, is very nicely discriminated, discovering in her more sprightliness, in him more strength, of mind. Beatrice, intelligent but thoughtless, has little of reflection in her wit; but throws it off in rapid flashes whenever any object ministers a spark to her fancy. Though of the most piercing keenness and the most exquisite aptness, there is no ill-nature about it; it stings indeed, but does not poison. The offspring merely of the moment and the occasion, it strikes the fancy, but leaves no trace on the memory; but we feel that she forgets it as soon as we do. Its agility is infinite: wherever it may be, the instant one goes to put his hand upon it, he is sure to find or feel it somewhere else. — The wit of Benedick, on the other hand, springs more from reflection, and grows with the growth of thought. With all the pungency and nearly all the pleasantry, it lacks the free, spontaneous volubility, of hers. Hence in their skirmishes she always gets the better of him. But he makes ample amends when out of her presence, trundling of jests in whole paragraphs. In short, if his wit be slower, it is also stronger than hers: not so agile in manner, more weighty in matter, it shines less, but burns more; and as it springs much less out of the occasion, so it will bear repeating much better. — The effect of the serious events in bringing these persons into an armistice of wit is indeed a rare stroke of art; and perhaps some such thing was necessary, to prevent the impression of their being jesters by trade. It proves at least that Beatrice is a witty woman, and not a mere female wit.

The general view of life, as opened out in this play, is pretty clearly indicated by the title. The characters do indeed make or have *much ado;* but all the while to us who are in the secret, and ultimately to the persons themselves, all this much ado proves to be *about nothing*. Which is but a common difference in the aspect of things, as they appear to the spectators and to the partakers; it needs but an average experience to discover that real life is full of just such passages: what troubled and worried us yesterday, made others laugh then, and makes us laugh to-day: what we fret or grieve at in the progress, we still smile and make merry over in the result. This, we believe, is the simple upshot of what Ulrici, writing in a style that few know or care to understand, has discoursed upon with *much ado*, though we cannot quite add, *about nothing*.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

DON PEDRO, Prince of Arragon.
JOHN, his bastard Brother.
CLAUDIO, a young Lord of Florence, } Favourites of
BENEDICK, a young Lord of Padua, } Don Pedro.
LEONATO, Governor of Messina.
ANTONIO, his Brother.
BALTHAZAR, Servant to Don Pedro
BORACHIO, } Followers of John.
CONRADE, }
DOGBERRY, } Two foolish Officers.
VERGES, }
FRANCIS, a Friar.
A Sexton.
A Boy.

HERO, Daughter to Leonato.
BEATRICE, Niece to Leonato.
MARGARET, } Gentlewomen attending on Hero.
URSULA, }

Messengers, Watchmen, and Attendants.

SCENE, Messina

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

ACT I.

SCENE I. Before LEONATO's House.

Enter LEONATO, HERO, BEATRICE, *and others, with a Messenger.*

Leon. I LEARN in this letter, that Don Pedro of Arragon comes this night to Messina.

Mess. He is very near by this: he was not three leagues off when I left him.

Leon. How many gentlemen have you lost in this action?

Mess. But few of any sort, and none of name.

Leon. A victory is twice itself, when the achiever brings home full numbers. I find here, that Don Pedro hath bestowed much honour on a young Florentine, called Claudio.

Mess. Much deserv'd on his part, and equally remembered by Don Pedro: He hath borne himself beyond the promise of his age, doing in the figure of a lamb the feats of a lion: he hath, indeed, better better'd expectation, than you must expect of me to tell you how.

Leon. He hath an uncle here in Messina will be very much glad of it.

Mess. I have already delivered him letters, and there appears much joy in him; even so much, that

joy could not show itself modest enough, without a badge of bitterness.[1]

Leon. Did he break out into tears?

Mess. In great measure.

Leon. A kind overflow of kindness: There are no faces truer than those that are so wash'd. How much better it is to weep at joy, than to joy at weeping!

Beat. I pray you, is signior Montanto[2] return'd from the wars, or no?

Mess. I know none of that name, lady: there was none such in the army of any sort.[3]

Leon. What is he that you ask for, niece?

Hero. My cousin means signior Benedick of Padua.

Mess. O! he is return'd; and as pleasant as ever he was.

Beat. He set up his bills[4] here in Messina, and challeng'd Cupid at the flight;[5] and my uncle's fool, reading the challenge, subscrib'd for Cupid,

[1] In Chapman's version of the 10th Odyssey, a somewhat similar expression occurs: "Our eyes wore the same wet badge of weak humanity." This is an idea which Shakespeare apparently delighted to introduce. It occurs again in Macbeth: "My plenteous joys, wanton in fulness, seek to hide themselves in drops of sorrow."

[2] *Montanto* is an old term of the fencing-school, humorously or sarcastically applied here in the sense of a *bravado*. See The Merry Wives of Windsor, Act. ii. sc. 3, note 2. H.

[3] *Sort* is here used in the sense of *rank*. So, in A Midsummer-Night's Dream, Act iii. sc. 2: "None of nobler *sort* would so offend a virgin;" and in Measure for Measure, Act iv. sc. 4: "Give notice to such men of *sort* and suit, as are to meet him." H.

[4] This phrase was in common use for affixing a printed notice in some public place, long before Shakespeare's time, and long after.

[5] That is, dared him to a match with the flight. The *flight* was a long, slender, sharp arrow, such as Cupid shot with, so called because used for *flying* long distances, and to distinguish it from the *bird-bolt*, a short, thick, blunt arrow, used in a lower kind of

and challeng'd him at the bird-bolt. — I pray you, how many hath he kill'd and eaten in these wars? But how many hath he kill'd? for, indeed, I promis'd to eat all of his killing.

Leon. Faith, niece, you tax signior Benedick too much; but he'll be meet with you,[6] I doubt it not.

Mess. He hath done good service, lady, in these wars.

Beat. You had musty victual, and he hath holp to eat it: he is a very valiant trencher-man; he hath an excellent stomach.

Mess. And a good soldier too, lady.

Beat. And a good soldier to a lady; — but what is he to a lord?

Mess. A lord to a lord, a man to a man; stuff'd[7] with all honorable virtues.

Beat. It is so, indeed: he is no less than a stuff'd man; but for the stuffing! — Well, we are all mortal.

Leon. You must not, sir, mistake my niece: There is a kind of merry war betwixt signior Benedick and her: they never meet, but there's a skirmish of wit between them.

Beat. Alas! he gets nothing by that. In our last conflict four of his five wits[8] went halting off, and

archery, and permitted to fools. "A fool's bolt is soon shot," is an old proverb. See Twelfth Night, Act i. sc. 5, note 5. H.

[6] That is, he'll be *even* with you; or, as we should say, he'll be *up with* you. H.

[7] Mede, in his discourses on Scripture, speaking of Adam, says, "He whom God had *stuffed* with so many excellent qualities." Beatrice starts an idea at the words *stuffed man*, and prudently checks herself in the pursuit of it. A stuffed man appears to have been one of the many cant phrases for a cuckold.

[8] In Shakespeare's time, *the five wits* was used to denote both the five senses, and the intellectual powers, which were thought to correspond with the senses in number. Here it of course means the latter; as in the Poet's 141st Sonnet:

now is the whole man govern'd with one: so that if he have wit enough to keep himself warm, let him bear it for a difference[9] between himself and his horse; for it is all the wealth that he hath left, to be known a reasonable creature.—Who is his companion now? He hath every month a new sworn brother.

Mess. Is't possible?

Beat. Very easily possible: he wears his faith but as the fashion of his hat; it ever changes with the next block.[10]

Mess. I see, lady, the gentleman is not in your books.[11]

Beat. No; an he were, I would burn my study. But, I pray you, who is his companion? Is there no young squarer[12] now, that will make a voyage with him to the devil?

Mess. He is most in the company of the right noble Claudio.

Beat. O Lord! he will hang upon him like a disease: he is sooner caught than the pestilence,

"But my *five wits*, nor my *five senses* can
Dissuade one foolish heart from serving thee." H.

[9] This is an heraldic term. So, in Hamlet, Ophelia says,—"You may wear your rue with a *difference*."

[10] The mould on which a hat is formed. It is here used for *shape* or *fashion*.

[11] The most probable account derives this phrase from the custom of servants and retainers being entered in the books of those to whom they were attached. *To be in one's books* was *to be in favour*. That this was the ancient sense of the phrase, and its origin, appears from Florio: "*Casso*. Cashier'd, crossed, cancelled, or put *out of booke* and checke roule."

[12] That is, *quarreller*. To *square* was to take a posture of defiance or of resistance. So, in A Midsummer-Night's Dream, Act ii. sc. 1:

"And now they never meet in grove or green,
By fountain clear, or spangled star-light sheen,
But they do *square*." H.

and the taker runs presently mad. God help the noble Claudio! if he have caught the Benedick, it will cost him a thousand pound ere he be cur'd.

Mess. I will hold friends with you, lady.

Beat. Do, good friend.

Leon. You'll ne'er run mad, niece.

Beat. No, not till a hot January.

Mess. Don Pedro is approach'd.

Enter Don PEDRO, JOHN, CLAUDIO, BENEDICK, BALTHAZAR, *and others.*

D. Pedro. Good signior Leonato, are you come to meet your trouble? the fashion of the world is to avoid cost, and you encounter it.

Leon. Never came trouble to my house in the likeness of your grace: for, trouble being gone, comfort should remain; but, when you depart from me, sorrow abides, and happiness takes his leave.

D. Pedro. You embrace your charge too willingly. —I think this is your daughter.

Leon. Her mother hath many times told me so.

Bene. Were you in doubt, sir, that you ask'd her?

Leon. Signior Benedick, no; for then were you a child.

D. Pedro. You have it full, Benedick: we may guess by this what you are, being a man. Truly, the lady fathers herself:[13] —Be happy, lady, for you are like an honourable father.

Bene. If signior Leonato be her father, she would not have his head on her shoulders for all Messina, as like him as she is.

[13] common in Dorsetshire: "Jack fathers

Beat. I wonder that you will still be talking, signior Benedick: nobody marks you.

Bene. What, my dear lady Disdain! are you yet living?

Beat. Is it possible disdain should die, while she hath such meet food to feed it as signior Benedick? Courtesy itself must convert to disdain, if you come in her presence.

Bene. Then is courtesy a turncoat: — But it is certain, I am loved of all ladies, only you excepted: and I would I could find in my heart that I had not a hard heart; for, truly, I love none.

Beat. A dear happiness to women: they would else have been troubled with a pernicious suitor. I thank God, and my cold blood, I am of your humour for that: I had rather hear my dog bark at a crow, than a man swear he loves me.

Bene. God keep your ladyship still in that mind! so some gentleman or other shall 'scape a predestinate scratch'd face.

Beat. Scratching could not make it worse, an 'twere such a face as yours were.

Bene. Well, you are a rare parrot-teacher.

Beat. A bird of my tongue is better than a beast of yours.

Bene. I would my horse had the speed of your tongue; and so good a continuer: But keep your way o'God's name! I have done.

Beat. You always end with a jade's trick: I know you of old.

D. Pedro. This is the sum of all: Leonato, — signior Claudio, and signior Benedick, — my dear friend Leonato, hath invited you all. I tell him we shall stay here at the least a month; and he heartily prays some occasion may detain us longer: I

dare swear he is no hypocrite, but prays from his heart.

Leon. If you swear, my lord, you shall not be forsworn. — Let me bid you welcome, my lord: being reconciled to the prince your brother, I owe you all duty.

John. I thank you: I am not of many words, but I thank you.

Leon. Please it your grace lead on?

D. Pedro. Your hand, Leonato: we will go together. [*Exeunt all but* BENEDICK *and* CLAUDIO.

Claud. Benedick, didst thou note the daughter of signior Leonato?

Bene. I noted her not; but I look'd on her.

Claud. Is she not a modest young lady?

Bene. Do you question me, as an honest man should do, for my simple true judgment; or would you have me speak after my custom, as being a professed tyrant to their sex?

Claud. No; I pray thee, speak in sober judgment.

Bene. Why, i'faith, methinks she's too low for a high praise, too brown for a fair praise, and too little for a great praise: only this commendation I can afford her; that were she other than she is, she were unhandsome; and being no other but as she is, I do not like her.

Claud. Thou think'st I am in sport: I pray thee, tell me truly how thou lik'st her.

Bene. Would you buy her, that you inquire after her?

Claud. Can the world buy such a jewel?

Bene. Yea, and a case to put it into. But speak you this with a sad brow, or do you play the flouting Jack, to tell us Cupid is a good hare-finder, and

Vulcan a rare carpenter ?[14] Come, in what key shall a man take you, to go in the song ?[15]

Claud. In mine eye, she is the sweetest lady that ever I look'd on.

Bene. I can see yet without spectacles, and I see no such matter: there's her cousin, an she were not possess'd with a fury, exceeds her as much in beauty, as the first of May doth the last of December. But I hope you have no intent to turn husband, have you ?

Claud. I would scarce trust myself, though I had sworn the contrary, if Hero would be my wife.

Bene. Is't come to this, i'faith ? Hath not the world one man, but he will wear his cap with suspicion ?[16] Shall I never see a bachelor of threescore again ? Go to, i'faith; an thou wilt needs thrust thy neck into a yoke, wear the print of it, and sigh away Sundays.[17] Look, Don Pedro is returned to seek you.

Re-enter Don PEDRO.

D. Pedro. What secret hath held you here, that you followed not to Leonato's ?

Bene. I would your grace would constrain me to tell.

D. Pedro. I charge thee on thy allegiance.

Bene. You hear, Count Claudio: I can be secret as a dumb man, I would have you think so; but on

[14] Do you scoff and mock in telling us that Cupid, who is blind, is a good hare-finder; and that Vulcan, a blacksmith, is a good carpenter ?

[15] That is, join you, go along with you, in singing. H.

[16] That is, subject his head to the disquiet of jealousy.

[17] That is, become sad and serious, alluding to the manner in which the Puritans usually spent Sunday, with sighs and groanings, and other hypocritical marks of devotion.

my allegiance, — mark you this, on my allegiance. — He is in love. With whom? — now that is your grace's part. — Mark, how short his answer is: — With Hero, Leonato's short daughter.

Claud. If this were so, so were it utter'd.

Bene. Like the old tale, my lord: it is not so, nor 'twas not so; but, indeed, God forbid it should be so.[18]

[18] In illustration of this passage Mr. Blakeway has given his recollections of an old tale, which he thinks may be the one alluded to, very like some that we in our boyhood have often lain awake to hear, and been kept awake with thinking of after the hearing. "Once upon a time there lived a Mr. Fox, a bachelor, who made it his business to decoy or force young women to his house, that he might have their skeletons to adorn his chambers with. Near by dwelt a family, the lady Mary and her two brothers, whom Mr. Fox often visited, they, especially the lady, being much pleased with his company. One day, the lady, being left alone and having nothing else to do, thought to amuse herself by calling upon Mr. Fox, as he had often invited her to do. Knocking some time, but finding no one at home, she at length opened and went in. Over the portal was written, *Be bold, be bold, but not too bold.* Going forward, she saw the same over the stairway, and again over the door of the chamber at the head of the stairs. Opening this door, she saw at once what sort of work was carried on there. Retreating hastily, she saw out of the window Mr. Fox coming, holding a sword in one hand, and with the other dragging a young lady by the hair. She had just time to hide herself under the stairs before he entered. As he was going up stairs the young lady caught hold of the banister with her hand, whereon was a rich bracelet; he then cut off her hand, and it fell, bracelet and all, into Mary's lap, who took it, and, as soon as she could, hastened home. A few days after, Mr. Fox came to dine with her and her brothers. As they were entertaining each other with stories, she said she would tell them a strange dream she had lately had. She said, — I dreamed, Mr. Fox, that as you had often invited me to your house, I went there one morning. When I came, I knocked, but no one answered; when I opened the door, over the hall was written, *Be bold, be bold, but not too bold.* But, said she, turning to Mr. Fox and smiling, — *It is not so, nor it was not so.* Then she went on with the story, repeating this at every turn, till she came to the room full of dead bodies, when Mr. Fox took up the burden of the tale, saying, — *It is not so, nor it was not so, and God forbid it should be so;* which he kept repeating at every turn of the dreadful

Claud. If my passion change not shortly, God forbid it should be otherwise.

D. Pedro. Amen, if you love her; for the lady is very well worthy.

Claud. You speak this to fetch me in, my lord.

D. Pedro. By my troth, I speak my thought.

Claud. And in faith, my lord, I spoke mine.

Bene. And, by my two faiths and troths, my lord, I spoke mine.

Claud. That I love her, I feel.

D. Pedro. That she is worthy, I know.

Bene. That I neither feel how she should be loved, nor know how she should be worthy, is the opinion that fire cannot melt out of me: I will die in it at the stake.

D. Pedro. Thou wast ever an obstinate heretic in the despite of beauty.

Claud. And never could maintain his part, but in the force of his will.[19]

Bene. That a woman conceived me, I thank her: that she brought me up, I likewise give her most humble thanks; but that I will have a recheat[20] winded in my forehead, or hang my bugle in an invisible baldrick, all women shall pardon me: Because I will not do them the wrong to mistrust any,

ful story, till she came to his cutting off the lady's hand; then, upon his saying the same words, she replied,—*But it is so, and it was so, and here the hand I have to show*, at the same time producing the hand and bracelet from her lap; whereupon the guests drew their swords, and cut Mr. Fox into a thousand pieces." H

[19] Alluding to the definition of a heretic in the schools.

[20] Some of the Poet's jests about horns might well be spared. Benedick's meaning seems to be, that he would not render himself liable to have such an ornament in his forehead. A *recheat* was a peculiar sound of the bugle, whereby the hounds were called back from the chase. *Baldrick* is the belt whereby the huntsman's horn is slung. It is here called *invisible*, in reference to the same ideal horn, which, though never *seen*, is sometimes *felt*. H.

I will do myself the right to trust none; and the fine[21] is, (for the which I may go the finer,) I will live a bachelor.

D. Pedro. I shall see thee, ere I die, look pale with love.

Bene. With anger, with sickness, or with hunger, my lord; not with love: prove, that ever I lose more blood with love, than I will get again with drinking, pick out mine eyes with a ballad-maker's pen, and hang me up at the door of a brothel-house, for the sign of blind Cupid.

D. Pedro. Well, if ever thou dost fall from this faith, thou wilt prove a notable argument.

Bene. If I do, hang me in a bottle like a cat,[22] and shoot at me; and he that hits me, let him be clapp'd on the shoulder, and call'd Adam.[23]

D. Pedro. Well, as time shall try:
"In time the savage bull doth bear the yoke."[24]

Bene. The savage bull may; but if ever the sensible Benedick bear it, pluck off the bull's horns, and set them in my forehead; and let me be vilely painted, and in such great letters as they write, "Here is good horse to hire," let them signify under my sign — "Here you may see Benedick the married man."

Claud. If this should ever happen, thou wouldst be horn-mad.

D. Pedro. Nay, if Cupid have not spent all

[21] *The fine* is the conclusion.

[22] It seems to have been one of the inhuman sports of the time to enclose a cat in a wooden tub or bottle suspended aloft to be shot at.

[23] That is, Adam Bell, "a passing good archer," who, with Clym of the Clough and William of Cloudesly, were outlaws as famous in the north of England as Robin Hood and his fellows were in the midland counties.

[24] This line is from The Spanish Tragedy.

his quiver in Venice,[25] thou wilt quake for this shortly.

Bene. I look for an earthquake too, then.

D. Pedro. Well, you will temporize with the hours. In the mean time, good signior Benedick, repair to Leonato's: commend me to him, and tell him I will not fail him at supper; for, indeed, he hath made great preparation.

Bene. I have almost matter enough in me for such an embassage; and so I commit you —

Claud. To the tuition of God: From my house, if I had it. —

D. Pedro. The sixth of July: Your loving friend, Benedick.

Bene. Nay, mock not, mock not: The body of your discourse is sometime guarded[26] with fragments, and the guards are but slightly basted on neither: ere you flout old ends[27] any further, examine your conscience, and so I leave you. [*Exit* BENEDICK.

Claud. My liege, your highness now may do me good.

D. Pedro. My love is thine to teach: teach it but how,
And thou shalt see how apt it is to learn
Any hard lesson that may do thee good.

Claud. Hath Leonato any son, my lord?

D. Pedro. No child but Hero, she's his only heir:
Dost thou affect her, Claudio?

Claud. O! my lord,
When you went onward on this ended action,
I look'd upon her with a soldier's eye,

[25] Venice bore much the same character in Shakespeare's time as Paris does in ours; being celebrated as the great metropolis of profligate intrigue and pleasure. H.

[26] *Guards* were trimmings, ornaments of dress, what we call *facings*. See Measure for Measure, Act. iii. sc. 1. H.

[27] *Old ends* probably means the conclusions of letters, which were frequently couched in the quaint forms used above.

That lik'd, but had a rougher task in hand
Than to drive liking to the name of love:
But now I am return'd, and that war-thoughts
Have left their places vacant, in their rooms
Come thronging soft and delicate desires,
All prompting me how fair young Hero is,
Saying I lik'd her ere I went to wars.

D. Pedro. Thou wilt be like a lover presently,
And tire the hearer with a book of words:
If thou dost love fair Hero, cherish it;
And I will break with her, and with her father,
And thou shalt have her: Was't not to this end,
That thou began'st to twist so fine a story?

Claud. How sweetly do you minister to love,
That know love's grief by his complexion!
But lest my liking might too sudden seem,
I would have salv'd it with a longer treatise.

D. Pedro. What need the bridge much broader than the flood?
The fairest grant is the necessity:[28]
Look, what will serve, is fit: 'tis once,[29] thou lov'st;
And I will fit thee with the remedy.
I know we shall have revelling to-night:
I will assume thy part in some disguise,
And tell fair Hero I am Claudio;
And in her bosom I'll unclasp my heart,
And take her hearing prisoner with the force
And strong encounter of my amorous tale:
Then, after, to her father will I break;
And, the conclusion is, she shall be thine:
In practice let us put it presently. [*Exeunt.*

[28] Mr. Hayley, with great acuteness, proposed to read, "The fairest grant is *to* necessity;" i. e., *necessitas quod cogit defendit.* The meaning may, however, be, — "The fairest or most equitable concession is that which is needful only."

[29] That is, once for all. So, in Coriolanus: "*Once* if he do require our voices, we ought not to deny him."

SCENE II. A Room in LEONATO's House.

Enter LEONATO *and* ANTONIO.

Leon. How now, brother? Where is my cousin, your son? Hath he provided this music?

Ant. He is very busy about it. But, brother, I can tell you strange news that you yet dream'd not of.

Leon. Are they good?

Ant. As the event stamps them; but they have a good cover; they show well outward. The prince and Count Claudio, walking in a thick-pleached[1] alley in my orchard, were thus much overheard by a man of mine: The prince discovered to Claudio, that he loved my niece your daughter, and meant to acknowledge it this night in a dance; and, if he found her accordant, he meant to take the present time by the top, and instantly break with you of it.

Leon. Hath the fellow any wit, that told you this?

Ant. A good sharp fellow: I will send for him, and question him yourself.

Leon. No, no; we will hold it as a dream, till it appear itself: — but I will acquaint my daughter withal, that she may be the better prepared for an answer, if peradventure this be true. Go you, and tell her of it. [*Several persons cross the stage.*] Cousins,[2] you know what you have to do. — O! I cry you mercy, friend; go you with me, and I will use your skill: — Good cousins, have a care this busy time. [*Exeunt.*

[1] Thickly interwoven.

[2] *Cousins* were formerly enrolled among the dependants, if no the domestics, of great families, such as that of Leonato. — Petruchio, while intent on the subjection of Katharine, calls out in terms imperative for his *cousin* Ferdinand.

SCENE III. Another Room in LEONATO'S House.

Enter JOHN *and* CONRADE.

Con. What the good year,[1] my lord! why are you thus out of measure sad?

John There is no measure in the occasion that breeds it, therefore the sadness is without limit.

Con. You should hear reason.

John. And when I have heard it, what blessing bringeth it?

Con. If not a present remedy, at least a patient sufferance.

John. I wonder that thou, being (as thou say'st thou art) born under Saturn, goest about to apply a moral medicine to a mortifying mischief. I cannot hide what I am:[2] I must be sad when I have cause, and smile at no man's jests; eat when I have stomach, and wait for no man's leisure; sleep when I am drowsy, and tend to no man's business; laugh when I am merry, and claw[3] no man in his humour.

[1] The commentators say, that the original form of this exclamation was the *gougere*, i. e., *morbus gallicus;* which ultimately became obscure, and was corrupted into the *good year*, a very opposite form of expression.

[2] This is one of Shakespeare's natural touches. An envious and unsocial mind, too proud to give pleasure and too sullen to receive it, often endeavours to hide its malignity from the world and from itself, under the plainness of simple honesty or the dignity of haughty independence.

[3] To *claw*, in the sense of to scratch, and to ease by scratching, was often used for to *soothe*, *flatter*, or *curry favour*. Thus, in Howell's Letters: "Here it is not the style to *claw* and compliment with the King." *Claw-back* occurs in the same sense, both as a noun and a verb. Thus Camden says of Queen Elizabeth,—"When she often used the saying, That most men neglected the setting sun, these *claw-backs* ceased not to beat into her ears,—Who will neglect the wholesome beams of the clear sun shine, to behold the pitiful sparkling of the smaller stars?" H

Con. Yea, but you must not make the full show of this, till you may do it without controlment. You have of late stood out against your brother, and he hath ta'en you newly into his grace; where it is impossible you should take true root, but by the fair weather that you make yourself: it is needful that you frame the season for your own harvest.

John. I had rather be a canker[4] in a hedge, than a rose in his grace; and it better fits my blood to be disdain'd of all, than to fashion a carriage to rob love from any: in this, though I cannot be said to be a flattering honest man, it must not be denied but I am a plain-dealing villain. I am trusted with a muzzle, and enfranchis'd with a clog; therefore I have decreed not to sing in my cage: If I had my mouth, I would bite; if I had my liberty, I would do my liking: in the mean time, let me be that I am, and seek not to alter me.

Con. Can you make no use of your discontent?

John. I make all use of it, for I use it only.[5] Who comes here? What news, Borachio?

Enter Borachio.

Bora. I came yonder from a great supper: the prince, your brother, is royally entertained by Leonato; and I can give you intelligence of an intended marriage.

[4] A *canker* is the canker-rose, or dog-rose. So, in Henry IV.

"To put down Richard, that sweet lovely rose,
And plant this thorn, this *canker*, Bolingbroke."

Richardson says that in Devonshire the dog-rose is called the *canker*-rose. The meaning in the text is,—I had rather be a wild dog-rose in a hedge, than a garden-rose of his cherishing. u.

[5] That is, "for I make nothing else my counsellor."

John. Will it serve for any model[6] to build mischief on? What is he for a fool, that betroths himself to unquietness?

Bora. Marry, it is your brother's right hand

John. Who? the most exquisite Claudio?

Bora. Even he.

John. A proper squire! And who, and who? which way looks he?

Bora. Marry, on Hero, the daughter and heir of Leonato.

John. A very forward March chick! How came you to this?

Bora. Being entertain'd for a perfumer, as I was smoking a musty room,[7] comes me the prince and Claudio, hand in hand, in sad[8] conference: I whipt me behind the arras, and there heard it agreed upon, that the prince should woo Hero for himself, and having obtain'd her, give her to Count Claudio.

John. Come, come, let us thither: this may prove food to my displeasure: That young start-up hath all the glory of my overthrow: if I can cross him any way, I bless myself every way: You are both sure,[9] and will assist me?

Con. To the death, my lord.

John. Let us to the great supper: their cheer is the greater, that I am subdued: 'Would the cook were of my mind! — Shall we go prove what's to be done?

Bora. We'll wait upon your lordship. [*Exeunt.*

[6] *Model* is here used in an unusual sense, but Bullokar explains it, "*Model*, the *platforme*, or form of any thing."

[7] The neglect of cleanliness among our ancestors rendered such precautions too often necessary. In Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy: "The smoke of juniper is in great request with us at Oxford to *sweeten* our chambers."

[8] Serious. [9] That is, to be depended on

ACT II.

SCENE I. A Hall in LEONATO's House.

Enter LEONATO, ANTONIO, HERO, BEATRICE, *and others.*

Leon. Was not count John here at supper?

Ant. I saw him not.

Beat. How tartly that gentleman looks! I never can see him, but I am heart-burn'd an hour after.

Hero. He is of a very melancholy disposition.

Beat. He were an excellent man that were made just in the mid-way between him and Benedick: the one is too like an image, and says nothing; and the other too like my lady's eldest son, evermore tattling.

Leon. Then, half signior Benedick's tongue in count John's mouth, and half count John's melancholy in signior Benedick's face, —

Beat. With a good leg, and a good foot, uncle, and money enough in his purse, such a man would win any woman in the world, — if a' could get her good will.

Leon. By my troth, niece, thou wilt never get thee a husband, if thou be so shrewd of thy tongue.

Ant. In faith, she is too curst.

Beat. Too curst is more than curst: I shall lessen God's sending that way: for it is said, "God sends a curst cow short horns;" but to a cow too curst he sends none.

Leon. So, by being too curst, God will send you no horns.

Beat. Just, if he send me no husband; for the

which blessing I am at Him upon my knees every morning and evening: Lord! I could not endure a husband with a beard on his face: I had rather lie in the woollen.

Leon. You may light upon a husband that hath no beard.

Beat. What should I do with him? dress him in my apparel, and make him my waiting gentlewoman? He that hath a beard is more than a youth, and he that hath no beard is less than a man; and he that is more than a youth is not for me, and he that is less than a man I am not for him: Therefore I will even take sixpence in earnest of the bear-ward, and lead his apes into hell.

Leon. Well, then, go you into hell?

Beat. No; but to the gate; and there will the devil meet me, like an old cuckold, with horns on his head, and say, "Get you to heaven, Beatrice, get you to heaven; here's no place for you maids:" so deliver I up my apes, and away to Saint Peter for the heavens: he shows me where the bachelors sit, and there live we as merry as the day is long.

Ant. [*To* HERO.] Well, niece, I trust you will be rul'd by your father.

Beat. Yes, faith; it is my cousin's duty to make courtesy and say, "Father, as it please you:"—but yet for all that, cousin, let him be a handsome fellow, or else make another courtesy and say, "Father, as it please me."

Leon. Well, niece, I hope to see you one day fitted with a husband.

Beat. Not till God make men of some other metal than earth. Would it not grieve a woman to be over-master'd with a piece of valiant dust? to make an account of her life to a clod of wayward

marl? No, uncle, I'll none: Adam's sons are my brethren; and, truly, I hold it a sin to match in my kindred.

Leon. Daughter, remember what I told you: if the prince do solicit you in that kind, you know your answer.

Beat. The fault will be in the music, cousin, if you be not wooed in good time: if the prince be too important,[1] tell him there is measure[2] in every thing, and so dance out the answer. For, hear me, Hero: Wooing, wedding, and repenting, is as a Scotch jig, a measure, and a cinque-pace:[3] the first suit is hot and hasty, like a Scotch jig, and full as fantastical; the wedding mannerly-modest, as a measure full of state and ancientry; and then comes repentance, and with his bad legs falls into the cinque-pace faster and faster, till he sink into his grave.

Leon. Cousin, you apprehend passing shrewdly

Beat. I have a good eye, uncle: I can see a church by daylight.

Leon. The revellers are entering, brother: Make good room!

[1] *Important* and *importunate* were sometimes used indiscriminately. See Twelfth Night, Act v. sc. 1, note 17. H.

[2] A *measure*, in old language, besides its ordinary meaning, signified also *a dance*. So, in Richard II.:

> "My legs can keep no *measure* in delight,
> When my poor heart no *measure* keeps in grief."

The *measures* were grave, solemn dances with slow and measured steps like the minuet; and therefore described as "full of state and ancientry."

[3] The *cinque-pace* was a dance, the measures whereof were regulated by the number five. See Twelfth Night, Act i. sc. 3 note 10. H.

Enter Don PEDRO, CLAUDIO, BENEDICK, BALTHAZAR; JOHN, BORACHIO, MARGARET, URSULA, *and maskers.*

D. Pedro. Lady, will you walk about with your friend?

Hero. So you walk softly, and look sweetly, and say nothing, I am yours for the walk; and especially when I walk away.

D. Pedro. With me in your company?

Hero. I may say so, when I please.

D. Pedro. And when please you to say so?

Hero. When I like your favour; for God defend, the lute should be like the case![4]

D. Pedro. My visor is Philemon's roof; within the house is Jove.[5]

Hero. Why, then your visor should be thatch'd.

D. Pedro. Speak low, if you speak love.

[*Takes her aside.*

Balth. Well, I would you did like me.

Marg. So would not I, for your own sake; for I have many ill qualities.

Balth. Which is one?

Marg. I say my prayers aloud.

Balth. I love you the better; the hearers may cry Amen.

[4] That is, God forbid that your face should be like your mask.

[5] Alluding to the fable of Baucis and Philemon in Ovid, who describes the old couple as living in a thatched cottage: "*Stipulis et cannâ tecta palustri;*" which Golding renders: "The *roofe* thereof was *thatched* all with straw and fennish reede." Jaques, in As You Like It, again alludes to it: "O knowledge ill-inhabited, worse than *Jove in a thatched-house.*"

Marg. And God keep him out of my sight, when the dance is done! — Answer, clerk.

Balth. No more words: the clerk is answered.

Urs. I know you well enough: you are signior Antonio.

Ant. At a word, I am not.

Urs. I know you by the waggling of your head.

Ant. To tell you true, I counterfeit him.

Urs. You could never do him so ill-well, unless you were the very man: Here's his dry hand up and down;[6] you are he, you are he.

Ant. At a word, I am not.

Urs. Come, come; do you think I do not know you by your excellent wit? Can virtue hide itself? Go to, mum, you are he: graces will appear, and there's an end.

Beat. Will you not tell me who told you so?

Bene. No, you shall pardon me.

Beat. Nor will you not tell me who you are?

Bene. Not now.

Beat. That I was disdainful, — and that I had my good wit out of The Hundred Merry Tales;[7]

[6] So, in The Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act ii. sc. 3, Launce says, "Here's my mother's breath *up and down*." The phrase apparently means *exactly, precisely;* something like those of our time, *out and out, all over, to a t.* H.

[7] This was the term for a *jest-book* in Shakespeare's time, from a popular collection of that name, about which the commentators were much puzzled, until a large fragment was discovered in 1815, by the Rev. J. Conybeare, Professor of Poetry in Oxford. It was printed by Rastell, and therefore must have been published previous to 1533. Another collection of the same kind, called Tales and Quicke Answeres, printed by Berthelette, and of nearly equal antiquity, was also reprinted at the same time; and it is remarkable that this collection is cited by Sir John Harrington under the title of The Hundred Merry Tales. It continued for a long period to be the popular name for collections of this sort; for in the London Chaunticlere, 1659, it is mentioned as being cried for sale by a ballad man.

— Well, this was signior Benedick that said so.

Bene. What's he?

Beat. I am sure you know him well enough.

Bene. Not I, believe me.

Beat. Did he never make you laugh?

Bene. I pray you, what is he?

Beat. Why, he is the prince's jester: a very dull fool; only his gift is in devising impossible slanders: none but libertines delight in him; and the commendation is not in his wit, but in his villany; for he both pleaseth men, and angers them, and then they laugh at him, and beat him: I am sure he is in the fleet; I would he had boarded[8] me.

Bene. When I know the gentleman, I'll tell him what you say.

Beat. Do, do; he'll but break a comparison or two on me; which, peradventure, not mark'd, or not laugh'd at, strikes him into melancholy; and then there's a partridge wing saved, for the fool will eat no supper that night. [*Music within.*] We must follow the leaders.

Bene. In every good thing.

Beat. Nay, if they lead to any ill, I will leave them at the next turning.

[*Dance. Then exeunt all but* JOHN, BORACHIO, *and* CLAUDIO.

John. Sure, my brother is amorous on Hero, and hath withdrawn her father to break with him about it: The ladies follow her, and but one visor remains.

Bora. And that is Claudio; I know him by his bearing.[9]

John. Are not you signior Benedick?

[8] *Boarded*, besides its usual meaning, signified *accosted*.
[9] Carriage, demeanour.

Claud. You know me well: I am he.

John. Signior, you are very near my brother in his love: he is enamour'd on Hero. I pray you dissuade him from her; she is no equal for his birth: you may do the part of an honest man in it.

Claud. How know you he loves her?

John. I heard him swear his affection.

Bora. So did I too; and he swore he would marry her to-night.

John. Come, let us to the banquet.

[*Exeunt* JOHN *and* BORACHIO.

Claud. Thus answer I in name of Benedick,
But hear these ill news with the ears of Claudio.—
'Tis certain so:—the prince woos for himself.
Friendship is constant in all other things,
Save in the office and affairs of love:
Therefore,[10] all hearts in love use their own tongues;
Let every eye negotiate for itself,
And trust no agent; for beauty is a witch,
Against whose charms faith melteth into blood.[11]
This is an accident of hourly proof,
Which I mistrusted not: Farewell, therefore, Hero!

Re-enter BENEDICK.

Bene. Count Claudio?

Claud. Yea, the same.

Bene. Come, will you go with me?

Claud. Whither?

Bene. Even to the next willow, about your own business, count. What fashion will you wear the garland of? About your neck, like an usurer's

[10] *Let*, which is found in the next line, is understood here.

[11] *Blood* signifies *amorous heat* or *passion*. So, in All's Well that Ends Well, Act iii. sc. 7: "Now his important *blood* will nought deny, that she'll demand."

chain,[12] or under your arm, like a lieutenant's scarf? You must wear it one way, for the prince hath got your Hero.

Claud. I wish him joy of her.

Bene. Why, that's spoken like an honest drover; so they sell bullocks. But did you think the prince would have served you thus?

Claud. I pray you, leave me.

Bene. Ho! now you strike like the blind man: 'twas the boy that stole your meat, and you'll beat the post.

Claud. If it will not be, I'll leave you. [*Exit.*

Bene. Alas, poor hurt fowl! Now will he creep into sedges. — But, that my lady Beatrice should know me, and not know me! The prince's fool! Ha! it may be I go under that title, because I am merry. Yea; but so I am apt to do myself wrong. — I am not so reputed: it is the base though bitter disposition of Beatrice, that puts the world into her person, and so gives me out.[13] Well, I'll be revenged as I may.

Re-enter Don PEDRO.

D. Pedro. Now, signior, where's the count? Did you see him?

Bene. Troth, my lord, I have played the part of lady Fame. I found him here as melancholy as a

[12] Chains of gold of considerable value were in Shakespeare's time worn by wealthy citizens and others, in the same manner as they are now on public occasions by the aldermen of London. Usury was then a common topic of invective. So, in The Choice of Change, 1598: "Three sortes of people, in respect of necessity, may be accounted good: — *Merchants*, for they may play the *usurers*, instead of the Jews." Again, "There is a scarcity of Jews, because Christians make an occupation of *usurie*."

[13] That is, who takes upon herself to personate the world, and so fancies that the world thinks jus as she does. In nearly al

lodge in a warren:[14] I told him, and I think I told him true, that your grace had got the good will of this young lady; and I offered him my company to a willow tree, either to make him a garland, as being forsaken, or to bind him up a rod, as being worthy to be whipp'd.

D. Pedro. To be whipp'd! What's his fault?

Bene. The flat transgression of a schoolboy; who, being overjoyed with finding a bird's nest, shows it his companion, and he steals it.

D. Pedro. Wilt thou make a trust a trangression? The transgression is in the stealer.

Bene. Yet it had not been amiss, the rod had been made, and the garland too: for the garland he might have worn himself; and the rod he might have bestowed on you, who, as I take it, have stol'n his bird's nest.

D. Pedro. I will but teach them to sing, and restore them to the owner.

Bene. If their singing answer your saying, by my faith, you say honestly.

D. Pedro. The lady Beatrice hath a quarrel to you: the gentleman, that danc'd with her, told her she is much wrong'd by you.

Bene. O! she misus'd me past the endurance of a block: an oak, but with one green leaf on it, would have answered her: my very visor began to assume life, and scold with her: She told me, not thinking I had been myself, that I was the prince's

modern editions, *the base though bitter disposition* is changed to *the base, the bitter disposition;* probably because the editors could discover no antithesis between *base* and *bitter*. Perhaps they would have seen the appropriateness of *though*, had they but understood *bitter* in the sense of *sharp, witty, satirical.* H.

[14] A similar image of loneliness occurs in Measure for Measure: "At the moated grange resides this dejected Mariana." H.

jester, and that I was duller than a great thaw; huddling jest upon jest, with such impossible[15] conveyance, upon me, that I stood like a man at a mark, with a whole army shooting at me. She speaks poniards, and every word stabs: if her breath were as terrible as her terminations, there were no living near her; she would infect to the north star. I would not marry her, though she were endowed with all that Adam had left him before he transgress'd: she would have made Hercules have turn'd spit; yea, and have cleft his club to make the fire too. Come, talk not of her; you shall find her the infernal Até in good apparel.[16] I would to God some scholar would conjure her; for, certainly, while she is here, a man may live as quiet in hell as in a sanctuary; and people sin upon purpose, because they would go thither: so, indeed, all disquiet, horror, and perturbation follow her.

Re-enter CLAUDIO, BEATRICE, HERO, *and* LEONATO.

D. Pedro. Look, here she comes.

Bene. Will your grace command me any service to the world's end? I will go on the slightest errand now to the Antipodes, that you can devise to send me on: I will fetch you a toothpicker now from the farthest inch of Asia; bring you the length

[15] That is, "with a rapidity equal to that of jugglers," whose *conveyances* or tricks appear *impossibilities*. *Impossible* may, however, be used in the sense of *incredible* or *inconceivable*, both here and in the beginning of the scene, where Beatrice speaks of "*impossible* slanders."

[16] Upon this passage Warburton remarks, and Collier endorses him, that "the ancient poets and painters represent the *Furies in rags* Até, however, was not a Fury, but the daughter of Jupiter and goddess of mischief and discord. H.

of Prester John's foot;[17] fetch you a hair of the great Cham's beard; do you any embassage to the Pigmies, rather than hold three words' conference with this harpy: You have no employment for me?

D. Pedro. None, but to desire your good company.

Bene. O God! sir, here's a dish I love not: I cannot endure my lady Tongue. [*Exit.*

D. Pedro. Come, lady, come; you have lost the heart of signior Benedick.

Beat. Indeed, my lord, he lent it me a while; and I gave him use[18] for it, a double heart for his single one: marry, once before he won it of me with false dice; therefore your grace may well say I have lost it.

D. Pedro. You have put him down, lady; you have put him down.

Beat. So I would not he should do me, my lord, lest I should prove the mother of fools. I have brought count Claudio, whom you sent me to seek.

D. Pedro. Why, how now, count! wherefore are you sad?

Claud. Not sad, my lord.

D. Pedro. How then? Sick?

Claud. Neither, my lord.

Beat. The count is neither sad, nor sick, nor merry, nor well; but civil, count; civil as an orange,[19] and something of that jealous complexion.

D. Pedro. I'faith, lady, I think your blazon to be

[17] How difficult this had been, may be guessed from Butler's account of that distinguished John:

"While like the mighty Prester John,
Whose person none dares look upon,
But is preserv'd in close disguise
From being made cheap to vulgar eyes." M.

[18] Interest.

[19] A quibble; alluding to the *Seville orange*, a fruit then well known in London. M

true; though I'll be sworn, if he be so, his conceit is false. Here, Claudio, I have wooed in thy name, and fair Hero is won: I have broke with her father, and his good will obtained: name the day of marriage, and God give thee joy!

Leon. Count, take of me my daughter, and with her my fortunes: his grace hath made the match, and all grace say Amen to it!

Beat. Speak, count; 'tis your cue.

Claud. Silence is the perfectest herald of joy: I were but little happy, if I could say how much.—Lady, as you are mine, I am yours: I give away myself for you, and dote upon the exchange.

Beat. Speak, cousin; or, if you cannot, stop his mouth with a kiss, and let him not speak neither.

D. Pedro. In faith, lady, you have a merry heart.

Beat. Yea, my lord: I thank it, poor fool, it keeps on the windy side of care.—My cousin tells him in his ear, that he is in her heart.

Claud. And so she doth, cousin.

Beat. Good Lord, for alliance!—Thus goes every one to the world but I;[20] and I am sunburn'd: I may sit in a corner, and cry heigh-ho! for a husband.

[20] *To go to the world* is used by Shakespeare for *to get married.* Thus, in All's Well that Ends Well, Act i. sc. 3, the Clown says,—"If I may have your ladyship's good will *to go to the world*, Isabel, the woman, and I will do as we may." And in As You Like It, Act v. sc. 3, Audrey says,—"I hope it is no dishonest desire, to desire *to be a woman of the world.*"—*Good Lord, for alliance!* seems to mean,—Good Lord, how matrimony prospers! Mr. Collier, however, points the passage thus: "Good Lord! for alliance thus goes every one to the world but I;" which might do very well but for the tautology it makes, the sense in that case being, "for marriage thus every one gets married but I."—*I am sun-burn'd* means, I have lost my beauty, and so am not one of Hymen's prizes. Thus, in Troilus and Cressida, Act i. sc. 3: "The Grecian dames were *sun-burn'd*, and not worth the splinter of a lance." H.

D. Pedro. Lady Beatrice, I will get you one.

Beat. I would rather have one of your father's getting: Hath your grace ne'er a brother like you? Your father got excellent husbands, if a maid could come by them.

D. Pedro. Will you have me, lady?

Beat. No, my lord, unless I might have another for working-days: your grace is too costly to wear every day: — But, I beseech your grace, pardon me: I was born to speak all mirth, and no matter.

D. Pedro. Your silence most offends me, and to be merry best becomes you; for, out of question, you were born in a merry hour.

Beat. No, sure, my lord; my mother cried; but then there was a star danc'd, and under that was I born. — Cousins, God give you joy!

Leon. Niece, will you look to those things I told you of?

Beat. I cry you mercy, uncle. — By your grace's pardon. [*Exit* BEATRICE.

D. Pedro. By my troth, a pleasant-spirited lady.

Leon. There's little of the melancholy element in her, my lord: she is never sad, but when she sleeps; and not ever sad then; for I have heard my daughter say, she hath often dream'd of unhappiness,[21] and wak'd herself with laughing.

D. Pedro. She cannot endure to hear tell of a husband.

Leon. O, by no means! she mocks all her wooers out of suit.

D. Pedro. She were an excellent wife for Benedick.

[21] That is, mischief. *Unhappy* was often used for *mischievous*, as we now say an *unlucky* boy for a *mischievous* boy. So, in All's Well that Ends Well, Act iv. sc. 5: "A shrewd knave and an *unhappy*."

Leon. O Lord! my lord, if they were but a week married, they would talk themselves mad.

D. Pedro. Count Claudio, when mean you to go to Church?

Claud. To-morrow, my lord: Time goes on crutches, till Love have all his rites.

Leon. Not till Monday, my dear son, which is hence a just seven-night: and a time too brief, too, to have all things answer my mind.

D. Pedro. Come, you shake the head at so long a breathing; but I warrant thee, Claudio, the time shall not go dully by us: I will in the interim undertake one of Hercules' labours; which is, to bring signior Benedick and the lady Beatrice into a mountain of affection, the one with the other. I would fain have it a match; and I doubt not but to fashion it, if you three will but minister such assistance as I shall give you direction.

Leon. My lord, I am for you, though it cost me ten nights' watchings.

Claud. And I, my lord.

D. Pedro. And you too, gentle Hero?

Hero. I will do any modest office, my lord, to help my cousin to a good husband.

D. Pedro. And Benedick is not the unhopefullest husband that I know: Thus far can I praise him: He is of a noble strain,[22] of approved valour, and

[22] *Strain*, sometimes spelt *strene*, means *stock*, *lineage*, *descent*, from the Anglo-Saxon *strind*, and another word than *strain*, from the German *strengen*. Thus Spenser has,—"Sprung of the auncient stocke of princes *straine*." Again,—"For that same Beast was bred of hellish *strene*." And he speaks of "sacred Reverence yborne of heavenly *strene*." The word occurs several times in Shakespeare. Thus in Henry V., Act ii. sc. 4:

"And he is bred out of that bloody *strain*
That haunted us in our familiar paths." H.

confirm'd honesty. I will teach you how to humour your cousin, that she shall fall in love with Benedick; — and I, with your two helps, will so practise on Benedick, that, in despite of his quick wit and his queasy stomach, he shall fall in love with Beatrice. If we can do this, Cupid is no longer an archer: his glory shall be ours, for we are the only love-gods. Go in with me, and I will tell you my drift. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. Another Room in LEONATO's House

Enter JOHN *and* BORACHIO.

John. It is so: the count Claudio shall marry the daughter of Leonato.

Bora. Yea, my lord; but I can cross it.

John. Any bar, any cross, any impediment will be medicinable to me: I am sick in displeasure to him; and whatsoever comes athwart his affection ranges evenly with mine. How canst thou cross this marriage?

Bora. Not honestly, my lord; but so covertly that no dishonesty shall appear in me.

John. Show me briefly how.

Bora. I think I told your lordship, a year since, how much I am in the favour of Margaret, the waiting-gentlewoman to Hero.

John. I remember.

Bora. I can, at any unseasonable instant of the night, appoint her to look out at her lady's chamber-window.

John. What life is in that to be the death of this marriage?

Bora. The poison of that lies in you to temper Go you to the prince your brother: spare not to

tell him that he hath wronged his honour in marrying the renowned Claudio (whose estimation do you mightily hold up) to a contaminated stale,[1] such a one as Hero.

John. What proof shall I make of that?

Bora. Proof enough to misuse the prince, to vex Claudio, to undo Hero, and kill Leonato: Look you for any other issue?

John. Only to despite them, I will endeavour any thing.

Bora. Go then; find me a meet hour to draw Don Pedro and the count Claudio alone: tell them that you know that Hero loves me; intend[2] a kind of zeal both to the prince and Claudio, as — in love of your brother's honour, who hath made this match, and his friend's reputation, who is thus like to be cozen'd with the semblance of a maid — that you have discover'd thus. They will scarcely believe this without trial: offer them instances; which shall bear no less likelihood, than to see me at her chamber-window; hear me call Margaret Hero; hear Margaret term me Claudio:[3] and bring them to see this, the very night before the intended wed-

[1] Shakespeare uses *stale* here, and in a subsequent scene, for *an abandoned woman.* A *stale* also meant a *decoy* or *lure*, but the two words had different origins. It is obvious why the term was applied to prostitutes.

[2] Pretend.

[3] So in all the old copies. Theobald thought it should read *Borachio* instead of Claudio; whereas the expression, *term me*, infers that a false name is to be agreed upon between the speaker and Margaret. Both Claudio and the Prince might well be persuaded that Hero received a clandestine lover, whom she *called* Claudio, in order to deceive her attendants, should any be within hearing; and this they would of course deem an aggravation of her offence. It is hardly worth the while to add, that *they* would be in no danger of supposing the man, whom Margaret *termed* Claudio, to be Claudio in fact. It seems strange that so much ink should have been thrown away on so plain a matter. H

ding; for in the mean time I will so fashion the matter, that Hero shall be absent; and there shall appear such seeming truth of Hero's disloyalty, that jealousy shall be call'd assurance, and all the preparation overthrown.

John. Grow this to what adverse issue it can, I will put it in practice: Be cunning in the working this, and thy fee is a thousand ducats.

Bora. Be you constant in the accusation, and my cunning shall not shame me.

John. I will presently go learn their day of marriage. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. Leonato's Garden.

Enter Benedick.[1]

Bene. Boy!

Enter a Boy.

Boy. Signior.

Bene. In my chamber-window lies a book; bring it hither to me in the orchard.[2]

Boy. I am here, already, sir.

Bene. I know that; — but I would have thee hence, and here again. [*Exit Boy.*] — I do much wonder that one man, seeing how much another

[1] In the original, both quarto and folio, the stage direction here is, "Enter Benedick alone;" in all modern editions till Mr. Collier's it is, "Enter Benedick and a Boy." The original is probably right, the design being that Benedick shall be seen pacing to and fro, ruminating and digesting the matter of his forthcoming soliloquy. In this state his mind gets so deep in philosophy, that he wants a book to feed the appetite which passing events have awakened. Of course the boy comes when called for. H.

[2] *Orchard* in Shakespeare's time signified a *garden*. So, in Romeo and Juliet: "The orchard walls are high and hard to climb." This word was first written *hort-yard*, then by corruption *hortchard*, and hence orchard.

man is a fool when he dedicates his behaviours to love, will, after he hath laugh'd at such shallow follies in others, become the argument of his own scorn by falling in love; and such a man is Claudio. I have known when there was no music with him but the drum and the fife; and now had he rather hear the tabor and the pipe: I have known when he would have walk'd ten mile afoot, to see a good armour; and now will he lie ten nights awake, carving the fashion of a new doublet.[3] He was wont to speak plain, and to the purpose, like an honest man and a soldier; and now is he turn'd orthographer: his words are a very fantastical banquet, just so many strange dishes. May I be so converted, and see with these eyes? I cannot tell; I think not: I will not be sworn, but love may transform me to an oyster; but I'll take my oath on it, till he have made an oyster of me, he shall never make me such a fool. One woman is fair; yet I am well: another is wise; yet I am well: another virtuous; yet I am well: but till all graces be in one woman, one woman shall not come in my grace. Rich she shall be, that's certain; wise, or I'll none; virtuous, or I'll never cheapen her; fair, or I'll never look on her; mild, or come not near me; noble, or not I for an angel; of good discourse, an excellent musician, and her hair shall be of what colour it please God.[4] Ha! the prince and monsieur Love! I will hide me in the arbour. [*Withdraws.*

[3] This folly is the theme of all comic satire. In Barnabe Riche's Faults and Nothing but Faults, 1606, "The fashionmonger that spends his time in the contemplation of suites" is said to have "a sad and heavy countenance," because his tailor "hath cut his new sute after the olde stampe of some stale fashion that is at the least of a whole fortnight's standing."

[4] Disguises of false hair and of dyed hair were quite common.

Enter Don PEDRO, LEONATO, *and* CLAUDIO.

D. Pedro. Come, shall we hear this music?

Claud. Yea, my good lord: — How still the evening is,
As hush'd on purpose to grace harmony!

D. Pedro. See you where Benedick hath hid himself?

Claud. O! very well, my lord: the music ended,
We'll fit the kid-fox[5] with a penny-worth.

Enter BALTHAZAR, *with musicians.*

D. Pedro. Come, Balthazar, we'll hear that song again.

Balth. O! good my lord, tax not so bad a voice
To slander music any more than once.

D. Pedro. It is the witness still of excellency,
To put a strange face on his own perfection: —
I pray thee, sing, and let me woo no more.

Balth. Because you talk of wooing, I will sing:
Since many a wooer doth commence his suit

especially among the ladies, in Shakespeare's time; scarce any of them being so richly dowered with other gifts as to be content with the hair which it had pleased Nature to bestow. The Poet has several passages going to show that this custom was not much in favour with him; as in Love's Labour's Lost, Act iv. sc. 3, where Biron "mourns that painting and usurping hair should ravish doters with a false aspect." That in this as in other things his mind went with Nature, further appears from his making so sensible a fellow as Benedick talk that way. H.

[5] A deal of learned, but, as it would seem, not very wise ink has been shed about this little innocent word. Some editors print it *hid-fox;* others say *kid* means *discovered* or *detected,* there being an old word, *kith, kid,* with that meaning; as in John Skelton's Image of Ypocresy: "The truth cannot be hid, for it is plain *kid.*" Probably there need be no scruple about taking the word to mean a *young fox.* Richardson quotes it as such in his Dictionary. H.

To her he thinks not worthy; yet he woos,
Yet will he swear, he loves.

D. Pedro. Nay, pray thee, come;
Or, if thou wilt hold longer argument,
Do it in notes.

Balth. Note this before my notes,
There's not a note of mine that's worth the noting.

D. Pedro. Why, these are very crotchets that he speaks;
Note, notes, forsooth, and nothing! [*Music.*

Bene. [*Aside.*] Now, divine air! now is his soul ravished! — Is it not strange, that sheep's guts should hale souls out of men's bodies?[6] — Well, a horn for my money, when all's done.

The Song.

I.

Balth. Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more,
Men were deceivers ever;
One foot in sea, and one on shore,
To one thing constant never:
Then sigh not so,
But let them go,
And be you blithe and bonny;
Converting all your sounds of woe
Into, Hey nonny, nonny.

II.

Sing no more ditties, sing no mo
Of dumps so dull and heavy;
The fraud of men was ever so,
Since summer first was leavy:
Then sigh not so, &c.

[6] A similar tribute to the power of music occurs in Twelfth Night, Act ii. sc. 3, only it is there spoken of as able to "draw three souls out of one weaver." H.

D. Pedro. By my troth, a good song.

Balth. And an ill singer, my lord.

D. Pedro. Ha! no, no; faith, thou singest well enough for a shift.

Bene. [*Aside.*] An he had been a dog, that should have howl'd thus, they would have hang'd him: and I pray God his bad voice bode no mischief! I had as lief have heard the night-raven,[7] come what plague could have come after it.

D. Pedro. Yea, marry; dost thou hear, Balthazar? I pray thee, get us some excellent music; for to-morrow night we would have it at the lady Hero's chamber-window.

Balth. The best I can, my lord.

D. Pedro. Do so: farewell. [*Exeunt* BALTHAZAR *and musicians.*] Come hither, Leonato: What was it you told me of to-day? that your niece Beatrice was in love with signior Benedick?

Claud. [*Aside to Pedro.*] O, ay: — Stalk on, stalk on;[8] the fowl sits. — [*Aloud.*] I did never think that lady would have loved any man.

Leon. No, nor I neither; but most wonderful, that she should so dote on signior Benedick, whom she hath in all outward behaviours seemed ever to abhor.

[7] That is, the owl; νυκτικόραξ. So, in 3 Henry VI.: "The *night-crow* cried, aboding luckless time." Thus also Milton, in L'Allegro: "And the *night-raven* sings."

[8] An allusion to the *stalking-horse*, whereby the fowler anciently screened himself from the sight of the game. It is thus described in John Gee's New Shreds of the Old Snare: "Methinks I behold the cunning fowler, such as I have known in the fen-countries and elsewhere, that do shoot at woodcocks, snipes, and wild-fowl, by sneaking behind a painted cloth which they carry before them, having pictured on it the shape of a horse; which while the silly fowl gazeth on, it is knocked down with hail-shot and so put into the fowler's budget.' H.

Bene. [*Aside.*] Is't possible? Sits the wind in that corner?

Leon. By my troth, my lord, I cannot tell what to think of it, but that she loves him with an enraged affection: — it is past the infinite of thought.

D. Pedro. May be, she doth but counterfeit.

Claud. 'Faith, like enough.

Leon. O God! counterfeit! There never was counterfeit of passion came so near the life of passion, as she discovers it.

D. Pedro. Why, what effects of passion shows she?

Claud. [*Aside.*] Bait the hook well; this fish will bite.

Leon. What effects, my lord! She will sit you, — you heard my daughter tell you how.

Claud. She did, indeed.

D. Pedro. How, how, I pray you? You amaze me: I would have thought her spirit had been invincible against all assaults of affection.

Leon. I would have sworn it had, my lord; especially against Benedick.

Bene. [*Aside.*] I should think this a gull, but that the white-bearded fellow speaks it: knavery cannot, sure, hide himself in such reverence.

Claud. [*Aside.*] He hath ta'en the infection; hold it up.

D. Pedro. Hath she made her affection known to Benedick?

Leon. No, and swears she never will; that's her torment.

Claud. 'Tis true, indeed; so your daughter says: "Shall I," says she, "that have so oft encounter'd him with scorn, write to him that I love him?"

Leon. This says she now when she is beginning

to write to him: for she'll be up twenty times a night; and there will she sit in her smock, till she have writ a sheet of paper: — My daughter tells us all.

Claud. Now you talk of a sheet of paper, I remember a pretty jest your daughter told us of.

Leon. O! — When she had writ it, and was reading it over, she found Benedick and Beatrice between the sheet? —

Claud. That.

Leon. O! she tore the letter into a thousand half pence;[9] rail'd at herself, that she should be so immodest to write to one that she knew would flout her: — "I measure him," says she, "by my own spirit; for I should flout him, if he writ to me; yea, though I love him, I should."

Claud. Then down upon her knees she falls, weeps, sobs, beats her heart, tears her hair, prays, cries; — "O sweet Benedick! God give me patience!"

Leon. She doth indeed; my daughter says so: and the ecstasy hath so much overborne her, that my daughter is sometime afraid she will do a desperate outrage to herself: It is very true.

D. Pedro. It were good that Benedick knew of it by some other, if she will not discover it.

Claud. To what end? He would but make a sport of it, and torment the poor lady worse.

D. Pedro. An he should, it were an alms to hang him: She's an excellent sweet lady; and out of all suspicion she is virtuous.

Claud. And she is exceeding wise.

[9] That is, into a thousand *small pieces;* it should be remembered that the *silver* halfpence, which were then current, were very minute pieces.

D. Pedro. In every thing but in loving Benedick.

Leon. O! my lord, wisdom and blood combating in so tender a body, we have ten proofs to one, that blood hath the victory. I am sorry for her, as I have just cause, being her uncle and her guardian.

D. Pedro. I would she had bestowed this dotage on me; I would have daff'd [10] all other respects, and made her half myself: I pray you, tell Benedick of it, and hear what he will say.

Leon. Were it good, think you?

Claud. Hero thinks surely she will die: for she says she will die if he love her not; and she will die ere she make her love known; and she will die if he woo her, rather than she will 'bate one breath of her accustomed crossness.

D. Pedro. She doth well: if she should make tender of her love, 'tis very possible he'll scorn it; for the man, as you know all, hath a contemptible [11] spirit.

Claud. He is a very proper man.

D. Pedro. He hath, indeed, a good outward happiness.

Claud. 'Fore God, and in my mind very wise.

D. Pedro. He doth, indeed, show some sparks that are like wit.

Leon. And I take him to be valiant.

D. Pedro. As Hector, I assure you: and in the managing of quarrels you may say he is wise; for either he avoids them with great discretion, or undertakes them with a most Christian-like fear.

Leon. If he do fear God, he must necessarily

[10] To *daff* is the same as to *do off*, to *doff*, to put aside.

[11] That is, contemptuous. The active and passive adjectives were often used indiscriminately. H.

keep peace: if he break the peace, he ought to enter into a quarrel with fear and trembling.

D. Pedro. And so will he do; for the man doth fear God, howsoever it seems not in him by some large jests he will make. Well, I am sorry for your niece: Shall we go seek Benedick, and tell him of her love?

Claud. Never tell him, my lord: let her wear it out with good counsel.

Leon. Nay, that's impossible; she may wear her heart out first.

D. Pedro. Well, we will hear further of it by your daughter: let it cool the while. I love Benedick well; and I could wish he would modestly examine himself, to see how much he is unworthy to have so good a lady.

Leon. My lord, will you walk? dinner is ready.

Claud. [*Aside.*] If he do not dote on her upon this, I will never trust my expectation.

D. Pedro. [*Aside.*] Let there be the same net spread for her; and that must your daughter and her gentlewomen carry. The sport will be, when they hold one an opinion of another's dotage, and no such matter; that's the scene that I would see, which will be merely a dumb show. Let us send her to call him in to dinner.

[*Exeunt Don* PEDRO, CLAUDIO, *and* LEONATO.

Bene. [*Advancing from the arbour.*] This can be no trick: The conference was sadly borne.[12] — They have the truth of this from Hero. They seem to pity the lady: it seems, her affections have their full bent. Love me! why, it must be requited I hear how I am censur'd: they say I will bear myself proudly, if I perceive the love come from

[12] Seriously carried on.

her: they say, too, that she will rather die than give any sign of affection. — I did never think to marry: — I must not seem proud. — Happy are they that hear their detractions, and can put them to mending. They say the lady is fair; 'tis a truth, I can bear them witness: and virtuous; 'tis so, I cannot reprove it: and wise, but for loving me: — by my troth, it is no addition to her wit; — nor no great argument of her folly, for I will be horribly in love with her. I may chance have some odd quirks and remnants of wit broken on me, because I have rail'd so long against marriage: — But doth not the appetite alter? A man loves the meat in his youth that he cannot endure in his age. Shall quips, and sentences, and these paper bullets of the brain, awe a man from the career of his humour? No: The world must be peopled. When I said I would die a bachelor, I did not think I should live till I were married. — Here comes Beatrice: By this day, she's a fair lady: I do spy some marks of love in her.

Enter BEATRICE.

Beat. Against my will, I am sent to bid you come in to dinner.

Bene. Fair Beatrice, I thank you for your pains.

Beat. I took no more pains for those thanks, than you take pains to thank me: if it had been painful, I would not have come.

Bene. You take pleasure, then, in the message?

Beat. Yea, just so much as you may take upon a knife's point, and choke a daw withal: — You have no stomach, signior? fare you well. [*Exit.*

Bene. Ha! "Against my will, I am sent to bid you come in to dinner;" — there's a double meaning

in that. "I took no more pains for those thanks than you took pains to thank me;" — that's as much as to say, Any pains that I take for you is as easy as thanks. — If I do not take pity of her, I am a villain; if I do not love her, I am a Jew: I will go get her picture. [*Exit.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. Leonato's Garden.

Enter Hero, Margaret, *and* Ursula.

Hero. Good Margaret, run thee to the parlour;
There shalt thou find my cousin Beatrice
Proposing[1] with the prince and Claudio:
Whisper her ear, and tell her I and Ursula
Walk in the orchard, and our whole discourse
Is all of her: say, that thou overheard'st us;
And bid her steal into the pleached bower,
Where honey-suckles, ripen'd by the sun,
Forbid the sun to enter; like favourites.
Made proud by princes, that advance their pride
Against that power that bred it: — There will she hide her,
To listen our propose. This is thy office;
Bear thee well in it, and leave us alone.

[1] This is from the French *propos*, signifying talk, conversation. A few lines below we have the noun, "to listen our *propose*," bearing the same sense. In the latter case the folio reads *purpose*; but here, as in almost every instance where the two copies differ, the reading of the quarto seems preferable. M.

Marg. I'll make her come, I warrant you, presently. [*Exit.*

Hero. Now, Ursula, when Beatrice doth come,
As we do trace this alley up and down,
Our talk must only be of Benedick:
When I do name him, let it be thy part
To praise him more than ever man did merit.
My talk to thee must be, how Benedick
Is sick in love with Beatrice: Of this matter
Is little Cupid's crafty arrow made,
That only wounds by hearsay. Now begin;

Enter BEATRICE, *behind.*

For look where Beatrice, like a lapwing, runs
Close by the ground, to hear our conference.

Urs. The pleasant'st angling is to see the fish
Cut with their golden oars the silver stream,
And greedily devour the treacherous bait:
So angle we for Beatrice; who even now
Is couched in the woodbine coverture:
Fear you not my part of the dialogue.

Hero. Then go we near her, that her ear lose nothing
Of the false sweet bait, that we lay for it. —
No, truly, Ursula, she is too disdainful;
I know her spirits are as coy and wild
As haggards of the rock.[2]

Urs. But are you sure,
That Benedick loves Beatrice so entirely?

Hero. So says the prince, and my new-trothed lord.

Urs. And did they bid you tell her of it, madam?

[2] The haggard is a wild hawk. Latham, in his Book of Falconry, says, — "Such is the greatness of her spirit, *she will not admit of any society* until such a time as nature worketh." See Twelfth Night, Act iii. sc. 1, note 6

Hero. They did entreat me to acquaint her of it;
But I persuaded them, if they lov'd Benedick,
To wish him wrestle with affection,
And never to let Beatrice know of it.

Urs. Why did you so? Doth not the gentleman
Deserve as full, as fortunate a bed,
As ever Beatrice shall couch upon?

Hero. O, God of love! I know he doth deserve
As much as may be yielded to a man;
But nature never fram'd a woman's heart
Of prouder stuff than that of Beatrice:
Disdain and scorn ride sparkling in her eyes,
Misprising what they look on; and her wit
Values itself so highly, that to her
All matter else seems weak: She cannot love,
Nor take no shape nor project of affection,
She is so self-endeared.

Urs. Sure, I think so;
And therefore, certainly, it were not good
She knew his love, lest she make sport at it.

Hero. Why, you speak truth: I never yet saw man,
How wise, how noble, young, how rarely featur'd,
But she would spell him backward:[3] if fair-fac'd,
She would swear the gentleman should be her sister:
If black, why, Nature, drawing of an antic,
Made a foul blot:[4] if tall, a lance ill-headed:
If low, an agate very vilely cut:[5]

[3] That is, *misinterpret* him. An allusion to the practice of witches in uttering prayers. In like sort, we often say of a man who refuses to take things in their plain natural meaning, as if he were on the lookout for some cheat,—"He reads every thing backwards." H.

[4] A *black* man here means a man with a dark or thick beard, which is the *blot* in nature's drawing. The *antic* was the fool or buffoon of the old farces.

[5] An *agate* is often used metaphorically for a very diminutive

If speaking, why, a vane blown with all winds:
If silent, why, a block moved with none.
So turns she every man the wrong side out;
And never gives to truth and virtue that
Which simpleness and merit purchaseth.

Urs. Sure, sure, such carping is not commendable.

Hero. No; not to be so odd, and from all fashions,
As Beatrice is, cannot be commendable:
But who dare tell her so? If I should speak,
She would mock me into air: O! she would laugh me
Out of myself, press me to death with wit.[6]
Therefore let Benedick, like cover'd fire,
Consume away in sighs, waste inwardly:
It were a better death than die with mocks;
Which is as bad as die with tickling.[7]

Urs. Yet tell her of it: hear what she will say.

Hero. No; rather I will go to Benedick,
And counsel him to fight against his passion:
And, truly, I'll devise some honest slanders
To stain my cousin with: One doth not know
How much an ill word may empoison liking.

Urs. O! do not do your cousin such a wrong.
She cannot be so much without true judgment,
(Having so swift and excellent a wit,
As she is priz'd to have,) as to refuse
So rare a gentleman as signior Benedick.

Hero. He is the only man of Italy,
Always excepted my dear Claudio.

person, in allusion to the figures cut in agate for rings. Queen Mab is described "in shape no bigger than an *agate stone* on the forefinger of an alderman."

[6] The allusion is to an ancient punishment inflicted on those who refused to plead to an indictment. If they continued silent, they were pressed to death by heavy weights laid on their stomach.

[7] This word is intended to be pronounced as a trisyllable; it was sometimes written *tickeling*.

Urs. I pray you, be not angry with me, madam,
Speaking my fancy: signior Benedick,
For shape, for bearing, argument,[8] and valour,
Goes foremost in report through Italy.

Hero. Indeed, he hath an excellent good name.

Urs. His excellence did earn it, ere he had it.—
When are you married, madam?

Hero. Why, every day;—to-morrow. Come, go in:
I'll show thee some attires; and have thy counsel,
Which is the best to furnish me to-morrow.

Urs. [*Aside.*] She's lim'd[9] I warrant you; we have caught her, madam.

Hero. [*Aside.*] If it prove so, then loving goes by haps:
Some Cupid kills with arrows, some with traps.

[*Exeunt* HERO *and* URSULA.

Beat. [*Advancing.*] What fire is in mine ears?[10] Can this be true?
Stand I condemn'd for pride and scorn so much?
Contempt, farewell! and maiden pride, adieu!
No glory lives behind the back of such.
And, Benedick, love on: I will requite thee,
Taming my wild heart to thy loving hand.[11]
If thou dost love, my kindness shall incite thee
To bind our loves up in a holy band:
For others say thou dost deserve, and I
Believe it better than reportingly. [*Exit*

[8] Conversation.

[9] That is, ensnared and entangled, as a sparrow with bird lime.

[10] Alluding to the proverbial saying, which is as old as Pliny's time, "That when our *ears do glow and tingle*, some there be that in our absence do talke of us."

[11] This image is taken from falconry. She has been charged with being as wild as *haggards of the rock*; she therefore says, that wild as her heart is, she will *tame* it *to the hand*.

SCENE II. A Room in LEONATO'S House.

Enter Don PEDRO, CLAUDIO, BENEDICK, *and* LEONATO.

D. Pedro. I do but stay till your marriage be consummate, and then go I toward Arragon.

Claud. I'll bring you thither, my lord, if you'll vouchsafe me.

D. Pedro. Nay, that would be as great a soil in the new gloss of your marriage, as to show a child his new coat, and forbid him to wear it. I will only be bold with Benedick for his company: for, from the crown of his head to the sole of his foot, he is all mirth; he hath twice or thrice cut Cupid's bow-string, and the little hangman[1] dare not shoot at him: he hath a heart as sound as a bell, and his tongue is the clapper; for what his heart thinks, his tongue speaks.

Bene. Gallants, I am not as I have been.

Leon. So say I: methinks you are sadder.

Claud. I hope he be in love.

D. Pedro. Hang him, truant; there's no true drop of blood in him, to be truly touch'd with love: if he be sad, he wants money.

Bene. I have the tooth-ache.[2]

D. Pedro. Draw it.

Bene. Hang it!

Claud. You must hang it first, and draw it afterwards.

[1] That is, executioner, slayer of hearts.

[2] So, in The False One, by Beaumont and Fletcher:

"O! this sounds mangily,
Poorly, and scurvily, in a soldier's mouth;
You had best be troubled with the *tooth-ache* too
For lovers ever are."

D. Pedro. What! sigh for the tooth-ache?

Leon. Where is but a humour, or a worm?

Bene. Well, every one can master a grief, but he that has it.

Claud. Yet say I, he is in love.

D. Pedro. There is no appearance of fancy[3] in him, unless it be a fancy that he hath to strange disguises; as, to be a Dutchman to-day, a Frenchman to-morrow, or in the shape of two countries at once;[4] as, a German from the waist downward, all slops;[5] and a Spaniard from the hip upward, no doublet: Unless he have a fancy to this foolery, as it appears he hath, he is no fool for fancy, as you would have it to appear he is.

Claud. If he be not in love with some woman, there is no believing old signs: a' brushes his hat o' mornings; what should that bode?

D. Pedro. Hath any man seen him at the barber's?

Claud. No, but the barber's man hath been seen with him; and the old ornament of his cheek hath already stuff'd tennis-balls.

Leon. Indeed, he looks younger than he did, by the loss of a beard.

[3] A play upon the word *fancy*, which Shakespeare uses for *love*, as well as for *humour*, *caprice*, or *affectation*.

[4] So, in The Seven Deadly Sinnes of London, by Dekker, 1606: "For an Englishman's sute is like a traitor's body that hath beene hanged, drawne, and quartered, and is set up in several places: his codpiece, in Denmarke; the collar of his dublet and the belly, n France; the wing and narrow sleeve, in Italy; the short waste hangs over a botcher's stall in Utrich; his huge sloppes speak Spanish; Polonia gives him the bootes, &c.—and thus we mocke everie nation for keeping one fashion, yet steale patches from everie of them to piece out our pride; and are now laughing stocks to them, because their cut so scurvily becomes us."

[5] Large, loose breeches or trousers. Hence a *slop*-seller for one who furnishes seamen, &c., with clothes.

D. Pedro. Nay, a' rubs himself with civet: Can you smell him out by that?

Claud. That's as much as to say, The sweet youth's in love.

D. Pedro. The greatest note of it is his melancholy.

Claud. And when was he wont to wash his face?

D. Pedro. Yea, or to paint himself? for the which I hear what they say of him.

Claud. Nay, but his jesting spirit; which is now crept into a lutestring,[6] and now govern'd by stops.

D. Pedro. Indeed, that tells a heavy tale for him: Conclude, conclude, he is in love.

Claud. Nay, but I know who loves him.

D. Pedro. That would I know too: I warrant, one that knows him not.

Claud. Yes, and his ill conditions; and, in despite of all, dies for him.

D. Pedro. She shall be buried with her face upwards.[7]

Bene. Yet is this no charm for the tooth-ache.—Old signior, walk aside with me: I have studied eight or nine wise words to speak to you, which these hobby-horses must not hear.

[*Exeunt* BENEDICK *and* LEONATO.

D. Pedro. For my life, to break with him about Beatrice.

Claud. 'Tis even so: Hero and Margaret have by this played their parts with Beatrice; and then

[6] *Love-songs*, in Shakespeare's time, were sung to the lute. So, in 1 Henry IV.: "As melancholy as an old lion, or a *lover's lute*."

[7] That is, in her lover's arms. So, in The Winter's Tale:

"*Flo.* What! like a corse?
Per. No, like a bank for love to lie and play on;
Not like a corse:—or if,—not to be *buried*,
But quick and in my arms."

the two bears will not bite one another when they meet.

Enter JOHN.

John. My lord and brother, God save you!

D. Pedro. Good den,[8] brother.

John. If your leisure serv'd, I would speak with you.

D. Pedro. In private?

John. If it please you:—yet count Claudio may hear; for what I would speak of concerns him.

D. Pedro. What's the matter?

John. [*To* CLAUDIO.] Means your lordship to be married to-morrow?

D. Pedro. You know he does.

John. I know not that, when he knows what I know.

Claud. If there be any impediment, I pray you discover it.

John. You may think I love you not: let that appear hereafter, and aim better at me by that I now will manifest. For my brother, I think he holds you well; and in dearness of heart hath holp to effect your ensuing marriage: surely, suit ill spent, and labour ill bestowed!

D. Pedro. Why, what's the matter?

John. I came hither to tell you; and, circumstances shorten'd, (for she hath been too long a talking of,) the lady is disloyal.

Claud. Who? Hero?

John. Even she; Leonato's Hero, your Hero, every man's Hero.

Claud. Disloyal?

[8] A colloquial abridgment of *good even;* also used for *good day.* M.

John. The word is too good to paint out her wickedness: I could say she were worse: think you of a worse title, and I will fit her to it. Wonder not till further warrant: go but with me to-night you shall see her chamber-window enter'd; even the night before her wedding-day: if you love her then, to-morrow wed her; but it would better fit your honour to change your mind.

Claud. May this be so?

D. Pedro. I will not think it.

John. If you dare not trust that you see, confess not that you know. If you will follow me, I will show you enough; and when you have seen more, and heard more, proceed accordingly.

Claud. If I see any thing to-night why I should not marry her to-morrow, in the congregation, where I should wed, there will I shame her.

D. Pedro. And as I wooed for thee to obtain her, I will join with thee to disgrace her.

John. I will disparage her no farther, till you are my witnesses: bear it coldly but till midnight, and let the issue show itself.

D. Pedro. O day untowardly turned!

Claud. O mischief strangely thwarting!

John. O plague right well prevented!
So will you say, when you have seen the sequel.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. A Street.

Enter DOGBERRY *and* VERGES,[1] *with Watchmen.*

Dogb. Are you good men and true?

Verg. Yea, or else it were pity but they should suffer salvation, body and soul.

[1] The first of these worthies is named from the *dog-berry*, or female cornel, a shrub that grows in every county in England *Verges* is only the provincial pronunciation of *verjuice*.

Dogb. Nay, that were a punishment too good for them, if they should have any allegiance in them, being chosen for the prince's watch.

Verg. Well, give them their charge,[2] neighbour Dogberry.

Dogb. First, who think you the most desartless man to be constable?

1 *Watch.* Hugh Oatcake, sir, or George Seacoal; for they can write and read.

Dogb. Come hither, neighbour Seacoal. God hath bless'd you with a good name: to be a well-favoured man is the gift of fortune; but to write and read comes by nature.

2 *Watch.* Both which, master constable, —

Dogb. You have; I knew it would be your answer. Well, for your favour, sir, why, give God thanks, and make no boast of it; and for your writing and reading, let that appear when there is no need of such vanity. You are thought here to be the most senseless and fit man for the constable of the watch; therefore bear you the lantern. This is your charge: You shall comprehend all vagrom men: you are to bid any man stand, in the prince's name.

2 *Watch.* How if a' will not stand?

Dogb. Why, then, take no note of him, but let him go; and presently call the rest of the watch together, and thank God you are rid of a knave.

Verg. If he will not stand when he is bidden, he is none of the prince's subjects.

Dogb. True, and they are to meddle with none

[2] To *charge* his fellows seems to have been a regular part of he duty of the constable. So, in A New Trick to Cheat the Devil, 1639, "My watch is set — *charge giren* — and all at peace.'

but the prince's subjects. — You shall also make no noise in the streets; for, for the watch to babble and talk is most tolerable, and not to be endured.

2 *Watch.* We will rather sleep than talk: we know what belongs to a watch.

Dogb. Why, you speak like an ancient and most quiet watchman; for I cannot see how sleeping should offend; only, have a care that your bills[3] be not stolen. — Well, you are to call at all the ale-houses, and bid them that are drunk get them to bed.

2 *Watch.* How, if they will not?

Dogb. Why, then, let them alone till they are sober: if they make you not then the better answer, you may say they are not the men you took them for.

2 *Watch.* Well, sir.

Dogb. If you meet a thief, you may suspect him, by virtue of your office, to be no true man; and, for such kind of men, the less you meddle or make with them, why, the more is for your honesty.

2 *Watch.* If we know him to be a thief, shall we not lay hands on him?

Dogb. Truly, by your office, you may; but I think they that touch pitch will be defil'd: the most peaceable way for you, if you do take a thief, is, to let him show himself what he is, and steal out of your company.

Verg. You have been always call'd a merciful man, partner.

Dogb. Truly, I would not hang a dog by my will; much more a man who hath any honesty in him.

[3] A sort of halberd, or hatchet with a hooked point, used by watchmen. H.

Verg. If you hear a child cry in the night, you must call to the nurse, and bid her still it.

2 *Watch.* How if the nurse be asleep, and will not hear us?

Dogb. Why, then, depart in peace, and let the child wake her with crying: for the ewe that will not hear her lamb when it baas will never answer a calf when he bleats.

Verg. 'Tis very true.

Dogb. This is the end of the charge. You, constable, are to present the prince's own person; if you meet the prince in the night, you may stay him.

Verg. Nay, by'r lady, that, I think, a' cannot.

Dogb. Five shillings to one on't, with any man that knows the statues, he may stay him: marry, not without the prince be willing; for, indeed, the watch ought to offend no man; and it is an offence to stay a man against his will.

Verg. By'r lady, I think it be so.

Dogb. Ha, ha, ha! Well, masters, good night: an there be any matter of weight chances, call up me: keep your fellows' counsels and your own, and good night. — Come, neighbour.

2 *Watch.* Well, masters, we hear our charge: let us go sit here upon the church-bench till two, and then all to bed.

Dogb. One word more, honest neighbours: I pray you, watch about signior Leonato's door; for, the wedding being there to-morrow, there is a great coil to-night: Adieu; be vigitant, I beseech you.

[*Exeunt* DOGBERRY *and* VERGES

Enter BORACHIO *and* CONRADE.

Bora. What! Conrade!

Watch. [*Aside.*] Peace, stir not.

Bora. Conrade, I say!

Con. Here, man, I am at thy elbow.

Bora. Mass, and my elbow itch'd; I thought, there would a scab follow.

Con. I will owe thee an answer for that; and now forward with thy tale.

Bora. Stand thee close, then, under this pent-house, for it drizzles rain; and I will, like a true drunkard, utter all to thee.

Watch. [*Aside.*] Some treason, masters; yet stand close.

Bora. Therefore know, I have earned of Don John a thousand ducats.

Con. Is it possible that any villany should be so dear?

Bora. Thou shouldst rather ask, if it were possible any villany should be so rich; for when rich villains have need of poor ones, poor ones may make what price they will.

Con. I wonder at it.

Bora. That shows thou art unconfirm'd:[4] Thou knowest that the fashion of a doublet, or a hat, or a cloak, is nothing to a man.

Con. Yes, it is apparel.

Bora. I mean, the fashion.

Con. Yes, the fashion is the fashion.

Bora. Tush! I may as well say, the fool's the fool. But seest thou not what a deformed thief this fashion is?

Watch. [*Aside.*] I know that Deformed; a' has been a vile thief this seven year: a' goes up and down like a gentleman: I remember his name.

Bora. Didst thou not hear somebody?

Con. No; 'twas the vane on the house.

[4] Unpractised in the ways of the world.

Bora. Seest thou not, I s
thief this fashion is? how gid
the hot bloods, between fourt
ty? sometime fashioning, then
diers in the reechy[5] painting
Bel's priests in the old churc
like the shaven Hercules in
eaten tapestry, where his cod-
as his club?

Con. All this I see; and see
out more apparel than the ma
thyself giddy with the fashion
shifted out of thy tale into telli

Bora. Not so neither: but l
night wooed Margaret, the la
man, by the name of Hero: sh
mistress' chamber-window, bids
good night.—I tell this tale vi
tell thee how the prince, Clau
planted, and placed, and posse
Don John, saw afar off in the
encounter.

Con. And thought thy Marg

Bora. Two of them did, the
but the devil my master knew
and partly by his oaths, which f
partly by the dark night, which
but chiefly by my villany, whic
slander that Don John had mad
dio enraged; swore he would m
appointed, next morning at the
before the whole congregation, s

[5] That is, discoloured by smoke, *reeky*
[6] Soiled, sullied. Probably only an
The word is peculiar to Shakespeare.

he saw over-night, and send her home again without a husband.

1 *Watch.* We charge you in the prince's name, stand!

2 *Watch.* Call up the right master constable: We have here recovered the most dangerous piece of lechery that ever was known in the commonwealth.

1 *Watch.* And one Deformed is one of them: I know him; a' wears a lock.[7]

Con. Masters, masters!

2 *Watch.* You'll be made bring Deformed forth, I warrant you.

Con. Masters, —

1 *Watch.* Never speak: we charge you, let us obey you to go with us.

Bora. We are like to prove a goodly commodity, being taken up of these men's bills.[8]

Con. A commodity in question,[9] I warrant you. Come, we'll obey you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. A Room in LEONATO'S House.

Enter HERO, MARGARET, *and* URSULA.

Hero. Good Ursula, wake my cousin Beatrice, and desire her to rise.

Urs. I will, lady.

Hero. And bid her come hither.

[7] A lock of hair, called "a love-lock," was often worn by the gay young gallants of Shakespeare's time. This ornament and invitation to love was cherished with great care by the owners, being brought before and tied with a riband. Prynne, the great Puritan hero, spit some of his bile against this fashion, in a book on The Unloveliness of Love-locks. H.

[9] We have the same conceit in 2 Henry VI.: "My lord, when shall we go to Cheapside, and *take up commodities* upon our *bills?*"

[8] That is, in examination or trial.

Urs. Well. [*Exit* URSULA.

Marg. Troth, I think, your other rabato[1] were better.

Hero. No, pray thee, good Meg, I'll wear this.

Marg. By my troth, it's not so good; and I warrant your cousin will say so.

Hero. My cousin's a fool, and thou art another; I'll wear none but this.

Marg. I like the new tire[2] within excellently, if the hair were a thought browner; and your gown's a most rare fashion, i'faith. I saw the duchess of Milan's gown, that they praise so.

Hero. O! that exceeds, they say.

Marg. By my troth, it's but a night-gown in respect of yours: Cloth o' gold, and cuts, and lac'd with silver; set with pearls down sleeves,[3] side sleeves, and skirts round, underborne with a bluish tinsel: but for a fine, quaint, graceful, and excellent fashion, yours is worth ten on't.

[1] The *rabato* was a kind of ruff or collar for the neck, such as were much worn in the Poet's time, and are often seen in the portraits of Queen Elizabeth. Dekker calls them "your stiff-necked *rebatoes*." The word is from the French *rebattre*, to beat back; and the thing is said to be so called because *put back* towards the shoulders. Shakespeare elsewhere uses *rebate*, from the same source, and with a similar meaning. H.

[2] Head-dress. See Merry Wives of Windsor, Act iii. sc. 3, note 6.

[3] That is, with pearls set along down the sleeves. *Side* sleeves are long, full sleeves. *Side* is from the Anglo-Saxon *sid*, long, ample. Peele, in his Old Wives' Tale, has "*side* slops," for long trousers. So, likewise, in Jonson's play, The New Inn, Act v. sc. 1:

> "He belly'd for it, had his velvet sleeves,
> And his branch'd cassock, a *side* sweeping gown,
> All his formalities, a good cramm'd divine."

It is plain that our word *side*, in its ordinary use, has reference to the *length* of the thing to which it is applied. H.

Hero. God give me joy to wear it, for my heart is exceeding heavy!

Marg. 'Twill be heavier soon by the weight of a man.

Hero. Fie upon thee! art not asham'd?

Marg. Of what, lady? of speaking honourably? Is not marriage honourable in a beggar? Is not your lord honourable without marriage? I think you would have me say, saving your reverence, — a husband: an bad thinking do not wrest true speaking, I'll offend nobody: Is there any harm in — the heavier for a husband? None, I think, an it be the right husband, and the right wife; otherwise 'tis light, and not heavy: Ask my lady Beatrice else; here she comes.

Enter BEATRICE.

Hero. Good morrow, coz.

Beat. Good morrow, sweet Hero.

Hero. Why, how now! do you speak in the sick tune?

Beat. I am out of all other tune, methinks.

Marg. Clap us into — "Light o' love;" that goes without a burden: do you sing it, and I'll dance it.

Beat. Yea, "Light o' love,"[4] with your heels! — then if your husband have stables enough, you'll look he shall lack no barns.[5]

Marg. O illegitimate construction! I scorn that with my heels.

Beat. 'Tis almost five o'clock, cousin; 'tis time

[4] The name of a popular old dance tune mentioned again in The Two Gentlemen of Verona, and in several of our old dramas.

[5] A quibble between *barns*, repositories for corn, and *bairns* children, formerly pronounced *barns*. So, in The Winter's Tale "Mercy on us, a *barn!* a very pretty *barn!*"

you were ready. By my troth I am exceeding
—hey ho:

Marg. For a hawk, a horse, or a husband?

Beat. For[6] the letter that begins them all, H

Marg. Well, an you be not turn'd Turk, the
no more sailing by the star.

Beat. What means the fool, trow?[8]

Marg. Nothing I; but God send every one t
heart's desire!

Hero. These gloves the count sent me: they
an excellent perfume.

Beat. I am stuff'd, cousin; I cannot smell.

Marg. A maid, and stuff'd! there's goodly ca
ing of cold.

Beat. O, God help me! God help me! how l
have you profess'd apprehension?

Marg. Ever since you left it: doth not my
become me rarely?

Beat. It is not seen enough; you should wea
in your cap.—By my troth, I am sick.

Marg. Get you some of this distill'd Cardu
Benedictus,[9] and lay it to your heart: it is the o
thing for a qualm

[6] *Because of.*

[7] That is for an *ache* or pain, pronounced like the letter *h*. S
The Tempest, Act i. sc. 2, note 34. Heywood has an epigr
which best elucidates this:

"H is worst among letters in the cross-row,
For if thou find him either in thine elbow,
In thine arm or leg, in any degree;
In thine head, or teeth, or toe, or knee;
Into what place soever H may pike him,
Wherever thou find him *ache* thou shalt not like him."

[8] So, in The Merry Wives of Windsor:—"Who's th
trow?" This obsolete exclamation of inquiry is a contraction
trow ye? think you? believe you?

[9] *Carduus Benedictus*, or the blessed thistle, was one of
ancient herbs medicinal, like those which in our day a much-ex

Hero. There thou prick'st her with a thistle.

Beat. Benedictus! why Benedictus? you have some moral[10] in this Benedictus.

Marg. Moral! no, by my troth, I have no moral meaning; I meant, plain holy-thistle. You may think, perchance, that I think you are in love: nay, by'r lady, I am not such a fool to think what I list; nor I list not to think what I can; nor, indeed, I cannot think, if I would think my heart out of thinking, that you are in love, or that you will be in love, or that you can be in love. Yet Benedick was such another, and now is he become a man: he swore he would never marry; and yet now, in despite of his heart, he eats his meat without grudging:[11] and how you may be converted, I know not; but methinks you look with your eyes as other women do.

Beat. What pace is this that thy tongue keeps?

Marg. Not a false gallop.

Re-enter URSULA.

Urs. Madam, withdraw: the prince, the count, signior Benedick, Don John, and all the gallants of the town, are come to fetch you to Church.

Hero. Help to dress me, good coz, good Meg, good Ursula. [*Exeunt.*

rienced motherhood has often applied successfully to the "ills that flesh is heir to." Thus, in Cogan's Haven of Health, 1595: "This herb, for the singular virtue it hath, is worthily named *Benedictus*, or *Omnimorbia*, that is, a salve for every sore, not known to the physicians of old time, but lately revealed by the special providence of Almighty God." H.

[10] That is, some *hidden meaning*, like the *moral* of a fable. Thus, in the Rape of Lucrece: "Nor could she *moralize* his wanton sight." And in The Taming of the Shrew: "To expound the *meaning* or *moral* of his signs and tokens."

[11] That is, *feeds* on *love*, and likes his food.

SCENE V. Another Room

Enter LEONATO, *with* DOG

Leon. What would you w
bour ?

Dogb. Marry, sir, I would
with you, that decerns you ne

Leon. Brief, I pray you ; f
time with me.

Dogb. Marry, this it is, sir.

Verg. Yes, in truth it is, si

Leon. What is it, my good

Dogb. Goodman Verges, si
the matter : an old man, sir, a
blunt, as, God help, I would d
in faith, honest as the skin bet

Verg. Yes, I thank God, I
man living, that is an old m
than I.

Dogb. Comparisons are odor
bour Verges.

Leon. Neighbours, you are

Dogb. It pleases your worsl
are the poor[2] Duke's officers ;
own part, if I were as tedious
find in my heart to bestow it a

Leon. All thy tediousness on

[1] How this Spanish word came into
It seems to have been current for a time
and was probably introduced by our s
rupted form, *palaver*. We have it agai
Tinker : "Therefore *paucas pallabris* : l

[2] This stroke of pleasantry, arising fro
epithet *poor*, has already occurred in M
bow says, "If it please your honour, I
stable."

Dogb. Yea, an 'twere a thousand pound more than 'tis; for I hear as good exclamation on your worship, as of any man in the city; and though I be but a poor man, I am glad to hear it.

Verg. And so am I.

Leon. I would fain know what you have to say.

Verg. Marry, sir, our watch to-night, excepting your worship's presence, have ta'en a couple of as arrant knaves as any in Messina.

Dogb. A good old man, sir; he will be talking: as they say, When the age is in, the wit is out. God help us! it is a world to see![3] — Well said, i'faith, neighbour Verges: — well, God's a good man: an two men ride of a horse, one must ride behind. — An honest soul, i'faith, sir; by my troth he is, as ever broke bread: but God is to be worshipp'd: All men are not alike; alas! good neighbour!

Leon. Indeed, neighbour, he comes too short of you.

Dogb. Gifts, that God gives.

Leon. I must leave you.

Dogb. One word, sir: Our watch, sir, have, indeed, comprehended two aspicious persons, and we would have them this morning examined before your worship.

Leon. Take their examination yourself, and bring it me: I am now in great haste, as it may appear unto you.

Dogb. It shall be suffigance.

[3] This was a common apostrophe of admiration, equivalen to *it is wonderful*, or *it is admirable*. Baret in his Alvearie, 1580, explains "*It is a world to heare*" by "It is a thing worthie the hearing, *audire est operæ pretium*." In Cavendish's Life of Wol sey we have "Is it not *a world* to consider?"

Leon. Drink some wine e
well.

Enter a Me

Mess. My lord, they stay
daughter to her husband.

Leon. I'll wait upon them
[*Exeunt* L

Dogb. Go, good partner,
Seacoal; bid him bring his
jail: we are now to examin

Verg. And we must do it

Dogb. We will spare for
here's that [*Touching his for*
of them to a *non com:* only
to set down our excommunic
the jail.

ACT I

SCENE I. The Insi

Enter Don PEDRO, JOHN, LEO
BENEDICK, HERO, B

Leon. Come, friar Francis,
plain form of marriage, and y
particular duties afterwards.

Friar. You come hither, m
lady?

Claud. No.

Leon. To be married to he
marry her.

Friar. Lady, you come hither to be married to this count?

Hero. I do.

Friar. If either of you know any inward impediment why you should not be conjoined, I charge you, on your souls, to utter it.[1]

Claud. Know you any, Hero?

Hero. None, my lord.

Friar. Know you any, count?

Leon. I dare make his answer; none.

Claud. O, what men dare do! what men may do! what men daily do! not knowing what they do!

Bene. How now! Interjections? Why, then some be of laughing, as, ha! ha! he![2]

Claud. Stand thee by, friar: — Father, by your leave!
Will you with free and unconstrained soul
Give me this maid, your daughter?

Leon. As freely, son, as God did give her me.

Claud. And what have I to give you back, whose worth
May counterpoise this rich and precious gift?

D. Pedro. Nothing, unless you render her again.

Claud. Sweet prince, you learn me noble thankfulness. —
There, Leonato, take her back again:
Give not this rotten orange to your friend;
She's but the sign and semblance of her honour: —
Behold, how like a maid she blushes here:
O, what authority and show of truth
Can cunning sin cover itself withal!

[1] This is borrowed from our marriage ceremony, which (with a few changes in phraseology) is the same as was used in Shakespeare's time.

[2] Benedick is in a grammatical state of mind, and here quotes from his Accidence. H.

Comes not that blood, as mo
To witness simple virtue ?
All you that see her, that sh
By these exterior shows ? —
She knows the heat of a lux
Her blush is guiltiness, not n
Leon. What do you mean,
Claud.
Not to knit my soul to an ap
Leon. Dear my lord, if yo
Have vanquish'd the resistanc
And made defeat of her virgi
Claud. I know what you
known her,
You'll say she did embrace m
And so extenuate the 'forehai
No, Leonato,
I never tempted her with wor
But, as a brother to his sister
Bashful sincerity, and comely
Hero. And seem'd I ever o
Claud. Out on thy seem
against it, —
You seem to me as Dian in h
As chaste as is the bud ere it
But you are more intemperate
Than Venus, or those pamper'
That rage in savage sensuality
Hero. Is my lord well, th
wide ?
Leon. Sweet prince, why sp
D. Pedro. W
I stand dishonour'd, that have
To link my dear friend to a c
Leon. Are these things sp
dream ?

John. Sir, they are spoken, and these things are true.

Bene. This looks not like a nuptial.

Hero. True? O God![3]

Claud. Leonato, stand I here?
Is this the prince? Is this the prince's brother?
Is this face Hero's? Are our eyes our own?

Leon. All this is so; but what of this, my lord?

Claud. Let me but move one question to your daughter;
And, by that fatherly and kindly power[4]
That you have in her, bid her answer truly.

Leon. I charge thee do so, as thou art my child.

Hero. O God, defend me! how am I beset! —
What kind of catechizing call you this?

Claud. To make you answer truly to your name.

Hero. Is it not Hero? Who can blot that name
With any just reproach?

Claud. Marry, that can Hero:
Hero itself can blot out Hero's virtue.
What man was he talk'd with you yesternight
Out at your window, betwixt twelve and one?
Now, if you are a maid, answer to this.

Hero. I talk'd with no man at that hour, my lord.

D. Pedro. Why, then are you no maiden. — Leonato,

[3] Hero's words are in reply to the speech of John. The passage is usually pointed thus: "True, O God!" as if it were in answer to Benedick. H.

[4] *Kind* was often used in Shakespeare's time for *nature, kindly* for *natural* or *naturally*. So that *kindly* power here means natural power. Thus, in the Induction to The Taming of the Shrew: 'This do, and do it *kindly*, gentle sirs." So, likewise, in Spenser's Faery Queene:

"The earth shall sooner leave her *kindly* skill
To bring forth fruit, and make eternall dearth,
Than I leave you, my life, yborne of heavenly birth." H

I am sorry you must hear: Up
Myself, my brother, and this gr
Did see her, hear her, at that h
Talk with a ruffian at her cham
Who hath, indeed, most like a l
Confess'd the vile encounters th
A thousand times in secret.

John. Fie, fie! they are not to
Not to be spoke of;
There is not chastity enough in
Without offence, to utter them:
I am sorry for thy much misgov

Claud. O Hero! what a Her
If half thy outward graces had
About thy thoughts, and counsel
But, fare thee well, most foul, m
Thou pure impiety, and impious
For thee I'll lock up all the gate
And on my eyelids shall conjectu
To turn all beauty into thoughts
And never shall it more be graci

Leon. Hath no man's dagger
me!

Beat. Why, how now, cousin
you down?

John. Come, let us go: these
to light,
Smother her spirits up.

[*Exeunt D.* PED., .

Bene. How doth the lady?

Beat. Dead, I think:
Hero! why, Hero! — Uncle! — S
— Friar!

[b] *Liberal* here, as in many places of the
tious, free beyond honour or decency. Thi
not peculiar to Shakespeare.

Leon. O fate! take not away thy heavy hand!
Death is the fairest cover for her shame,
That may be wish'd for.

Beat. How now, cousin Hero?

Friar. Have comfort, lady.

Leon. Dost thou look up?

Friar. Yea; wherefore should she not?

Leon. Wherefore? Why, doth not every earthly thing
Cry shame upon her? Could she here deny
The story that is printed in her blood?[6] —
Do not live, Hero; do not ope thine eyes:
For did I think thou wouldst not quickly die,
Thought I thy spirits were stronger than thy shames,
Myself would, on the rearward of reproaches,
Strike at thy life. Griev'd I, I had but one?
Chid I for that at frugal nature's frame?
O, one too much by thee! Why had I one?
Why ever wast thou lovely in my eyes?
Why had I not, with charitable hand,
Took up a beggar's issue at my gates;
Who smirched thus, and mir'd with infamy,
I might have said, "No part of it is mine;
This shame derives itself from unknown loins?'
But mine, and mine I lov'd, and mine I prais'd,
And mine that I was proud on; mine so much,
That I myself was to myself not mine,
Valuing of her; why, she — O, she is fallen
Into a pit of ink! that the wide sea
Hath drops too few to wash her clean again;
And salt too little, which may season give
To her foul tainted flesh!

Bene. Sir, sir, be patient

[6] That is, which her *blushes* discovered to be true.

For my part, I am so attir'd in
I know not what to say.

Beat. O, on my soul, my co

Bene. Lady, were you her be

Beat. No, truly, not; althou
I have this twelvemonth been h

Leon. Confirm'd, confirm'd!
made,
Which was before barr'd up wi
Would the two princes lie? an
Who lov'd her so, that, speakin
Wash'd it with tears! Hence fr

Friar. Hear me a little;
For I have only been silent so l
And given way unto this course
By noting of the lady: I have
A thousand blushing apparitions
Into her face; a thousand innoc
In angel whiteness beat away th
And in her eye there hath appe
To burn the errors that these p
Against her maiden truth. — Ca
Trust not my reading, nor my
Which with experimental seal d
The tenour of my book; trust
My reverence, calling, nor divin
If this sweet lady lie not guiltle
Under some biting error.

Leon. Friar
Thou seest, that all the grace th
Is, that she will not add to her
A sin of perjury: she not denie
Why seek'st thou, then, to cover
That which appears in proper n

Friar. Lady, what man is he y

Hero. They know, that do accuse me; I know none:
If I know more of any man alive,
Than that which maiden modesty doth warrant,
Let all my sins lack mercy! — O, my father!
Prove you that any man with me convers'd
At hours unmeet, or that I yesternight
Maintain'd the change of words with any creature,
Refuse me, hate me, torture me to death.

Friar. There is some strange misprision in the princes.

Bene. Two of them have the very bent of honour;
And if their wisdoms be misled in this,
The practice of it lives in John the bastard,
Whose spirits toil in frame of villanies.

Leon. I know not: If they speak but truth of her,
These hands shall tear her: if they wrong her honour,
The proudest of them shall well hear of it.
Time hath not yet so dried this blood of mine,
Nor age so eat up my invention,
Nor fortune made such havoc of my means,
Nor my bad life reft me so much of friends,
But they shall find, awak'd in such a kind,
Both strength of limb, and policy of mind,
Ability in means, and choice of friends,
To quit me of them throughly.

Friar. Pause awhile,
And let my counsel sway you in this case.
Your daughter here the princes left for dead;
Let her awhile be secretly kept in,
And publish it, that she is dead indeed:
Maintain a mourning ostentation;
And on your family's old monument

Hang mournful epitaphs, and do
That appertain unto a burial.

Leon. What shall become of
this do?

Friar. Marry, this, well carried,
Change slander to remorse; that
But not for that dream I on this
But on this travail look for great
She dying, as it must be so main
Upon the instant that she was acc
Shall be lamented, pitied and exc
Of every hearer: For it so falls
That what we have we prize not
Whiles we enjoy it; but being la
Why, then we rack[7] the value; t
The virtue, that possession would
Whiles it was ours. — So will it fi
When he shall hear she died upo
The idea of her life shall sweetly
Into his study of imagination;
And every lovely organ of her life
Shall come apparell'd in more pre
More moving, delicate, and full of
Into the eye and prospect of his a
Than when she liv'd indeed: — the
(If ever love had interest in his li
And wish he had not so accused h
No, though he thought his accuse
Let this be so, and doubt not but
Will fashion the event in better s
Than I can lay it down in likelih

[7] That is, strain it up to the highest pit
phrase, *rack-rent.*

[8] The *liver* was formerly thought to be
See The Tempest, Act iv. sc. 1, note 5.

But if all aim but this be levell'd false,
The supposition of the lady's death
Will quench the wonder of her infamy:
And, if it sort not well, you may conceal her,
As best befits her wounded reputation,
In some reclusive and religious life,
Out of all eyes, tongues, minds, and injuries.

Bene. Signior Leonato, let the Friar advise you:
And though, you know, my inwardness[9] and love
Is very much unto the prince and Claudio,
Yet, by mine honour, I will deal in this
As secretly, and justly, as your soul
Should with your body.

Leon. Being that I flow in grief,
The smallest twine may lead me.[10]

Friar. 'Tis well consented: presently away;
For to strange sores they strangely strain the cure.—
Come, lady, die to live: this wedding day,
Perhaps, is but prolong'd: have patience, and endure. [*Exeunt Friar*, HERO, *and* LEON.

Bene. Lady Beatrice, have you wept all this while?

Beat. Yea, and I will weep awhile longer.

Bene. I will not desire that.

Beat. You have no reason; I do it freely.

Bene. Surely, I do believe your fair cousin is wrong'd.

[9] *Inwardness* is here used for *intimacy*. *Inward* often occurs in a similar sense, both as a noun and an adjective. Thus, in Measure for Measure, Act iii. sc. 2: "Sir, I was an *inward* of his." And in Richard III., Act iii. sc. 4:

"Who knows the lord protector's mind herein?
Who is most *inward* with the noble Duke?" H.

[10] This is one of Shakespeare's subtle observations upon life. Men, overpowered with distress, eagerly listen to the first offers of relief, close with every scheme, and believe every promise. He that has no longer any confidence in himself is glad to repose his trust in any other that will undertake to guide him.

Beat. Ah, how much might
me, that would right her!

Bene. Is there any way to sh

Beat. A very even way, but

Bene. May a man do it?

Beat. It is a man's office, bu

Bene. I do love nothing in t
you: Is not that strange?

Beat. As strange as the thi
were as possible for me to say,
well as you: but believe me not
I confess nothing, nor I deny no
ry for my cousin.

Bene. By my sword, Beatrice

Beat. Do not swear by it, and

Bene. I will swear by it that
I will make him eat it, that says

Beat. Will you not eat your

Bene. With no sauce that can
I protest I love thee!

Beat. Why then, God forgive

Bene. What offence, sweet Be

Beat. You have stayed me in
was about to protest I loved you.

Bene. And do it with all thy h

Beat. I love you with so much
none is left to protest.

Bene. Come, bid me do any th

Beat. Kill Claudio.

Bene. Ha! not for the wide w

Beat. You kill me to deny it:

Bene. Tarry, sweet Beatrice.

Beat. I am gone, though I am

[11] That is, though my person stay with
from you.

is no love in you: — Nay, I pray you, let me go.

Bene. Beatrice, —

Beat. In faith, I will go.

Bene. We'll be friends first.

Beat. You dare easier be friends with me, than fight with mine enemy.

Bene. Is Claudio thine enemy?

Beat. Is he not approved in the height a villain, that hath slandered, scorned, dishonoured my kinswoman? — O, that I were a man! — What! bear her in hand[12] until they come to take hands; and then with public accusation, uncovered slander, unmitigated rancour, — O God, that I were a man! I would eat his heart in the market place.

Bene. Hear me, Beatrice; —

Beat. Talk with a man out at a window! — a proper saying!

Bene. Nay, but, Beatrice; —

Beat. Sweet Hero! — she is wrong'd, she is slandered, she is undone.

Bene. Beat —

Beat. Princes, and counties![13] Surely, a princely testimony, a goodly count, Count Confect;[14] a sweet gallant, surely! O that I were a man for his sake! or that I had any friend would be a man for my sake! But manhood is melted into courtesies, valour into compliment, and men are only turned into

[12] A common phrase of the time, signifying to *take, lead, carry* along, as an expectant or friend. See Measure for Measure, Act i. sc. 5, note 6. H

[13] *Countie* was the ancient term for a *count* or *earl*.

[14] That is, an image of a man, cast in sugar; such a nobleman as *confectioners* sell, "a sweet gallant:" of course spoken in contempt. We give the old and true reading. The usual reading is "a goodly count-confect." H.

tongue, and trim ones too:[15] I
as Hercules, that only tells a li
I cannot be a man with wishing,
a woman with grieving.

Bene. Tarry, good Beatrice
love thee.

Beat. Use it for my love so
swearing by it.

Bene. Think you in your soul
hath wrong'd Hero?

Beat. Yea, as sure as I have a

Bene. Enough! I am engag'
him: I will kiss your hand, and
this hand, Claudio shall render n
As you hear of me, so think of
your cousin: I must say, she is
well.

SCENE II. A Pl

Enter DOGBERRY, VERGES, *and*
and Watchmen, with CONRADE

Dogb. Is our whole dissembly

Verg. O, a stool and a cushion

Sexton. Which be the malefact

Dogb. Marry, that am I and m

Verg. Nay, that's certain; we h
to examine.[1]

Sexton. But which are the off

[15] *Trim* seems here to signify *apt, fat*
in the singular, and *trim ones* in the plural
tion not uncommon in Shakespeare.

[1] This is a blunder of the constables,
hibit." In the last scene of the third act
their examination yourself and bring it m

be examined? let them come before master constable.

Dogb. Yea, marry, let them come before me.—What is your name, friend?

Bora. Borachio.

Dogb. Pray write down — Borachio. — Yours, sirrah?

Con. I am a gentleman, sir, and my name is Conrade.

Dogb. Write down — master gentleman Conrade. — Masters, do you serve God?

Con. Bora. Yea, sir, we hope.

Dogb. Write down — that they hope they serve God: — and write God first; for God defend but God should go before such villains! — Masters, it is proved already that you are little better than false knaves; and it will go near to be thought so shortly. How answer you for yourselves?

Con. Marry, sir, we say we are none.

Dogb. A marvellous witty fellow, I assure you; but I will go about with him. — Come you hither, sirrah; a word in your ear, sir: I say to you, it is thought you are false knaves.

Bora. Sir, I say to you, we are none.

Dogb. Well, stand aside. — 'Fore God, they are both in a tale! Have you writ down — that they are none?

Sexton. Master constable, you go not the way to examine: you must call forth the watch that are their accusers.

Dogb. Yea, marry, that's the eftest[2] way: — Let the watch come forth: — Masters, I charge you, in the prince's name, accuse these men.

[2] That is, the quickest way.

1 *Watch.* This man said, sir prince's brother, was a villain.

Dogb. Write down — princ Why, this is flat perjury, to ca villain.

Bora. Master constable, —

Dogb. Pray thee, fellow, pe thy look, I promise thee.

Sexton. What heard you him

2 *Watch.* Marry, that he had ducats of Don John, for accu wrongfully.

Dogb. Flat burglary, as ever

Verg. Yea, by the mass, that

Sexton. What else, fellow?

1 *Watch.* And that count Cla his words, to disgrace Hero befo bly, and not marry her.

Dogb. O villain! thou wilt everlasting redemption for this.

Sexton. What else?

2 *Watch.* This is all.

Sexton. And this is more, ma deny. Prince John is this mor away: Hero was in this mann very manner refus'd, and upon t denly died. — Master constable, bound, and brought to Leonato's and show him their examination.

Dogb. Come, let them be opi

Verg. Let them be in the han

[3] The reading of the old copies here the hands of coxcomb;" thus running tw is evident from Dogberry's reply. The e Theobald, and has been universally receiv

Con. Off, coxcomb!

Dogb. God's my life! where's the sexton? let him write down — the prince's officer, coxcomb. — Come, bind them: — Thou naughty varlet!

Con. Away! you are an ass, you are an ass!

Dogb. Dost thou not suspect my place? Dost thou not suspect my years? — O that he were here to write me down — an ass! — but, masters, remember, that I am an ass; though it be not written down, yet forget not that I am an ass: — No, thou villain, thou art full of piety, as shall be prov'd upon thee by good witness. I am a wise fellow; and, which is more, an officer; and, which is more, a householder; and, which is more, as pretty a piece of flesh as any is in Messina; and one that knows the law, go to; and a rich fellow enough, go to; and a fellow that hath had losses; and one that hath two gowns, and every thing handsome about him: — Bring him away. O, that I had been writ down — an ass! [*Exeunt*

ACT V.

SCENE I. Before LEONATO'S House.

Enter LEONATO *and* ANTONIO.

Ant. If you go on thus, you will kill yourself;
And 'tis not wisdom, thus to second grief
Against yourself.

was broken off in the midst of his speech; so that there is no telling how he would have ended. H.

Leon. I pray the
Which falls into mine ears as p
As water in a sieve: give not r
Nor let no comforter delight m
But such a one whose wrongs
Bring me a father, that so lov'd
Whose joy of her is overwhelm
And bid him speak of patience
Measure his woe the length and
And let it answer every strain f
As thus for thus, and such a gri
In every lineament, branch, sha
If such a one will smile, and st
Cry — sorrow, wag! and hen
groan;[1]
Patch grief with proverbs; mak
With candle-wasters;[2] bring hi
And I of him will gather patien
But there is no such man: For,
Can counsel, and speak comfort
Which they themselves not feel;
Their counsel turns to passion, w
Would give preceptial medicine
Fetter strong madness in a silke

[1] The old copies read, — "And sorrow
The emendation and arrangement of this
who thus explains the passage: "If he wil
be gone! and hem instead of groaning."
read, — "And, *sorry* wag, *cry* hem," &c.,
but he abandoned his own reading in favo

[2] *Candle-waster* was sometimes used as a
a book-worm, as appears from a passage in
Revels, Act iii. sc. 2: "Heart, was there ev
vention thus unluckily perverted and spoile
worm, a candle-waster?" Leonato's whol
those comforters who moralize by the boo
emotions; who would have us drown our
bookish philosophy.

Charm ache with air, and agony with words.
No, no; 'tis all men's office to speak patience
To those that wring under the load of sorrow;
But no man's virtue, nor sufficiency,
To be so moral, when he shall endure
The like himself. Therefore give me no counsel:
My griefs cry louder than advertisement.[3]

Ant. Therein do men from children nothing differ.

Leon. I pray thee, peace! I will be flesh and blood;
For there was never yet philosopher,
That could endure the tooth-ache patiently;
However they have writ the style of gods,
And made a push[4] at chance and sufferance.

Ant. Yet bend not all the harm upon yourself;
Make those, that do offend you, suffer too.

Leon. There thou speak'st reason: nay, I will do so.
My soul doth tell me Hero is belied,
And that shall Claudio know; so shall the prince,
And all of them, that thus dishonour her.

Enter Don PEDRO *and* CLAUDIO.

Ant. Here comes the prince, and Claudio, hastily.

D. Pedro. Good den, good den.

Claud. Good day to both of you.

Leon. Hear you, my lords, —

D. Pedro. We have some haste, Leonato.

Leon. Some haste, my lord! — well, fare you well, my lord: —
Are you so hasty now? — well, all is one.

[3] That is, my griefs outtongue your admonition. H.

[4] *Push* is the reading of the old copy, which Pope altered to *pish* without any seeming necessity. To make a *push* at any thing is to contend against it or defy it.

D. Pedro. Nay, do not quar
man.
Ant. If he could right him
Some of us would lie low.
Claud. W
Leon. Marry, thou dost wr
bler, thou: —
Nay, never lay thy hand upon
I fear thee not.
Claud. Marry, beshr
If it should give your age such
In faith, my hand meant nothi
Leon. Tush, tush, man! never
I speak not like a dotard, nor
As, under privilege of age, to
What I have done being young
Were I not old: Know, Claud
Thou hast so wrong'd mine inn
That I am forc'd to lay my rev
And, with grey hairs, and bruis
Do challenge thee to trial of a
I say, thou hast belied mine inn
Thy slander hath gone throug
heart,
And she lies buried with her an
O! in a tomb where never scan
Save this of hers, fram'd by thy
Claud. My villainy!
Leon. Thine, Cl
D. Pedro. You say not right,
Leon.
I'll prove it on his body, if he d
Despite his nice fence, and his a
His May of youth, and bloom of

[a] Skill in fencing.

Claud. Away! I will not have to do with you.

Leon. Canst thou so daff[6] me? Thou hast kill'd my child;
If thou kill'st me, boy, thou shalt kill a man.

Ant. He shall kill two of us, and men indeed:
But that's no matter: let him kill one first; —
Win me and wear me, — let him answer me: —
Come, follow me, boy! come, sir boy, come, follow me:
Sir boy, I'll whip you from your foining[7] fence;
Nay, as I am a gentleman, I will.

Leon. Brother, —

Ant. Content yourself: God knows, I lov'd my niece;
And she is dead; slander'd to death by villains,
That dare as well answer a man, indeed,
As I dare take a serpent by the tongue;
Boys, apes, braggarts, jacks, milksops! —

Leon. Brother Antony, —

Ant. Hold you content: What, man! I know them, yea,
And what they weigh, even to the utmost scruple:
Scambling,[8] out-facing, fashion-mongering boys,
That lie, and cog, and flout, deprave and slander,
Go anticly, and show outward hideousness,
And speak off half a dozen dangerous words,
How they might hurt their enemies, if they durst,
And this is all

Leon. But, brother Antony, —

[6] This is only a corrupt form of *doff*, to *do off*, or *put off*.

[7] Thrusting.

[8] *Scambling* appears to have been much the same as *scrambling*, shifting or shuffling. "Griffe graffe," says Cotgrave, "by hook or by crook, squimble squamble, *scamblingly*, catch that catch may." We have "*skimble skamble* stuff" in 1 Henry IV.

Ant. Come, 'tis no matter.
Do not you meddle; let me deal in this.

D. Pedro. Gentlemen both, we will not wake[9]
your patience.
My heart is sorry for your daughter's death;
But, on my honour, she was charg'd with nothing
But what was true, and very full of proof.

Leon. My lord, my lord! —

D. Pedro. I will not hear you.

Leon. No!
Come, brother, away: — I will be heard. —

Ant. And shall, or some of us will smart for it.
[*Exeunt* LEONATO *and* ANTONIO

Enter BENEDICK.

D. Pedro. See, see: here comes the man we went to seek.

Claud. Now, signior, what news?

Bene. Good day, my lord.

D. Pedro. Welcome, signior: You are almost come to part almost a fray.

Claud. We had like to have had our two noses snapp'd off with two old men without teeth.

D. Pedro. Leonato and his brother: What think'st thou? Had we fought, I doubt, we should have been too young for them.

Bene. In a false quarrel, there is no true valour. I came to seek you both.

Claud. We have been up and down to seek thee; for we are high-proof melancholy, and would fain have it beaten away: Wilt thou use thy wit?

Bene. It is in my scabbard: shall I draw it?

D. Pedro. Dost thou wear thy wit by thy side?

[9] That is, rouse, stir up, convert your patience into anger, by remaining longer in your presence.

Claud. Never any did so, though very many have been beside their wit.—I will bid thee draw, as we do the minstrels; draw, to pleasure us.[10]

D. Pedro. As I am an honest man, he looks pale: —Art thou sick, or angry?

Claud. What! courage, man! What though care kill'd a cat, thou hast mettle enough in thee to kill care.

Bene. Sir, I shall meet your wit in the career, an you charge it against me:—I pray you, choose another subject.

Claud. Nay, then give him another staff; this last was broke cross.[11]

D. Pedro. By this light, he changes more and more: I think he be angry indeed.

Claud. If he be, he knows how to turn his girdle.[12]

Bene. Shall I speak a word in your ear?

Claud. God bless me from a challenge!

Bene. You are a villain.—I jest not:—I will make it good how you dare, with what you dare, and when you dare:—Do me right, or I will protest your cowardice. You have kill'd a sweet lady,

[10] "I will bid thee draw thy sword, as we bid the minstrels draw the bows of their fiddles, merely to please us."

[11] The allusion here is to tilting. It was held very disgraceful for a tilter to have his spear broken across the body of his adversary, instead of by a push of the point. Thus, in As You Like It, Act iii. sc. 4: "As a puny tilter, that spurs his horse but on one side, breaks his staff like a noble goose." H.

[12] Thus, Sir Ralph Winwood in a letter to Ceci.: "I said, what I spake was not to make him angry. He replied,—If I were angry, I might turn the buckle of my girdle behind me." The phrase came from the practice of wrestlers, and is thus explained by Mr. Holt White: "Large belts were worn with the buckle before, but for wrestling the buckle was turned behind, to give the adversary a fairer grasp at the girdle. To turn the buckle behind was therefore a challenge." H.

and her death shall fall heavy on
from you.

Claud. Well, I will meet yo
good cheer.

D. Pedro. What, a feast? a fe

Claud. I'faith, I thank him; I
a calf's head and a capon; the
carve most curiously, say my
Shall I not find a woodcock too.[13]

Bene. Sir, your wit ambles we

D. Pedro. I'll tell thee how B
wit the other day. I said thou
"True," says she, "a fine little
I, "a great wit:" "Right," sa
gross one:" "Nay," said I, "a g
said she, "it hurts nobody:" "N
gentleman is wise:" "Certain," sai
tleman:"[14] "Nay," said I, "he h
"That I believe," said she, "for
to me on Monday night, which he
day morning: there's a double to
tongues." Thus did she, an hou
shape thy particular virtues; yet,
cluded with a sigh, thou wast the
Italy.

Claud. For the which she wept
she car'd not.

[13] *A woodcock* was a common term for
savoury bird being supposed to have no br
to the stratagem whereby Benedick has bee
Thus, Sir William Cecil, in a letter to Sec
ring to an attempted escape of some Fren
to lay some lime-twigs for certain *woodcock*
The proverbial simplicity of the woodcock
Shakespeare. See Twelfth Night, Act iv. s

[14] *Wise gentleman* was probably used ir
low; as we still say a *wise-acre*.

D. Pedro. Yea, that she did; but yet, for all that, an if she did not hate him deadly, she would love him dearly: The old man's daughter told us all.

Claud. All, all; and moreover, God saw him when he was hid in the garden.

D. Pedro. But when shall we set the savage bull's horns on the sensible Benedick's head?

Claud. Yea, and text underneath, "Here dwells Benedick the married man!"

Bene. Fare you well, boy; you know my mind I will leave you now to your gossip-like humour: you break jests as braggarts do their blades, which, God be thanked, hurt not. — My lord, for your many courtesies I thank you: I must discontinue your company. Your brother, the bastard, is fled from Messina: you have, among you, kill'd a sweet and innocent lady. For my lord Lack-beard, there, he and I shall meet; and till then, peace be with him.

[*Exit* BENEDICK.

D. Pedro. He is in earnest.

Claud. In most profound earnest; and, I'll warrant you, for the love of Beatrice.

D. Pedro. And hath challeng'd thee?

Claud. Most sincerely.

D. Pedro. What a pretty thing man is, when he goes in his doublet and hose, and leaves off his wit!

Claud. He is then a giant to an ape: but then is an ape a doctor to such a man.

D. Pedro. But, soft you; let me be: pluck up, my heart, and be sad![15] Did he not say my brother was fled?

[15] That is, "rouse thyself, my heart, and be prepared for serious consequences."

Enter DOGBERRY, VERGES, *an*
CONRADE *and* BO

Dogb. Come you, sir: if j
you, she shall ne'er weigh mor
ance: Nay, an you be a cursi
you must be look'd to.

D. Pedro. How now! two o
bound? Borachio, one!

Claud. Hearken after their o

D. Pedro. Officers, what offe
done?

Dogb. Marry, sir, they have
port; moreover, they have spok
arily, they are slanders; sixth a
belied a lady; thirdly, they h
things; and, to conclude, they a

D. Pedro. First, I ask thee w
thirdly, I ask thee what's their
lastly, why they are committed
what you lay to their charge?

Claud. Rightly reasoned, and i
and, by my troth, there's one m

D. Pedro. Whom have you
that you are thus bound to your a
constable is too cunning to be u
your offence?

Bora. Sweet prince, let me go
answer: do you hear me, and let
I have deceived even your ver
wisdoms could not discover, these

[16] That is, once for all. See Act i. sc.

[17] That is, *one meaning put into man*
Prince having asked the same question in

brought to ight; who, in the night, overheard me confessing to this man, how Don John, your brother, incensed me to slander the lady Hero; how you were brought into the orchard, and saw me court Margaret in Hero's garment; how you disgrac'd her, when you should marry her. My villainy they have upon record; which I had rather seal with my death, than repeat over to my shame. The lady is dead upon mine and my master's false accusation; and, briefly, I desire nothing but the reward of a villain.

D. Pedro. Runs not this speech like iron through your blood?

Claud. I have drunk poison, whiles he utter'd it.

D. Pedro. But did my brother set thee on to this?

Bora. Yea; and paid me richly for the practice of it.

D. Pedro. He is compos'd and fram'd of treachery:—
And fled he is upon this villainy.

Claud. Sweet Hero! now thy image doth appear
In the rare semblance that I lov'd it first.

Dogb. Come, bring away the plaintiffs: by this time our sexton hath reform'd signior Leonato of the matter. And, masters, do not forget to specify, when time and place shall serve, that I am an ass.

Verg. Here, here comes master signior Leonato, and the sexton too.

Re-enter LEONATO, ANTONIO, *and the Sexton.*

Leon. Which is the villain? Let me see his eyes;
That when I note another man like him,
I may avoid him: Which of these is he?

Bora. If you would know your wronger, look on me.

Leon. Art thou the slave, th
hast kill'd
Mine innocent child?

Bora. Yea, eve

Leon. No, not so, villain; th
Here stand a pair of honourabl
A third is fled, that had a hand
I thank you, princes, for my da
Record it with your high and w
'Twas bravely done, if you betl

Claud. I know not how to pr
Yet I must speak: Choose you
Impose me [18] to what penance y
Can lay upon my sin: yet sinn'
But in mistaking.

D. Pedro. By my soul,
And yet, to satisfy this good old
I would bend under any heavy
That he'll enjoin me to.

Leon. I cannot bid you bid m
That were impossible: but, I pr
Possess [19] the people in Messina
How innocent she died: and, if
Can labour aught in sad inventi
Hang her an epitaph upon her t
And sing it to her bones: sing i
To-morrow morning come you t
And since you could not be my
Be yet my nephew: My brother

[18] That is, impose *upon* me.

[19] To *possess* anciently signified to *inf*
with. So, in The Merchant of Venice:
grace of what I purpose."

[20] It was the custom to attach, upon or
brated persons, a written inscription, either
erally in praise of the deceased.

Almost the copy of my child that's dead,
And she alone is heir to both of us.[21]
Give her the right you should have given her cousin.
And so dies my revenge.

Claud. O, noble sir!
Your over-kindness doth wring tears from me.
I do embrace your offer; and dispose
For henceforth of poor Claudio.

Leon. To-morrow, then, I will expect your coming:
To-night I take my leave.—This naughty man
Shall face to face be brought to Margaret,
Who, I believe, was pack'd[22] in all this wrong,
Hir'd to it by your brother.

Bora. No, by my soul, she was not;
Nor knew not what she did, when she spoke to me;
But always hath been just and virtuous,
In any thing that I do know by her.

Dogb. Moreover, sir, which, indeed, is not under white and black, this plaintiff here, the offender, did call me ass: I beseech you, let it be remember'd in his punishment. And, also, the watch heard them talk of one Deformed: they say, he wears a key in his ear, and a lock hanging by it;[23] and borrows money in God's name; the which he hath us'd so long, and never paid, that now men grow hard-hearted, and will lend nothing for God's sake: Pray you, examine him upon that point.

Leon. I thank thee for thy care and honest pains.

[21] It would seem that Antonio's son, mentioned in Act i. sc. 2, must have died since the play began. H.

[22] That is, combined; an accomplice.

[23] It was one of the fantastic fashions of Shakespeare's time to wear a long hanging *lock of hair* dangling by the ear: it is often mentioned by contemporary writers, and may be observed in some ancient portraits. The humour of this passage is in Dogberry's supposing the *lock* to have a *key* to it

Dogb. Your worship speaks l
and reverend youth; and I pra
Leon. There's for thy pains.
Dogb. God save the foundatio
Leon. Go: I discharge thee o
I thank thee.
Dogb. I leave an arrant knave
which, I beseech your worship, t
for the example of others. Go
ship; I wish your worship well
to health. I humbly give you le
if a merry meeting may be wish
—Come, neighbour.

[*Exeunt* DOGBERRY, VERG

Leon. Until to-morrow mornin
Ant. Farewell, my lords: we
morrow.
D. Pedro. We will not fail.
Claud. To-night I'll

[*Exeunt Don* PE

Leon. Bring you these fellows
Margaret,
How her acquaintance grew wit
low.

SCENE II. LEONATO'S

Enter BENEDICK *and* MARGAR

Bene. Pray thee, sweet mistre
serve well at my hands, by helping
of Beatrice.

[24] A phrase used by those who received
religious houses. Dogberry probably design
the founder."

[25] Here *lewd* has not the common meani
can be used in the more uncommon sense o

Marg. Will you, then, write me a sonnet in praise of my beauty?

Bene. In so high a style, Margaret, that no man living shall come over it; for, in most comely truth, thou deservest it.

Marg. To have no man come over me? why, shall I always keep below stairs?[1]

Bene. Thy wit is as quick as the greyhound's mouth; it catches.

Marg. And yours as blunt as the fencer's foils, which hit, but hurt not.

Bene. A most manly wit, Margaret; it will not hurt a woman: and so, I pray thee, call Beatrice. I give thee the bucklers.[2]

Marg. Give us the swords; we have bucklers of our own.

Bene. If you use them, Margaret, you must put in the pikes with a vice; and they are dangerous weapons for maids.

Marg. Well, I will call Beatrice to you, who, I think, hath legs. [*Exit* MARGARET

Bene. And therefore will come.

Sings. The god of love,
That sits above,
And knows me, and knows me,
How pitiful I deserve, —

means *knavish*, *ungracious*, *naughty*, which are the synonymes used with it in explaining the Latin *pravus* in dictionaries of the sixteenth century.

[1] Theobald proposed to read, *above* stairs; and the sense of the passage seems to require some such alteration: perhaps a word has been lost, and we may read, "Why, shall I always keep *them* below stairs?" Of this passage Dr. Johnson says, "I suppose every reader will find the meaning."

[2] To give the bucklers, was to yield the victory; whereby the victor got his adversary's shield, and kept his own. H

I mean, in singing; but in lov
good swimmer, Troilus the firs
ders, and a whole book full of t
pet-mongers, whose names yet r
even road of a blank verse, wh
so truly turned over and over
love. Marry, I cannot show it
tried; I can find out no rhy
"baby," an innocent rhyme; fo
a hard rhyme; for "school,"
rhyme; — very ominous ending
born under a rhyming planet, n
festival terms.[3] —

Enter BEATRIC

Sweet Beatrice, wouldst thou c
thee!

Beat. Yea, signior; and depar

Bene. O, stay but till then!

Beat. "Then" is spoken; far
and yet, ere I go, let me go wit
which is, with knowing what ha
you and Claudio.

Bene. Only foul words; and th
thee.

Beat. Foul words is but foul w
is but foul breath, and foul breath
fore I will depart unkiss'd.

Bene. Thou hast frighted the
right sense, so forcible is thy wit
thee plainly, Claudio undergoes
and either I must shortly hear fi

[3] That is, *in choice phraseology.* So m
Wives of Windsor says of Fenton, "*He*
Hotspur, in 1 Henry IV.: "With many ho

[4] Is under challenge, or now stands cha

subscribe him a coward. And, I pray thee now, tell me, for which of my bad parts didst thou first fall in love with me?

Beat. For them all together; which maintain'd so politic a state of evil, that they will not admit any good part to intermingle with them. But for which of my good parts did you first suffer love for me?

Bene. "Suffer love!" a good epithet. I do suffer love, indeed, for I love thee against my will.

Beat. In spite of your heart, I think: alas, poor heart! If you spite it for my sake, I will spite it for yours; for I will never love that which my friend hates.

Bene. Thou and I are too wise to woo peaceably.

Beat. It appears not in this confession: there's not one wise man among twenty that will praise himself.

Bene. An old, an old instance, Beatrice, that liv'd in the time of good neighbours:[5] If a man do not erect in this age his own tomb ere he dies, he shall live no longer in monument than the bell rings, and the widow weeps.

Beat. And how long is that, think you?

Bene. Question:[6] — Why, an hour in clamour, and a quarter in rheum: Therefore it is most expedient for the wise (if Don Worm, his conscience, find no impediment to the contrary) to be the trumpet of his own virtues, as I am to myself: So much for praising myself, who, I myself will bear witness, is praise-worthy. And now tell me, how doth your cousin?

[5] That is, when men were not envious, but every one gave another his due.

[6] This phrase seems equivalent to, — "You ask a question indeed!" or, "That is the question!"

Beat. Very ill.

Bene. And how do you?

Beat. Very ill too.

Bene. Serve God, love me, a
I leave you too, for here comes

Enter URSULA

Urs. Madam, you must com
Yonder's old coil[7] at home: it
Hero hath been falsely accus'd
Claudio mightily abus'd; and
author of all, who is fled and go
presently!

Beat. Will you go hear this n

Bene. I will live in thy heart,
be buried in thy eyes;[8] and, m
with thee to thy uncle's.

SCENE III. The Inside

Enter Don PEDRO, CLAUDIO,
with music and tap

Claud. Is this the monument o

Atten. It is, my lord.

[7] That is, huge bustle, or stir. *Old* was
mentative in familiar language, perhaps b
old have given proof of strength, in havin
time. Thus, in The Merry Wives of W
"Here will be an *old* abusing of God's p
English." So, likewise, in Dekker's come
good Play the Devil is in it:" "We shall
necks." And in *Le Bone Florence,* quoted
olde fyghtyng was there."

[8] Mr. Collier says, — "The Rev. Mr. E
that the words *heart* and *eyes* have in some
in the old copies."

Claud. [*Reads.*]

Epitaph.

Done to death[1] by slanderous tongues
  Was the Hero that here lies:
Death, in guerdon[2] of her wrongs,
  Gives her fame which never dies:
So the life, that died with shame,
Lives in death with glorious fame.

Hang thou there upon the tomb,
Praising her when I am dumb. —

Now, music, sound, and sing your solemn hymn.

Song.

Pardon, goddess of the night,
Those that slew thy virgin knight;[3]
For the which, with songs of woe,
Round about her tomb they go.
  Midnight, assist our moan;
  Help us to sigh and groan,
    Heavily, heavily:
  Graves, yawn, and yield your dead,
  Till death be uttered,
    Heavily, heavily.[4]

[1] This phrase occurs frequently in writers of Shakespeare's time: it appears to be derived from the French phrase, *faire mourir*.

[2] Reward.

[3] *Knight* was a common poetical appellation of virgins in Shakespeare's time; probably in allusion to their being the votarists of Diana, whose chosen pastime was in knightly sports. Thus, in Fletcher's Two Noble Kinsmen, Act v. sc. 1:

"O! sacred, shadowy, cold, and constant queen,
Abandoner of revels, mute, contemplative,
Sweet, solitary, white as chaste, and pure
As wind-fann'd snow, who to thy *female knights*
Allow'st no more blood than will make a blush,
Which is their order's robe." H.

[4] We here give the reading of the quarto, though we confess

Claud. Now, unto thy bones g
Yearly will I do this rit
D. Pedro. Good morrow, m
torches out:
The wolves have prey'd; and loo
Before the wheels of Phœbus, ro
Dapples the drowsy east with spo
Thanks to you all, and leave us:
Claud. Good morrow, masters
way.
D. Pedro. Come, let us hence,
weeds;
And then to Leonato's we will go
Claud. And Hymen now with lu
Than this, for whom we render'd

SCENE IV. A Room in Leo

Enter Leonato, Antonio, Benedi
Ursula, *Friar, and* H

Friar. Did I not tell you she w
Leon. So are the prince and Clau
her
Upon the error that you heard deb

ourselves somewhat puzzled to find its meani
rather doubtful whether it have any. The fo
only, heavenly," which seems still more obs
but which Knight and Verplanck retain, explai
put out or *expelled*, a sense which it sometim
enly to mean *by the power of heaven*. In
jumps well enough with what goes before, bu
like making the passage a hieroglyph. Steev
"till songs of death be uttered;" which mak
ate; but then it gives a sense that can har
agreement with what precedes. Difficult as t
way, we keep to the reading that has the ol
Dyce justly urges against the reading of the f

But Margaret was in some fault for this;
Although against her will, as it appears
In the true course of all the question.

Ant. Well, I am glad that all things sort so well.

Bene. And so am I, being else by faith enforc'd
To call young Claudio to a reckoning for it.

Leon. Well, daughter, and you gentlewomen all,
Withdraw into a chamber by yourselves;
And, when I send for you, come hither mask'd:
The prince and Claudio promis'd by this hour
To visit me. — You know your office, brother;
You must be father to your brother's daughter,
And give her to young Claudio. [*Exeunt Ladies*

Ant. Which I will do with confirm'd countenance.

Bene. Friar, I must entreat your pains, I think.

Friar. To do what, signior?

Bene. To bind me, or undo me; one of them. —
Signior Leonato, truth it is, good signior,
Your niece regards me with an eye of favour.

Leon. That eye my daughter lent her: 'tis most true.

Bene. And I do with an eye of love requite her.

Leon. The sight whereof, I think, you had from me,
From Claudio, and the prince: But what's your will?

Bene. Your answer, sir, is enigmatical:
But, for my will, my will is, your good will
May stand with ours, this day to be conjoin'd
In the estate of honourable marriage: —
In which, good Friar, I shall desire your help.

passage in Hamlet, Act ii. sc. 2, thus: "And indeed, it goes so *heavenly* with my disposition, that this goodly frame the Earth seems to me a steril promontory." And he thinks *heavenly* is as certainly a misprint for *heavily* in one case as in the other. R.

Leon. My heart is with your li
Friar.
Here come the prince and Claud

Enter Don PEDRO *and* CLAUDIO

D. Pedro. Good morrow to th
Leon. Good morrow, prince
Claudio :
We here attend you : Are you y
To-day to marry with my brother
Claud. I'll hold my mind, were
Leon. Call her forth, brother :
ready.
D. Pedro. Good morrow, Bene
the matter,
That you have such a February f
So full of frost, of storm, and cl
Claud. I think he thinks upon th
Tush ! fear not, man, we'll tip th
And all Europa shall rejoice at th
As once Europa did at lusty Jove,
When he would play the noble be
Bene. Bull Jove, sir, had an an
And some such strange bull leap'd
And got a calf in that same noble
Much like to you, for you have j

Re-enter ANTONIO, *with the L*

Claud. For this I owe you :
reckonings.
Which is the lady I must seize up
Leon. This same is she, and I d

[1] Still alluding to the passage quoted fro
dy, in the first scene of the play.

Claud. Why, then she's mine: Sweet, let me see your face.

Leon. No, that you shall not, till you take her hand
Before this Friar, and swear to marry her.

Claud. Give me your hand before this holy Friar.
I am your husband, if you like of me.

Hero. And when I liv'd, I was your other wife: [*Unmasking.*
And when you lov'd, you were my other husband.

Claud. Another Hero?

Hero. Nothing certainer:
One Hero died defil'd; but I do live,
And, surely as I live, I am a maid.

D. Pedro. The former Hero! Hero that is dead!

Leon. She died, my lord, but whiles her slander liv'd.

Friar. All this amazement can I qualify;
When, after that the holy rites are ended,
I'll tell you largely of fair Hero's death:
Mean time, let wonder seem familiar,
And to the chapel let us presently.

Bene. Soft and fair, Friar. — Which is Beatrice?

Beat. I answer to that name: [*Unmasking.*] What is your will?

Bene. Do not you love me?

Beat. Why, no; no more than reason.

Bene. Why, then your uncle, and the prince, and Claudio, have been deceived: they swore you did.

Beat. Do not you love me?

Bene. Troth, no; no more than reason.

Beat. Why, then my cousin, Margaret, and Ursula,
Are much deceiv'd; for they did swear you did.

Bene. They swore that you were almost sick for me.

Beat. They swore that you w
for me.

Bene. 'Tis no such matter: —
love me!

Beat. No, truly, but in friend

Leon. Come, cousin, I am sur
tleman.

Claud. And I'll be sworn up
her;

For here's a paper, written in hi
A halting sonnet of his own pur
Fashioned to Beatrice.

Hero. And here
Writ in my cousin's hand, stolen
Containing her affection unto Be

Bene. A miracle! here's our
our hearts: — Come, I will have
light, I take thee for pity.

Beat. I would not deny you;
day, I yield upon great persuasi
save your life, for I was told y
sumption.

Bene. Peace! I will stop your

D. Pedro. How dost thou, Be
man?

Bene. I'll tell thee what, princ
crackers cannot flout me out of
thou think I care for a satire, or
if a man will be beaten with br
nothing handsome about him. I
purpose to marry, I will think n
pose that the world can say agai
fore never flout at me for what I
it; for man is a giddy thing, and

sion. — For thy part, Claudio, I did think to have beaten thee; but, in that[2] thou art like to be my kinsman, live unbruis'd, and love my cousin.

Claud. I had well hop'd, thou wouldst have denied Beatrice, that I might have cudgell'd thee out of thy single life, to make thee a double dealer; which, out of question, thou wilt be, if my cousin do not look exceeding narrowly to thee.

Bene. Come, come, we are friends: — Let's have a dance ere we are married, that we may lighten our own hearts, and our wives' heels.

Leon. We'll have dancing afterwards.

Bene. First, of my word; therefore play, music. — Prince, thou art sad; get thee a wife, get thee a wife: there is no staff more reverend than one tipped with horn.[3]

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, your brother John is ta'en in flight,
And brought with armed men back to Messina.

Bene. Think not on him till to-morrow: I'll devise thee brave punishments for him. — Strike up, pipers! [*Dance. Exeunt.*

[2] Because.

[3] Divers commentators think there is an allusion here to the staff used in the ancient trial by wager of battle. But Benedick is evidently regarding marriage as a staff, such a support as human infirmity often needs in the walk of life. And because the staff was used to be tipped with horn, he must needs have a final flout at the horn as emblematic of what he has all along regarded as the destiny of married men. Chaucer's Sompnour describes one of his friars as having a "scrippe and tipped staf," and he adds that "his felaw had *a staf tipped with horn.*" M.

INTRODUCTION

TO

A MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

A MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM was entered in the books of the Stationers' Company, by Thomas Fisher, October 8, 1600. In the course of that year was published a quarto pamphlet of thirty-two leaves, with a title-page reading as follows: "A Midsummer-Night's Dream: As it hath been sundry times publicly acted by the Right honourable, the Lord Chamberlain his servants. Written by William Shakespeare. Imprinted at London for Thomas Fisher, and are to be sold at his shop, at the Sign of the White Hart, Fleetestreet: 1600." Another edition came out the same year, "printed by James Roberts." The play was not printed again till in the folio of 1623, where it stands the eighth in the list of comedies.

Fisher was a publisher, but not a printer; Roberts was both; and the entering of the play to the former seems to argue that he had the copy-right, and that the edition of the latter was unauthorized. Yet, from the agreement of this and the folio in certain misprints, we are brought to infer that Heminge and Condell must have taken Roberts' text in making up their copy for the press. In all three of the copies, however, the printing is remarkably clear and accurate for the time, leaving little room for controversy as to the true reading: probably none of the Poet's works has reached us in a more perfect state. As an instance of the general correctness, Knight aptly refers to the Prologue of the Interlude, which is carefully mispointed in the original copies; thus showing that either the proof was corrected by the Author, or the printing was from a very clear manuscript. The main difference between the quartos and the folio is, that the latter distinguishes the acts: the scenes are not marked in either.

The play is mentioned by Meres in his *Palladis Tamia;* which ascertains that it was made before 1598: and a curious piece of internal evidence renders it highly probable that the writing was *after* 1594. One of the finest passages in the play is in Act ii.

sc. 1, where Titania describes the confusion
evils thence resulting to man and beast; an
so well with the strange misbehaviour of
to leave scarce any room for doubt as to th
derly conduct of the elements that year is th
Annals from a discourse at York by Dr. K
the spring was very unkind, by means of
that fell. Our July hath been like to a Fe
as an April: so that the air must needs be
recounting other signs of the divine wrath
"And see, whether the Lord doth not thre
sending such unseasonable weather, and st
which if we will observe, and compare it
may say that the course of nature is very
years are turned upside down: our summer
harvests are no harvests; our seed-times a
a great space of time scant any day hath
not rained." To the same effect Mr. Hal
extract from the Diary of Dr. Simon For
heavy rains

> "Have every pelting river made
> That they have overborne their

So that we can hardly choose but conclud
least the passage in question, must have
summer of 1594, when the Poet had passed
surely, the truth of the allusion being grant
passing events and matters of fact were
account in the service of poetry.

Another passage has been often quoted a
ing upon the matter in hand. We confess
to make any thing out of it for that pur
when the parties interested are consideri
shall be made choice of to grace the for
Master of the Revels produces "a brief
ripe," the third item of which is —

> "The thrice three Muses mourning
> Of learning, late deceas'd in begg

Some have regarded this as pointing to
which occurred in 1599; others, as referrin
of the Muses, which appeared in 1591. T
could not be the case but upon the suppos
written in at a revisal, which would rule the
as to when the play was first made. The
pass, but for what Theseus says of the per
nated.

"That is some satire, keen and critical,
Not sorting with a nuptial ceremony:"

a description to which The Tears of the Muses nowise corresponds. Mr. Knight suggests that the passage may refer to Harvey's "keen and critical," but ungenerous attack upon Greene, soon after the death of the latter in 1592: which suggestion, however, he does not himself consider of much value, wherein we cordially agree with him.

Upon the whole, therefore, the best conclusion we can form is, that the play was written somewhere between 1594 and 1598. Yet we have to concur with Mr. Verplanck, that there are some passages which relish strongly of an earlier period; while again there are others that with the prevailing sweetness of the whole have such an intertwisting of nerve and vigour, and such an energetic compactness of thought and imagery, mingled occasionally with the deeper tonings of "years that bring the philosophic mind," as to argue that they were wrought into the structure of the play not long before it came from the press. The part of the Athenian lovers certainly has much that would scarce do credit even to such a boyhood as Shakespeare's must have been. On the other hand, there is a large philosophy in Theseus' discourse of "the lunatic, the lover, and the poet," a noble sagacity in his reasons for preferring the "tedious brief scene of young Pyramus and his love Thisbe," and a bracing freshness and inspiriting hilarity in the short dialogue of the chase, such as the Poet's best years need not blush to have been the father of. Perhaps, however, what seem the defects of the former, the far-fetched conceits and artificial elegances, were wisely designed, in order to invest the part with such an air of dreaminess and unreality as would better sort with the scope and spirit of the piece, and preclude a disproportionate resentment of some naughty acts into which those love bewildered frailties are betrayed. So that we cannot quite go along with the judicious critic last mentioned, in thinking the part in question to have been the remains of a juvenile effort, with which, after a long interval, the heroic personages and some of the fairy scenes were amalgamated or interwoven.

It is hardly to be supposed that this play could have been very successful on the boards. Though unsurpassed and unsurpassable in its kind, such a preponderance of the poetical over the dramatic could scarce have been greatly relished by the same audiences and in the same places where those performances so intensely crowded with dramatic life made their Author "the applause, delight, the wonder of our stage." Notwithstanding, as evidence that the play enjoyed a good share of fame, we may quote a passage from Sir Gregory Nonsense, by Taylor the Water-poet in 1622: "I say it is applausefully written, and commended to posterity, in the Midsummer-Night's Dream,—If we offend, it is with our good

will: We come with no intent but to offi
skill." And a manuscript has been disc
Lambeth Palace, showing that the play w
ber 27, 1631, at the house of John Willi
the same great but by no means faultless
treated by Laud, and gave the King suc
ease of Strafford, and spent his last yea
death of his royal master, and had his
witty, good Bishop Hacket.

Some hints for the part of Theseus and
been taken from The Knightes Tale of Ch
the extracts given in our notes. Chance
Babilon, and Golding's translation of th
probably furnished the matter for the Int
lates to Bottom and his fellows evidently
she had passed under the Poet's eye. Th
in with the ancient tragic tale of Pyramus
the latter within the region of modern fa
classic into the grotesque, is not less orig
it may have expressed the Poet's judgme
doings of his time, perhaps were a qui
profitable. The names of Oberon, Tita
low, were made familiar by the survivi
Druidical mythology; as were also many
its, mode of life, and influence in human
sious, scattered through many preceding w
showing that the old superstition had be
of Christianity, where it had shaped itse
so as to mingle in the lore of the nurser
place in the popular belief. Some feat
ports of this ancient Fairydom are thus
Chaucer in The Wif of Bathes Tale:

> "In olde dayes of the King Arto
> Of which that Bretons speken g
> All was this lond fulfilled of fae
> The Elf-quene, with hire joly c
> Danced ful oft in many a grene
> This was the old opinion as I re
> I speke of many hundred yeres
> But now can no man see non el
> For now the grete charitee and
> Of limitoures and other holy fre
> That serchen every land and ev
> As thikke as motes in the sonne-
> This maketh that ther ben no fa
> For ther as wont to walken was
> Ther walketh now the limitour h

But, though Chaucer and others had spoken about the fairy nation, it was for Shakespeare to let them speak for themselves: until he clothed their substances in apt forms, their thoughts in fitting words, they but floated unseen and unheard in the mental atmosphere of his father-land. But for him, we might indeed have heard of them, but not have known them. So that Mr. Hallam is quite right in regarding A Midsummer-Night's Dream as "altogether original in one of the most beautiful conceptions that ever visited the mind of a poet — the fairy machinery. A few before him," he adds, "had dealt, in a vulgar and clumsy manner, with popular superstitions; but the sportive, beneficent, invisible population of air and earth, long since established in the creed of childhood, and of those simple as children, had never for a moment been blended with 'human mortals,' among the personages of the drama." How much Shakespeare did as the friend and saviour of those sweet airy frolickers of the past, from the relentless mowings of Time, has been charmingly set forth by a poet of our own day. We allude to Thomas Hood's delightful poem, The Plea of the Midsummer Fairies.

Coleridge says he is "convinced that Shakespeare availed himself of the title of this play in his own mind, and worked upon it as a dream throughout." And elsewhere he remarks that "the whole of A Midsummer-Night's Dream is one continued specimen of the dramatized lyrical." These observations, both of which spring out of one and the same idea, undoubtedly hit the true centre and life of the performance; and on no other ground can its merits be rightly estimated. This it is that explains and justifies the distinctive features of the work, such as the constant subordination of the dramatic elements, and the free playing of the action unchecked by the laws and conditions of outward fact and reality. A sort of lawlessness is indeed the very law of the piece: the actual order of things giving place to the spontaneous issues and capricious turnings of the mind; the lofty and the low, the beautiful and the grotesque, the worlds of fancy and of fact, all the strange diversities that enter into "such stuff as dreams are made of," every where running and frisking together, and interchanging their functions and properties: so that the whole seems confused, flitting, shadowy, and indistinct, as fading away in the remoteness and fascination of moonlight. The very scene is laid in a sort of dream-land, called Athens indeed, but only because Athens was the greatest beehive of beautiful visions then known; or rather, it lies in an ideal forest near an ideal Athens, — a forest peopled with sportive elves, and sprites, and fairies, feeding on moonlight, and music, and fragrance: a place where nature herself is supernatural; where every thing is idealized, even to the sunbeams and the soil; where the vegetation proceeds by enchantment; and where there is magic in the germination of the seed and secretion of the sap.

Great strength of passion or of volitio
out of place in such a performance: it has
beauty, and delight, — for whatsoever is n
and fancy; and therefore for none but su
thought and feeling as may flow out in m
tuggings of mind or heart, that should ruff
smoothnesses of lyrical division, would be qu
a dream, especially a midsummer-night's dre
apt to turn it into something else. The ch
appropriately drawn with light, delicate, va
of them being dreamy and sentimental, so
and others replete with amusing absurditi
dipped in fancy or sprinkled with humour.
son the tender distresses of unrequited or fo
not the moral sense at all, but only at most
for love is represented as but the effect of
ment, which the king of fairies can undo
inspire, at pleasure. The lovers all seem
mould than ourselves, with barely enough o
manity about them to interest our huma
deepest sorrow wears upon its face a flu
happiness. Even the heroic personages ar
unheroic aspect: we see them but in their
have daffed their martial robes aside, to
dreamers, and have a nuptial jubilee. In
and art were required, to make the play wh
for being, — that is, to keep the dramatic
lest the law of a part should override the l
likewise, in the transformation of Bottom a
nia, all the resources of fancy were needed
etical from getting the upper hand, and thus
of the piece. As it is, what words can f
with which the extremes of the grotesque
here brought together; and how, in their me
the other without leaving to be itself! W
laughing springs up and lubricates the fa
confusion of his two natures, when he talks
as a man, and anon as a mixture of both, h
the same time upon honey-bags and thistles,
and of good dry oats! Who but another
interfused the lyrical spirit, not only with, b
series or cluster of the most irregular and
But indeed this embracing and kissing of t
the most poetical, the enchantment under wh
airy, dream-like grace that hovers over their
inimitable and indescribable. In this unp
very diversity of the elements seems to link
this linking in turn heightens that diversity;

drawn on to finer issues of soul, and Bottom to larger expressions of stomach. The union is so very improbable as to seem quite natural: we cannot conceive how any thing but a dream could possibly have married things so contrary; and that they could not have come together save in a dream, is a sort of proof that they *were* dreamed together.

And so, throughout, the execution is in strict accordance with the plan: the play, from beginning to end, is a perfect festival of whatsoever dainties and delicacies poetry may command, — a continued revelry and jollification of soul, where the understanding is put asleep that fancy may run riot, and wanton in unrestrained carousal. The bringing together of four parts so dissimilar as those of the Duke and his warrior Bride, of the Athenian ladies and their lovers, of the amateur players and their woodland rehearsal, and of the fairy bickerings and overreaching; and the carrying of them severally to a point where they all meet and blend in lyrical respondence; — all this is done in the same freedom from the rules that govern the drama of character and life. Each group of persons is made to parody itself into concert with the others, while the frequent intershootings of fairy influence lift the whole into the softest regions of fancy. At last the Interlude comes in as an amusing burlesque on all that has gone before, as in our troubled dreams we sometimes end with a dream that we have been dreaming, and our perturbations sink to rest in the sweet assurance that they were but the phantoms and unrealities of a busy sleep. Ulrici, — whose criticisms generally appear too something, perhaps too profound, to be of much use, — rightly considers this reciprocal parody the basis and centre where the several parts coalesce and round themselves into an organic whole. Yet, as if this vital coherence of all the parts were not enough, the several threads are collected and bound together; the nuptial doings at the close winding up whatsoever might else seem scattered and uncomposed, thus setting a formal knot upon an unity that was real before.

Partly for the reasons already stated, and partly for others that we scarce know how to state, A Midsummer-Night's Dream is a most effectual poser to criticism. Besides that its very essence is irregularity, so that it cannot be fairly brought to the test of rules, the play forms a complete class by itself: literature has nothing else like it; nothing therefore with which it may be compared and its merits adjusted. For the Poet has here exercised powers apparently differing even in kind, not only from those of any other writer, but from those shown in any other of his own writings: elsewhere, if his characters be penetrated with the ideal, their whereabout lies in the actual, and the work may in some measure be judged by that life which it claims to represent: here the whereabout is as ideal as the characters; all is in the land of dreams, — a place for dreamers, not for critics. The whole thing, more-

over, swarms with enchantment: all the s
speare's sweet genius is concentrated into
subtle and cunning a hand, that we can
away from it: its charms, like those of a s
as we may see and feel, but cannot locat
they are here, or they are there; the mo
up to them, they seem to be every where
master them, they seem to be nowhere.

Though, as already remarked, the chara
secondary and subordinate, yet the play p
character as is compatible with so much
been well described as a classic persona
features and expression. The name is Gr
spirit are essentially Gothic. Nor does t
allusion and imagery in the story call for
because whatsoever is taken is thoroughly
of the taker. This species of anachronis
ern writers before and during the age of
have risen in part from a comparative dea
which left men to contemplate the heroe
forms into which their own minds and ma
all their delineations became informed with
the condensed grace of ancient character g
ment of chivalrous magnanimity and hous
ed thoughts seated in the heart of court
have been the no less beautiful than natu
Latin and less Greek," so often smiled a
by those more skilled in the ancient langu
tongue of nature.

Puck is apt to remind one of Ariel, th
common, save that both are supernatura
longer in the faith of reason. Puck is n
tender-hearted, music-breathing spirit, the
interweavings of a sensitive moral soul i
such soft touches of compassion and pie
link the dainty Ariel in so sweetly wit
Though Goodfellow by name, his powers
chief are quite unchecked by any gentle
ing; in whatsoever distresses he finds or
to laugh at, nothing to pity: to tease and
ers, and then to think "what fools these m
to him; and if he do not cause pain, it is
dom forbid him, not that he wishes it u
standing his mad pranks, we cannot choose
our fancy frolic with him, his sense of the
he is so fond of sport, and so quaint and
while at the same time such is the strange
keep him morally innocent. It would seem

once ascribed to him were afterwards transferred to witchcraft. Well do we remember a black spot in the bottom of the old churn over which we have toiled away many an autumnal evening. A red-hot horse-shoe had been thrown in to disbewitch the cream, and had left its mark there. Report told how a certain old woman of the neighbourhood was fretting and groaning the next morning with a terrible burn. Of course she was burnt out of the churn, and, she away, the butter soon came.

But of all the characters in this play, Bottom descends by far the most into the realities of common experience, and is therefore much the most accessible to the grasp of prosaic and critical fingers. It has been thought the Poet meant him as a satire on the envies and jealousies of the green-room, as they had fallen under his keen yet kindly eye. Surely the qualities uppermost in Bottom had forced themselves on his notice long before he entered the green-room. It is indeed curious to observe the solicitude of this Protean actor, and critic, and connoisseur, that all the parts of the forthcoming play may have the benefit of his execution; how great is his concern lest, if he be tied to one, the others may be "overdone or come tardy off;" and how he would fain engross them all to himself, to the end of course that all may succeed to the honour of the stage and the pleasure of the spectators. But Bottom's metamorphosis is the most potent drawer-out of his genius. The sense of his new head-dress stirs up all the manhood within him, and lifts his character into ludicrous greatness at once. Hitherto the seeming a man has made him content to be little better than an ass; but no sooner does he seem an ass than he tries his best to be a man; and all his efforts that way only go to approve the perfect fitness of his present seeming to his former being.

Schlegel ingeniously remarks, that "the droll wonder of Bottom's metamorphosis is merely the translation of a metaphor in its literal sense." The turning a figure of speech thus into visible form is a thing only to be thought of or imagined; so that probably no attempt to paint or represent it to the senses can ever succeed. We can bear, we often have to bear, that a man should seem an ass to the mind's eye; but not that he should seem so to the eye of the body. A child, for example, takes great pleasure in fancying the stick he rides to be a horse, when he would be frightened out of his wits were the stick to quicken and expand into an actual horse. In like manner, we often delight in indulging fancies and giving names, when we should be shocked, were our fancies to harden into facts: we enjoy visions in our sleep, that would only disgust or terrify us, should we wake up and find them solidified into things. The effect of Bottom's transformation can scarce be much otherwise, if brought upon the stage. Delightful to think, it is intolerable to look upon: exquisitely true in idea, it has no truth, or even verisimilitude, when reduced to fact; so that, however gladly imagination receives it, sense and understanding revolt at it.

PERSONS REPRESE

THESEUS, Duke of Athens.
EGEUS, Father to Hermia.
LYSANDER, } in love with Hermia.
DEMETRIUS, }
PHILOSTRATE, Master of the Revels
QUINCE, a Carpenter.
SNUG, a Joiner.
BOTTOM, a Weaver.
FLUTE, a Bellows-mender.
SNOUT, a Tinker.
STARVELING, a Tailor.

HIPPOLYTA, Queen of the Amazons.
HERMIA, in love with Lysander.
HELENA, in love with Demetrius.

OBERON, King of the Fairies.
TITANIA, Queen of the Fairies.
PUCK, or ROBIN-GOODFELLOW, a F
PEAS-BLOSSOM, }
COBWEB, } Fairies.
MOTH, }
MUSTARD-SEED, }

PYRAMUS, }
THISBE, }
WALL, } Characters in the Int
MOONSHINE, }
LION, }

Other Fairies attending their King
Attendants on Theseus and H

SCENE, Athens, and a Wood no

A

MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

ACT I.

SCENE I. Athens.

A Room in the Palace of THESEUS.

Enter THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, PHILOSTRATE, *and Attendants.*

The. Now, fair Hippolyta, our nuptial hour
Draws on apace; four happy days bring in
Another moon: but O! methinks, how slow
This old moon wanes! she lingers my desires,
Like to a step-dame, or a dowager,
Long withering out a young man's revenue.
Hip. Four days will quickly steep themselves in nights;
Four nights will quickly dream away the time;
And then the moon, like to a silver bow
New-bent in heaven, shall behold the night
Of our solemnities.
The. Go, Philostrate,
Stir up the Athenian youth to merriments;
Awake the pert and nimble spirit of mirth:
Turn melancholy forth to funerals,
The pale companion is not for our pomp.
[*Exit* PHILOSTRATE.
Hippolyta, I woo'd thee with my sword,

And won thy love, doing thee inju
But I will wed thee in another ke
With pomp, with triumph, and wit

Enter EGEUS, HERMIA, LYSANDER,

Ege. Happy be Theseus, our r
The. Thanks, good Egeus: '
with thee!
Ege. Full of vexation come I,
Against my child, my daughter He
Stand forth, Demetrius: — My no
This man hath my consent to mar
Stand forth, Lysander; — and, my
This man hath bewitch'd the boso

[1] Steevens set this down as "a misapp
title." If it be such, Shakespeare is not
Theseus is repeatedly called *duk* in Chauc
which the Poet was evidently indebted for
of this play. But indeed this application
of antiquity was quite common; the word
dux, which means a chief or leader of any s
icles, i. 51, we have a list of "the *dukes* of
join the opening of The Knight's Tale, as
matter in hand and the general scope of the
that quarter:

"Whilom, as olde stories tellen us,
Ther was a duk that highte These
Of Athenes he was lord and gove
And in his time swiche a conquero
That greter was ther non under th
Ful many a riche contree had he
What with his wisdom and his che
He conquerd all the regne of Fem
That whilom was yeleped Scythia
And wedded the fresshe quene Ipo
And brought hire home with him t
With mochel glorie and gret solem
And eke hire yonge suster Emelie.
And thus with victorie and with m
Let I this worthy duk to Athenes r
And all his host in armes him besi

Thou, thou, Lysander, thou hast given her rhymes,
And interchang'd love tokens with my child:
Thou hast by moon-light at her window sung,
With feigning voice, verses of feigning love;
And stol'n the impression of her fantasy
With bracelets of thy hair, rings, gawds, conceits,
Knacks, trifles, nosegays, sweet-meats; messengers
Of strong prevailment in unharden'd youth:
With cunning hast thou filch'd my daughter's heart;
Turn'd her obedience, which is due to me,
To stubborn harshness: — And, my gracious duke,
Be it so she will not here before your grace
Consent to marry with Demetrius,
I beg the ancient privilege of Athens;
As she is mine, I may dispose of her;
Which shall be either to this gentleman,
Or to her death; according to our law
Immediately provided in that case.

The. What say you, Hermia? be advis'd, fair maid:
To you your father should be as a god;
One that compos'd your beauties; yea, and one
To whom you are but as a form in wax,
By him imprinted, and within his power
To leave the figure, or disfigure it.
Demetrius is a worthy gentleman.

Her. So is Lysander.

The. In himself he is:
But, in this kind, wanting your father's voice,
The other must be held the worthier.

Her. I would my father look'd but with my eyes!

The. Rather your eyes must with his judgment look.

Her. I do entreat your grace to pardon me.
I know not by what power I am made bold;

Nor how it may concern my mo
In such a presence here, to plea
But I beseech your grace that I
The worst that may befall me in
If I refuse to wed Demetrius.

The. Either to die the death,
For ever the society of men.
Therefore, fair Hermia, question
Know of your youth, examine w
Whether, if you yield not to you
You can endure the livery of a
For aye to be in shady cloister n
To live a barren sister all your l
Chanting faint hymns to the cold
Thrice blessed they, that master
To undergo such maiden pilgrim
But earthlier happy is the rose
Than that which, withering on th
Grows, lives, and dies, in single l

Her. So will I grow, so live, s
Ere I will yield my virgin patent
Unto his lordship; whose unwish
My soul consents not to give sove

The. Take time to pause: and
moon,
The sealing-day betwixt my love a

[1] This reading was first proposed by
copies being *earthlier happy*. As in the an
itive would be *earthlie happie*, it is easy to s
been transposed; such being in fact a very
press.

[2] *Lordship* was anciently used for *author*
liffe's New Testament has *lordship* where th
dominion.—The folio of 1632 inserted *to* b
yoke; which reading Mr. Collier adopts on
necessary to the sense, forgetting, apparen
for *give* to be followed by two objectives

For everlasting bond of fellowship;—
Upon that day either prepare to die,
For disobedience to your father's will;
Or else to wed Demetrius, as he would;
Or on Diana's altar to protest,
For aye, austerity and single life.

Dem. Relent, sweet Hermia:—And, Lysander yield
Thy crazed title to my certain right.

Lys. You have her father's love, Demetrius;
Let me have Hermia's: do you marry him.

Ege. Scornful Lysander! true, he hath my love,
And what is mine my love shall render him;
And she is mine; and all my right of her
I do estate unto Demetrius.

Lys. I am, my lord, as well deriv'd as he,
As well possess'd; my love is more than his;
My fortunes every way as fairly rank'd,
If not with vantage, as Demetrius';
And, which is more than all these boasts can be,
I am belov'd of beauteous Hermia:
Why should not I, then, prosecute my right?
Demetrius, I'll avouch it to his head,
Made love to Nedar's daughter, Helena,
And won her soul; and she, sweet lady, dotes,
Devoutly dotes, dotes in idolatry,
Upon this spotted[4] and inconstant man.

The. I must confess, that I have heard so much,
And with Demetrius thought to have spoke thereof;
But, being over-full of self-affairs,
My mind did lose it. But, Demetrius, come;

[4] *Spotted* is wicked, the opposite of *spotless*. So in Cavendish's Metrical Visions: "The *spotted* queen causer of all this strife;" and again: "*Spotted* with pride, viciousnes, and cruelty."

And come, Egeus: you shall go v
I have some private schooling for
For you, fair Hermia, look you ar
To fit your fancies to your father'
Or else the law of Athens yields y
(Which by no means we may exte
To death, or to a vow of single li
Come, my Hippolyta: what cheer
Demetrius, and Egeus, go along:
I must employ you in some busine
Against our nuptial; and confer v
Of something nearly that concerns

Ege. With duty and desire we

[*Exeunt* THE., HIP., EGE.,

Lys. How now, my love? Wh
so pale?
How chance the roses there do fa

Her. Belike, for want of rain; w
Beteem[5] them from the tempest o

Lys. Ah me! for aught that I c
Could ever hear by tale or history,
The course of true love never did
But, either it was different in bloo

Her. O cross! too high to be e

[5] Steevens says *beteem* is used in the N
pour out, and thinks it may have that sense
probably used in the sense, not uncommon i
permit, afford; as in The Faery Queene, B.

"So would I, said th' Enchaunter, glad
Beteeme to you this sword, you to de
Or ought that els your honour might

Likewise, in Golding's Ovid:

"Yet could he
The shape of anie other bird than egle

The passage in Hamlet is doubtless familiar
my mother, that he might not *beteem* the wind
face too roughly."

Lys. Or else misgraffed, in respect of years; —
Her. O spite! too old to be engag'd to young!
Lys. Or else it stood upon the choice of friends; —
Her. O hell! to choose love by another's eye!
Lys. Or, if there were a sympathy in choice,
War, death, or sickness did lay siege to it;
Making it momentany[6] as a sound,
Swift as a shadow, short as any dream;
Brief as the lightning in the collied[7] night,
That, in a spleen, unfolds both heaven and earth,
And ere a man hath power to say, — Behold!
The jaws of darkness do devour it up:
So quick bright things come to confusion.

[6] An old form of *momentary*. Milton seems to have remembered this passage in his account of the "innumerable disturbances on earth through female snares," Paradise Lost, Book x.:

"For either
He never shall find out fit mate, but such
As some misfortune brings him, or mistake;
Or whom he wishes most shall seldom gain,
Through her perverseness, but shall see her gain'd
By a far worse; or, if she love, withheld
By parents; or his happiest choice too late
Shall meet, already link'd and wedlock-bound
To a fell adversary, his hate or shame:
Which infinite calamity shall cause
To human life, and household peace confound."

It did not fall within Milton's purpose to consider that poor woman is a sufferer in these disturbances as well as man: he views her as the cause, not as the victim, of these mischiefs; whereas Shakespeare regards both sexes as subject to them by an edict of Destiny. H.

[7] A word derived from the collieries, and meaning *smutted* or *black*. Shakespeare found few words so far gone but he could regenerate them with his poetical baptism. — *Spleen*, in the next line, means *a fit of passion or violence;* as in King John, Act ii. sc. 2:

"This union will do more than battery can,
To our fast-closed gates; for at this match,
With swifter *spleen* than powder can enforce,
The mouth of passage shall we fling wide ope
And give you entrance" H

Her. If, then, true lovers have bee
It stands as an edict in destiny:
Then, let us teach our trial patience,
Because it is a customary cross,
As due to love as thoughts, and drean
Wishes, and tears, poor fancy's[8] follo

Lys. A good persuasion: therefo
Hermia.
I have a widow aunt, a dowager
Of great revenue, and she hath no ch
From Athens is her house remote sev
And she respects me as her only son.
There, gentle Hermia, may I marry th
And to that place the sharp Athenian
Cannot pursue us: If thou lov'st me,
Steal forth thy father's house to-morr
And in the wood, a league without th
Where I did meet thee once with He
To do observance to a morn of May,
There will I stay for thee.

[8] The Poet often uses *fancy* for *love*. So, i play: "Fair Helena in *fancy* following me." celebrated passage applied to Queen Elizabe meditation *fancy*-free."

[9] Here again we may perceive that Shakesp have been together:

"Thus passeth yere by yere, and day b
Till it felle ones in a morwe of May,
That Emelie, that fayrer was to sene
Than is the lilie upon his stalke grene,
And fressher than the May with floure
(For with the rose colour strof hire he
I n'ot which was the finer of hem two,
Er it was day, as she was wont to do,
She was arisen, and all redy dight.
For May wol have no slogardie a-nigh
The seson priketh every gentil herte,
And maketh him out of his slepe to st
And sayth, arise, and *do thin observa*

Touching the rites of this ancient holiday, — a the seraph-souled Chaucer to sing,

Her. My good Lysander!
I swear to thee, by Cupid's strongest bow;
By his best arrow with the golden head;
By the simplicity of Venus' doves;
By that which knitteth souls, and prospers loves;
And by that fire which burn'd the Carthage queen,
When the false Trojan under sail was seen;
By all the vows that ever men have broke,
In number more than ever women spoke;—
In that same place thou hast appointed me,
To-morrow truly will I meet with thee.

Lys. Keep promise, love: Look, here comes Helena.

Enter HELENA.

Her. God speed fair Helena! Whither away?

Hel. Call you me fair? that fair again unsay.
Demetrius loves you, fair:[10] O happy fair!
Your eyes are lode-stars;[11] and your tongue's sweet air

"O Maye, with all thy floures and thy grene,
Right welcome be thou, faire freshe May,
I hope that I some grene here getten may,"—

Stowe informs us how our ancestors were wont to go out into "the sweet meadows and green woods, there to rejoice their spirits with the beauty and savour of sweet flowers, and with the harmony of birds praising God in their kind." But Stubbs, the atrabilious Puritan, in his Anatomie of Abuses, speaks very differently: he accounts for the delight others take in the season thus: "And no marvel, for there is a great lord present among them, as superintendent over their pastimes and sports, namely, Sathan, Prince of Hell." The spirit of the olden time, however, seems to have revived in the great Bard who hath lately joined his brethren. See Wordsworth's Odes to May. H.

[10] *Fair* for fairness, beauty: quite common in writers of Shakespeare's age.

[11] The *lode-star* is the leading or guiding star, that is, the *polar star*. The magnet is for the same reason called the *lode*-stone. The reader will remember Milton's beauty: "The *cynosure* of neighb'ring eyes"

More tuneable than lark to shepher
When wheat is green, when hawtho
Sickness is catching; O, were favou
Yours would I catch, sweet Hermi
My ear should catch your voice, my
My tongue should catch your tong
ody.
Were the world mine, Demetrius b
The rest I'll give to be to you tran
O! teach me how you look; and
You sway the motion of Demetrius

Her. I frown upon him, yet he l
Hel. O, that your frowns would
such skill!
Her. I give him curses, yet he g
Hel. O, that my prayers coul
move!
Her. The more I hate, the more
Hel. The more I love, the more
Her. His folly, Helena, is no fa
Hel. None, but your beauty: 'v
were mine!
Her. Take comfort: he no mo
face;

Lysander and myself will fly this p
Before the time I did Lysander see,
Seem'd Athens as a paradise to me
O then, what graces in my love do
That he hath turn'd a heaven into a

Lys. Helen, to you our minds w
To-morrow night when Phœbe doth
Her silver visage in the watery glas
Decking with liquid pearl the blade

[12] Countenance, feature.

(A time that lovers' flights doth still conceal,)
Through Athens' gates have we devis'd to steal.

Her. And in the wood, where often you and I
Upon faint primrose beds were wont to lie,
Emptying our bosoms of their counsel sweet,
There my Lysander and myself shall meet:
And thence, from Athens turn away our eyes,
To seek new friends and stranger companies.
Farewell, sweet playfellow: pray thou for us,
And good luck grant thee thy Demetrius!
Keep word, Lysander: we must starve our sight
From lovers' food, till morrow deep midnight.
[*Exit* HERM.

Lys. I will, my Hermia.—Helena, adieu:
As you on him, Demetrius dote on you! [*Exit* LYS

Hel. How happy some o'er other some can be!
Through Athens I am thought as fair as she:
But what of that? Demetrius thinks not so;
He will not know what all but he do know;
And as he errs, doting on Hermia's eyes,
So I, admiring of his qualities.
Things base and vild,[13] holding no quantity,
Love can transpose to form and dignity.
Love looks not with the eyes, but with the mind;
And therefore is wing'd Cupid painted blind:
Nor hath love's mind of any judgment taste;
Wings, and no eyes, figure unheedy haste:
And therefore is love said to be a child,
Because in choice he is so oft beguil'd.
As waggish boys in game[14] themselves forswear,
So the boy Love is perjur'd every where:
For ere Demetrius look'd on Hermia's eyne,[15]
He hail'd down oaths, that he was only mine;

[13] *Vild* is an old form of *vile*, often used in the Poet's time. M.
[14] Sport. [15] Eyes.

And when this hail some heat from
So he dissolv'd, and showers of oa
I will go tell him of fair Hermia's
Then to the wood will he, to-morro
Pursue her; and for this intelligen
If I have thanks, it is a dear exper
But herein mean I to enrich my pa
To have his sight thither and back

SCENE II. The same. A Roo

Enter SNUG, BOTTOM, FLUTE, SN
and STARVELING.

Quin. Is all our company here?

Bot. You were best to call them
by man, according to the scrip.[1]

Quin. Here is the scroll of eve
which is thought fit, through all At
our interlude before the duke and
wedding-day at night.

Bot. First, good Peter Quince
play treats on; then read the name
and so grow to a point.

Quin. Marry, our play is—The
ble comedy, and most cruel death o
Thisby.[2]

[1] Scrip, that is, *script*, from *scriptum*, is a
scroll mentioned just afterwards; and will de
ble enough to all who have heard or read
Texas scrip. The word still has a place in
Exchange. The *scrip*, meaning a small *sack*
other origin. Thus, in As You Like It, Act
make an honourable retreat; though not with
yet with *scrip* and *scrippage*."

[2] Probably a burlesque upon the titles o
dramas: thus—"A lamentable Tragedie, mix
mirth, containing the Life of Cambises, king o

Bot. A very good piece of work, I assure you, and a merry.—Now, good Peter Quince, call forth your actors by the scroll: Masters, spread yourselves.

Quin. Answer, as I call you.—Nick Bottom, the weaver.

Bot. Ready: Name what part I am for, and proceed.

Quin. You, Nick Bottom, are set down for Pyramus.

Bot. What is Pyramus? a lover, or a tyrant?

Quin. A lover, that kills himself most gallantly for love.

Bot. That will ask some tears in the true performing of it: If I do it, let the audience look to their eyes; I will move storms, I will condole in some measure. To the rest:—Yet my chief humour is for a tyrant: I could play Ercles[3] rarely, or a part to tear a cat in, to make all split.

"The raging rocks,
And shivering shocks,
Shall break the locks
Of prison gates:
And Phibbus' car
Shall shine from far,
And make and mar
The foolish fates."

This was lofty!—Now name the rest of the players.—This is Ercles' vein, a tyrant's vein: a lover is more condoling.

Quin. Francis Flute, the bellows-mender.

[3] *Ercles*—*Hercules*—was one of the roarers of the old rude stage. Thus Greene in his Groatsworth of Wit, 1592: "The twelve labours of Hercules have I terribly thundered on the stage." H.

Flu. Here, Peter Quince.

Quin. You must take Thisby on

Flu. What is Thisby? a wande

Quin. It is the lady that Pyram

Flu. Nay, faith, let me not pl have a beard coming.

Quin. That's all one: You sh mask, and you may speak as small

Bot. An I may hide my face, let too: I'll speak in a monstrous little ne, Thisne — Ah, Pyramus, my Thisby dear, and lady dear!"

Quin. No, no; you must play Flute, you Thisby.

Bot. Well, proceed.

Quin. Robert Starveling, the tai

Star. Here, Peter Quince.

Quin. Robert Starveling, you mu mother. — Tom Snout, the tinker.

Snout. Here, Peter Quince.

Quin. You, Pyramus's father; father. — Snug, the joiner, you, th and, I hope, here is a play fitted.

Snug. Have you the lion's part you, if it be, give it me, for I am s

Quin. You may do it extempore, but roaring.

Bot. Let me play the lion too:

* See The Merry Wives of Windsor, Act i. Slender says of Anne Page, — "She has bro *small* like a woman." This speech of Peter Q is known from other sources, that the parts o to be played by boys, or, if these could not masks. Prynne, the Puritan hero, informs u appeared on the stage at the Blackfriars as pious dare-devil comes down upon women's a of wrath; but then he is still harder upon

I will do any man's heart good to hear me: I will roar, that I will make the duke say, "Let him roar again: let him roar again."

Quin. An you should do it too terribly, you would fright the duchess and the ladies, that they would shriek; and that were enough to hang us all.

All. That would hang us every mother's son.

Bot. I grant you, friends, if that you should fright the ladies out of their wits, they would have no more discretion but to hang us: but I will aggravate my voice so, that I will roar you as gently as any sucking dove; I will roar you an 'twere any nightingale.

Quin. You can play no part but Pyramus: for Pyramus is a sweet-fac'd man; a proper man, as one shall see in a summer's day; a most lovely, gentleman-like man: therefore you must needs play Pyramus.

Bot. Well, I will undertake it. What beard were I best to play it in?

Quin. Why, what you will.

Bot. I will discharge it in either your straw-colour beard, your orange-tawny beard, your purple-in-grain beard, or your French-crown-colour beard, your perfect yellow.[5]

Quin. Some of your French crowns have no hair at all, and then you will play bare-fac'd.[6] — But, masters, here are your parts: and I am to entreat

women by boys and men: he could endure the histrionic art nowhere but in religion. H.

[5] It seems to have been a custom to stain or dye the beard. So, in Ben Jonson's Silent Woman: "I have fitted my divine and canonist, *dyed their beards* and all." And, in The Alchemist: "He has *dy'd his beard* and all."

[6] This allusion to the *Corona Veneris*, or baldness attendant upon a particular stage of what was then termed the *French* disease, is too frequent in Shakespeare, and is here explained once for all.

you, request you, and desire you,
to-morrow night; and meet me in
a mile without the town, by moon
we rehearse; for if we meet in t
be dogg'd with company, and our
In the mean time, I will draw a b
such as our play wants. I pray y

Bot. We will meet; and there
more obscenely, and courageousl
be perfect; adieu.

Quin. At the duke's oak we me

Bot. Enough: Hold, or cut bo

ACT II.

SCENE I. A Wood nea

Enter a Fairy, and PUCK, *from*

Puck. How now, spirit! whithe

Fai. Over hill, over dale,
Thorough bush, thoroug
Over park, over pale,
Thorough flood, thoroug

[7] The *properties* were the furnishings of
of which is still called the *property*-man. A
is given by Brome, 1640:

"He has got into our tiring-house amo
And ta'en a strict survey of all our p
Our statues and our images of gods,
Our planets and our constellations,
Our giants, monsters, furies, beasts, a
Our helmets, shields and vizors, hairs
Our pasteboard marchpanes, and our

[8] Capell informs us that this was a comm

I do wander every where,
Swifter than the moon's sphere;[1]
And I serve the fairy queen,
To dew her orbs[2] upon the green:
The cowslips tall her pensioners[3] be;
In their gold coats spots you see:

ahty among archers; as we should say,—"I'll be there, *rain* or *shine*." H.

[1] Mr. Collier informs us that "Coleridge, in his lectures in 1818, was very emphatic in his praises of the beauty of these lines: 'the measure,' he said, 'had been invented and employed by Shakespeare for the sake of its appropriateness to the rapid and airy motion of the Fairy by whom the passage is delivered.'" And in his Literary Remains, after analyzing the measure, he speaks of the "delightful effect on the ear," caused by "the sweet transition" from the amphimacers of the first four lines to the trochaic of the next two. An absurd passion for rhymed regularity has caused *moon's* to be usually printed as a dissyllable, *moones*. There is no authority for this: besides, it mars the beauty of the verse; and is quite unnecessary, as the pronouncing of *moon's* naturally occupies the time of a trochee. Coleridge is rather hard upon Theobald for shortening *thorough* into *through*, as he had the authority of the folio and one of the quartos for doing so. But if any confirmation of *thorough* be wanted, we have it in Drayton's imitation of the passage in his Nymphidia, 1619:

"Thorough brake, thorough brier,
Thorough muck, thorough mier,
Thorough water, thorough fier,
And thus goes Puck about it." H.

[2] These *orbs* were the verdant circles which the sweet old superstition here so sweetly delineated called fairy-rings, supposing them to be made by the night-tripping fairies dancing their merry roundels. As the ground became parched under the feet of the moonlight dancers, Puck's office was to refresh it with sprinklings of dew, thus making it greener than ever. Science has of course brushed away the charm that once hung about these circles; but we are not aware that it has given any better explanation of them than that of the old superstition. H.

[3] The allusion is to Elizabeth's band of gentlemen *pensioners*, who were chosen from among the handsomest and tallest young men of family and fortune; they were dressed in habits richly garnished with *gold lace*. See The Merry Wives of Windsor, Act ii. sc. 2, note 9

These be rubies, fairy favou
In those freckles live their s
I must go seek some dewdrops h
And hang a pearl in every cowsli
Farewell, thou lob[b] of spirits; I'
Our queen and all her elves com
Puck. The king doth keep h
night;
Take heed the queen come not w
For Oberon is passing fell and w
Because that she, as her attendan
A lovely boy, stol'n from an Indi
She never had so sweet a change

[a] In the old comedy of Doctor Dodyp
says:

"'Twas I that led you through the
Where the light fairies dance'd upo
Hanging on every leaf an orient

[b] It would seem that Puck, though h
round about the earth in forty minutes," w
in comparison with the other fairies: he
spirit tribe. Shakespeare's "*lob* of spirits"
"*lubbar* fiend," thus spoken of in his L'Al

"And he, by friar's lantern led,
Tells how the drudging goblin
To earn his cream-bowl duly
When in one night, ere glimps
His shadowy flail hath thresh'd
That ten day-labourers could
Then lies him down the lubbar
And, stretch'd out all the chimn
Basks at the fire his hairy stren
And crop-full out of doors he
Ere the first cock his matin rin

[c] A *changeling* was a child taken or given
a roguish custom of the fairies, if a child
born, to steal it away, and leave an ugly,
tioned one in its stead. Thus, in The Fa
Can. 10, stan. 65:

"From thence a Faery thee unweeting
There as thou sleptst in tender swad

And jealous Oberon would have the child
Knight of his train, to trace the forest wild;
But she, perforce, withholds the loved boy,
Crowns him with flowers, and makes him all her joy:
And now they never meet in grove, or green,
By fountain clear, or spangled starlight sheen,[7]
But they do square;[8] that all their elves, for fear,
Creep into acorn cups, and hide them there.

Fai. Either I mistake your shape and making quite,
Or else you are that shrewd and knavish sprite,
Call'd Robin Goodfellow: are you not he,
That frights the maidens of the villagery;
Skims milk; and sometimes labours in the quern,[9]
And bootless makes the breathless housewife churn;
And sometime makes the drink to bear no barm;[10]
Misleads night-wanderers, laughing at their harm?

And her base Elfin brood there for thee left:
Such, men do *chaungelings* call, so chaung'd by Faeries theft."

Sir Thomas Browne, in his Religio Medici, sec. 30, speaking of the devil's practices, says, — "Of all the delusions wherewith he deceives mortality, there is not any that puzzleth me more than the legerdemain of *changelings*." How much comfort this old belief sometimes gave to parents, may be seen from Drayton's Nymphidia:

"When a child haps to be got,
Which after proves an idiot,
When folk perceive it thriveth not;
The fault therein to smother,
Some silly, doating, brainless calf,
That understands things by the half,
Says, that the fairy left this aulf,
And took away the other." H.

[7] Shining.

[8] That is, quarrel. See Much Ado about Nothing, Act i. sc. 1, note 12. H.

[9] A *quern* was a handmill.

[10] *Barm* is *yeast*. Thus, in Holland's Pliny: "Now the froth or *barm*, that riseth from these ales or beers, have a property to keep the skin fair and clear in women's faces." H.

Those that Hobgoblin call you, an
You do their work; and they shall
Are not you he?[11]

Puck. Thou speak'st
I am that merry wanderer of the
I jest to Oberon, and make him s
When I a fat and bean-fed horse
Neighing in likeness of a filly foal
And sometime lurk I in a gossip's
In very likeness of a roasted crab
And, when she drinks, against her
And on her wither'd dew-lap pour
The wisest aunt, telling the saddes
Sometime for three-foot stool mist
Then slip I from her bum, down t

[11] That this whole account of Puck w
popular notions of the time, might be shown
Thus, in Harsnet's Declaration of Popish
that the bowl of curds and cream were not
Goodfellow, the friar, and Sisse the dairy-
the pottage was burnt next day in the pot,
not curdle, or the butter would not come,
never would have good head." Likewise, i
Witchcraft: "Your grandames' maids wer
of milk for him, for his pains in grinding
sweeping the house at midnight; — this whi
his standing fee." See also the preceding
note 5, the ballad entitled The Merry Pran
low, in Percy's Reliques, and Drayton's
latter of which we subjoin one stanza:

"This Puck seems but a dreamin
Still walking like a ragged colt,
And oft out of a bush doth bolt,
Of purpose to deceive us;
And, leading us, makes us to st
Long winter nights out of the w
And when we stick in mire and
He doth with laughter leave

[12] Wild apple.

And "tailor" cries,[13] and falls into a cough;
And then the whole quire hold their hips, and loffe,
And waxen[14] in their mirth, and neeze, and swear
A merrier hour was never wasted there.—
But room, Fairy: here comes Oberon.

Fai. And here my mistress:—'Would that he were gone!

Enter OBERON, *from one side, with his Train, and* TITANIA, *from the other, with hers.*

Obe. Ill met by moon-light, proud Titania.

Tita. What! jealous Oberon? Fairies, skip hence:
I have forsworn his bed and company.

Obe. Tarry, rash wanton: Am not I thy lord?

Tita. Then I must be thy lady: but I know
When thou hast stol'n away from Fairy-land,
And in the shape of Corin sat all day,
Playing on pipes of corn, and versing love
To amorous Phillida. Why art thou here,
Come from the farthest steep of India?
But that, forsooth, the bouncing Amazon,
Your buskin'd mistress, and your warrior love,
To Theseus must be wedded; and you come
To give their bed joy and prosperity.

Obe. How canst thou thus, for shame, Titania,
Glance at my credit with Hippolyta,

[13] Dr. Johnson thought he remembered to have heard this ludicrous exclamation upon a person's seat slipping from under him. He that slips from his chair falls as a *tailor* squats upon his board.

[14] *Waxen* seems to be an old plural form of *wax;* the meaning of course being, *increase* in their mirth. Dr. Farmer proposed to read *yexen. Yex* is an old synonyme of *hiccup:* so that the sense in this case would be, they laugh themselves into a hiccuping; which is indeed very good, but by no means such as to warrant the change. The Chiswick editor adopted *yexen:* why he should think that only "a glimmering of sense may be extracted from the passage as it stands in the old copies," is too deep for us. H.

Knowing I know thy love to Th
Didst thou not lead him through th
From Perigenia, whom he ravish
And make him with fair Æglé b
With Ariadne, and Antiopa?

Tita. These are the forgeries
And never, since the middle sum
Met we on hill, in dale, forest, o
By paved fountain, or by rushy b
Or on the beached margent of t
To dance our ringlets to the whi
But with thy brawls thou hast di
Therefore the winds, piping to u
As in revenge, have suck'd up fr
Contagious fogs; which, falling i
Have every pelting[15] river made
That they have overborne their
The ox hath therefore stretch'd
The ploughman lost his sweat;
Hath rotted, ere his youth attain
The fold stands empty in the dro
And crows are fatted with the m
The nine men's morris[16] is fill'd

[15] *Spring* seems to be here used for
of day is used for the dawn of day in 2
[16] A very common epithet with our old
[17] That is, borne down the banks which
[18] This was a plat of green turf cut in
for the rustic youth to exercise their skill
called nine men's morris, because the play
which they moved along the lines cut in th
and taken or penned up all those on the o
to have been brought into England by
name of *merelles*, which meant *counters*,
morris.—"The quaint mazes in the wan
the youths and maidens led their happy
before people were so wise but that they we
and tender loves to be cherished by the re
each other's company.

And the quaint mazes in the wanton green,
For lack of tread, are undistinguishable:
The human mortals want; their winter here,[19]
No night is now with hymn or carol blest.
Therefore the moon, the governess of floods,
Pale in her anger, washes all the air,
That rheumatic diseases do abound;
And thorough this distemperature, we see
The seasons alter: hoary-headed frosts
Fall in the fresh lap of the crimson rose:
And on old Hyems' chin, and icy crown,[20]
An odorous chaplet of sweet summer buds
Is, as in mockery, set: The spring, the summer,
The childing autumn,[21] angry winter, change

[19] That is, "their winter *being* here," or, "though their winter be here, no night is now," &c. The line is usually pointed thus: "The human mortals want their winter here;" which, though it have the authority of the old copies, can hardly be right, since they *have* winter here, and *want* it away. But, winter being here, what they do want is the evening hymns and carols that are wont to come with it. Theobald proposed *cheer*, which is indeed very plausible; yet we prefer the reading here given, which was proposed by an anonymous author in 1814, and has been adopted by Mr. Knight. H.

[20] The concurrence of all the old copies in the reading here given intimidates us from doing what we wish to do. Mr. Dyce remarks upon the passage, that "*Hyems with a chaplet of summer buds on his* CHIN is a grotesque which must surely startle even the dullest reader." He then quotes from Gifford,—"What child does not see that the line should be,—'And on old Hyems' *thin* and icy crown?'" and adds,—"This correction, requiring only *the change of a single letter*, had been long ago proposed by Tyrwhitt.' These authorities and reasons are indeed strong, yet we dare not admit the change. Nor can it well be denied that the old reading has *some* support in the passage so often quoted for that purpose from Golding's Ovid:

'And lastly, quaking for the colde, stood *Winter* all forlorne,
With rugged head as white as dove, and garments all to-torne,
Forladen with the isycles, that dangled up and downe
Upon his gray and *hourie beard* and snowie *frozen crowne*." H.

[21] *Childing* autumn is *fruitful, teeming* autumn; as in the Poet's 97th Sonnet:

Their wonted liveries; and the 'r
By their increase, now knows not
And this same progeny of evils c
From our debate, from our disser
We are their parents and origina

Obe. Do you amend it then; i
Why should Titania cross her Ob
I do but beg a little changeling b
To be my henchman.[22]

Tita. Set your
The Fairy-land buys not the chil
His mother was a votaress of my
And, in the spiced Indian air, by
Full often hath she gossip'd by m
And sat with me on Neptune's ye
Marking the embarked traders o
When we have laugh'd to see the
And grow big-bellied, with the wa
Which she, with pretty and with
Following, (her womb then rich
'squire,)

"The teeming autumn, big with rich
Bearing the wanton burden of the

[22] This disorder of the seasons, which
an array of poetical witchery attributes to
fairy rulers, is otherwise accounted for by
ken with age and sorrow, thus speaks of it
published in 1595:

"A colder time in world was never
The skies do lour, the sun and moo
Summer scarce known, but that the
The winter's waste drives water o'e
Upon the land great floats of wood
Nature thinks scorn to do her duty
Because we have displeased the Lo

[23] *Henchman* is an attendant, or page:
glo-Saxon *hengst*, a horse. Thus, in Chau

"And every knight had after hi
Three *henxmen*, on him awaiti

Would imitate, and sail upon the land
To fetch me trifles, and return again,
As from a voyage, rich with merchandise.
But she, being mortal, of that boy did die;
And for her sake I do rear up her boy,
And for her sake I will not part with him.

Obe. How long within this wood intend you stay?

Tita. Perchance, till after Theseus' wedding-day.
If you will patiently dance in our round,
And see our moon-light revels, go with us;
If not, shun me, and I will spare your haunts.

Obe. Give me that boy, and I will go with thee.

Tita. Not for thy fairy kingdom. — Fairies, away:
We shall chide down-right, if I longer stay.
[*Exeunt* TITANIA *and her Train.*

Obe. Well, go thy way: thou shalt not from this grove,
Till I torment thee for this injury. —
My gentle Puck, come hither: Thou remember'st
Since once I sat upon a promontory,
And heard a mermaid, on a dolphin's back,
Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath,
That the rude sea grew civil at her song;
And certain stars shot madly from their spheres,
To hear the sea-maid's music.

Puck. I remember.

Obe. That very time I saw (but thou couldst not)
Flying between the cold moon and the earth,
Cupid all arm'd: a certain aim he took
At a fair vestal throned by the west;
And loos'd his love-shaft smartly from his bow,
As it should pierce a hundred thousand hearts:
But I might see young Cupid's fiery shaft
Quench'd in the chaste beams of the watery moon;
And the imperial votaress passed on,

In maiden meditation, fancy-free.
Yet mark'd I where the bolt of Cup
It fell upon a little western flower,—
Before milk-white, now purple with l
And maidens call it love-in-idleness.[24]
Fetch me that flower: the herb I sho
The juice of it on sleeping eyelids l
Will make or man or woman madly
Upon the next live creature that it s
Fetch me this herb: and be thou he
Ere the leviathan can swim a league

Puck. I'll put a girdle round abou
In forty minutes.

Obe. Having once this
I'll watch Titania when she is asleep
And drop the liquor of it in her eye
The next thing then she waking lool
(Be it on lion, bear, or wolf, or bull
On meddling monkey, or on busy ap
She shall pursue it with the soul of l
And ere I take this charm off from
(As I can take it with another herb,)
I'll make her render up her page to
But who comes here? I am invisib
And I will overhear their conference.

Enter DEMETRIUS, HELENA *foll*

Dem. I love thee not, therefore pu
Where is Lysander, and fair Hermia
The one I'll stay, the other stayeth n

[24] The tri-coloured violet, commonly called
ease, is here meant: one or two of its petal
colour. It has other fanciful and expressive
Cuddle me to you; Three faces under a hood;

[25] Such is the reading of all the old copies
unaccountably changed in modern editions to

Thou told'st me they were stol'n into this wood,
And here am I, and wood[26] within this wood,
Because I cannot meet my Hermia.
Hence! get thee gone, and follow me no more.

Hel. You draw me, you hard-hearted adamant;[27]
But yet you draw not iron, for my heart
Is true as steel: Leave you your power to draw,
And I shall have no power to follow you.

Dem. Do I entice you? Do I speak you fair?
Or, rather, do I not in plainest truth
Tell you I do not, nor I cannot love you?

Hel. And even for that do I love you the more.
I am your spaniel; and, Demetrius,
The more you beat me, I will fawn on you:
Use me but as your spaniel, spurn me, strike me,
Neglect me, lose me; only give me leave,
Unworthy as I am, to follow you.
What worser place can I beg in your love,
(And yet a place of high respect with me,)
Than to be used as you use your dog?

Dem. Tempt not too much the hatred of my spirit;
For I am sick, when I do look on thee.

Hel. And I am sick, when I look not on you.

Dem. You do impeach your modesty too much,
To leave the city, and commit yourself
Into the hands of one that loves you not;

slay, the other *slayeth* me;" thus making *the one* refer to Lysander, *the other* to Hermia. The meaning plainly is,—The one (Hermia) I'll *stop*, the other (Lysander) *hindereth* me. H.

[26] *Wood* is an old word for *frantic, mad*. See The Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act. ii. sc. 3, note 4. H.

[27] "There is now a dayes a kind of *adamant* which draweth unto it fleshe, and the same so strongly, that it hath power to knit and tie together two mouthes of contrary persons, and drawe the heart of a man out of his bodie without offending any part of him." Certaine Secrete Wonders of Nature, by Edward Fenton 1569.

To trust the opportunity of night,
And the ill counsel of a desert plac
With the rich worth of your virgini

Hel. Your virtue is my privilege
It is not night, when I do see your
Therefore I think I am not in the
Nor doth this wood lack worlds of
For you, in my respect, are all the
Then how can it be said I am alon
When all the world is here to look

Dem. I'll run from thee, and hide
And leave thee to the mercy of wil

Hel. The wildest hath not such
Run when you will, the story shall
Apollo flies, and Daphne holds the
The dove pursues the griffin; the
Makes speed to catch the tiger: B
When cowardice pursues, and valo

Dem. I will not stay thy questio
Or, if thou follow me, do not belie
But I shall do thee mischief in the

Hel. Ay, in the temple, in the t
You do me mischief. Fie, Demetr
Your wrongs do set a scandal on
We cannot fight for love, as men
We should be woo'd, and were not
I'll follow thee, and make a heaven
To die upon the hand I love so wel

[*Exeunt*

Obe. Fare thee well, nymph: e
this grove,
Thou shalt fly him, and he shall se

Re-enter PUCK.

Hast thou the flower there? Welc

Puck. Ay, there it is.

Obe. I pray thee, give it me.
I know a bank where the wild thyme blows,
Where ox-lips, and the nodding violet grows;
Quite over-canopied with luscious woodbine,
With sweet musk-roses, and with eglantine:
There sleeps Titania, some time of the night,
Lull'd in these flowers with dances and delight;
And there the snake throws her enamell'd skin,
Weed wide enough to wrap a fairy in:
And with the juice of this I'll streak her eyes,
And make her full of hateful fantasies.
Take thou some of it, and seek through this grove.
A sweet Athenian lady is in love
With a disdainful youth: anoint his eyes;
But do it, when the next thing he espies
May be the lady: Thou shalt know the man
By the Athenian garments he hath on.
Effect it with some care, that he may prove
More fond on her, than she upon her love:
And look thou meet me ere the first cock crow.

Puck. Fear not, my lord: your servant shall do so. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. Another part of the Wood.

Enter TITANIA, *with her Train.*

Tita. Come, now a roundel, and a fairy song;
Then, for the third part of a minute, hence:
Some, to kill cankers in the musk-rose buds;
Some war with rear-mice[1] for their leathern wings,
To make my small elves coats; and some keep back

[1] Bats.

The clamorous owl, that nightly hoo
At our quaint spirits: Sing me now
Then to your offices, and let me res

Fairies' Song.

1 *Fai.* You spotted snakes, with double
Thorny hedge-hogs, be not se
Newts, and blindworms, do no w
Come not near our fairy quee

Chorus. Philomel, with melody,
Sing in our sweet lullaby;
Lulla, lulla, lullaby; lulla, lulla,
Never harm, nor spell nor ch
Come our lovely lady nigh;
So, good night, with lullaby.

II.

2 *Fai.* Weaving spiders, come not here
Hence, you long-legg'd spinn
Beetles black, approach not nea
Worm, nor snail, do no offenc

Chorus. Philomel, with melody, &c.

1 *Fai.* Hence, away! now all is
One, aloof, stand sentinel.
[*Exeunt Fairies.*

Enter OBERON.

Obe What thou seest, when thou
[*Squeezes the flower on* T
Do it for thy true love take
Love, and languish for his s
Be it ounce, or cat, or bear,
Pard, or boar with bristled

In thy eye that shall appear
When thou wak'st, it is thy dear;
Wake, when some vile thing is near. [*Exit.*

Enter LYSANDER *and* HERMIA.

Lys. Fair love, you faint with wandering in the wood;
And, to speak troth, I have forgot our way:
We'll rest us, Hermia, if you think it good,
And tarry for the comfort of the day.
Her. Be it so, Lysander: find you out a bed,
For I upon this bank will rest my head.
Lys. One turf shall serve as pillow for us both;
One heart, one bed, two bosoms, and one troth.
Her. Nay, good Lysander; for my sake, my dear,
Lie further off yet; do not lie so near.
Lys. O! take the sense, sweet, of my innocence;[8]
Love takes the meaning, in love's conference.
I mean, that my heart unto yours is knit,
So that but one heart we can make of it:
Two bosoms interchained with an oath;
So then, two bosoms, and a single troth.
Then, by your side no bed-room me deny;
For, lying so, Hermia, I do not lie.
Her. Lysander riddles very prettily:—
Now much beshrew my manners and my pride,
If Hermia meant to say Lysander lied.
But, gentle friend, for love and courtesy
Lie further off; in human modesty
Such separation as may well be said
Becomes a virtuous bachelor and a maid;

[8] That is, understand *the meaning of my innocence*, or my *innocent meaning*. Let no suspicion of ill enter thy mind. In the conversation of those who are assured of each other's kindness not *suspicion* but *love takes the meaning*.

So far be distant; and good night, sw
Thy love ne'er alter, till thy sweet life

Lys. Amen, amen, to that fair pray
And then end life, when I end loyalty!
Here is my bed: Sleep give thee all l

Her. With half that wish the wisl
press'd!

Enter PUCK.

Puck. Through the forest have I gc
But Athenian found I none,
On whose eyes I might app
This flower's force in stirring
Night and silence! who is he
Weeds of Athens he doth we
This is he, my master said,
Despised the Athenian maid;
And here the maiden, sleepin
On the dank and dirty groun
Pretty soul! she durst not lie
Near this lack-love, this kill-c
Churl, upon thy eyes I throw
All the power this charm dot
When thou wak'st, let love fc
Sleep his seat on thy eye-lid.
So, awake when I am gone;
For I must now to Oberon.

Enter DEMETRIUS *and* HELENA, a

Hel. Stay, though thou kill me, swe
Dem. I charge thee, hence! and d
me thus.

Hel. O! wilt thou darkling leave me

[3] Own.
[4] That is, "wilt thou leave me in the d

Dem. Stay, on thy peril: I alone will go.
[*Exit* DEMETRIUS

Hel. O, I am out of breath in this fond chase!
The more my prayer, the lesser is my grace.
Happy is Hermia, wheresoe'er she lies;
For she hath blessed and attractive eyes.
How came her eyes so bright? Not with salt tears
If so, my eyes are oftener wash'd than hers.
No, no, I am as ugly as a bear;
For beasts that meet me run away for fear:
Therefore, no marvel, though Demetrius
Do, as a monster, fly my presence thus.
What wicked and dissembling glass of mine
Made me compare with Hermia's sphery eyne?
But who is here? — Lysander on the ground!
Dead, or asleep? I see no blood, no wound: —
Lysander, if you live, good sir, awake.

Lys. [*Waking.*] And run through fire I will, for thy sweet sake.
Transparent Helena! Nature shows her art,[6]
That through thy bosom makes me see thy heart.
Where is Demetrius? O, how fit a word
Is that vile name to perish on my sword!

Hel. Do not say so, Lysander; say not so:
What though he love your Hermia! Lord, what though!
Yet Hermia still loves you: then be content.

Lys. Content with Hermia? No: I do repent
The tedious minutes I with her have spent.
Not Hermia, but Helena I love:
Who will not change a raven for a dove?

[6] The quartos have only — "Nature shows art." The first folio — "Nature *her* shows art." The second folio changes *her* to *here*. Malone thought we should read, "Nature shows *her* art."

The will of man is by his reason sw
And reason says you are the worthie
Things growing are not ripe until th
So I, being young, till now ripe not
And touching now the point of hum
Reason becomes the marshal to my
And leads me to your eyes; where
Love's stories written in love's riche

Hel. Wherefore was I to this keen
When, at your hands, did I deserve
Is't not enough, is't not enough, you
That I did never, no, nor never can,
Deserve a sweet look from Demetri
But you must flout my insufficiency
Good troth, you do me wrong; goo
In such disdainful manner me to wo
But fare you well: perforce I must
I thought you lord of more true ge
O, that a lady, of one man refus'd,
Should, of another, therefore be abu

Lys. She sees not Hermia. — Her
there;
And never may'st thou come Lysand
For, as a surfeit of the sweetest thi
The deepest loathing to the stomach
Or, as the heresies, that men do lea
Are hated most of those they did de
So thou, my surfeit, and my heresy,
Of all be hated; but the most of m

[8] Though this play be but a dream, Lysan
deal of human nature, as it is when awake, or
in thus attributing to riper reason a change w
by enchantment. The bewitching juice only d
law" in him. And in like sort it often happen
ing change for progress, grow the more opinio
quent changes of opinion, thus turning the nat
modesty into a basis of conceit.

And, all my powers, address your love and might,
To honour Helen, and to be her knight! [*Exit.*

Her. [*Starting.*] Help me, Lysander, help me! do thy best,
To pluck this crawling serpent from my breast!
Ah me, for pity! — what a dream was here!
Lysander, look, how I do quake with fear:
Methought a serpent eat my heart away,
And you sat smiling at his cruel prey: —
Lysander! what, remov'd? Lysander! lord!
What, out of hearing? gone? no sound, no word?
Alack! where are you? speak, an if you hear;
Speak, of all loves![7] I swoon almost with fear.
No? — then I well perceive you are not nigh:
Either death, or you, I'll find immediately. [*Exit*

ACT III.

SCENE I. The same.

The Queen of Fairies lying asleep.

Enter QUINCE, SNUG, BOTTOM, FLUTE, SNOUT, *and* STARVELING.

Bot. Are we all met?

Quin. Pat, pat; and here's a marvellous convenient place for our rehearsal: This green plot shall be our stage, this hawthorn brake our 'tiring-house; and we will do it in action, as we will do it before the duke.

[7] A proverbial phrase, equivalent to our "by all means." See The Merry Wives of Windsor, Act. ii. sc. 2, note 11. H.

Bot. Peter Quince, —

Quin. What say'st thou, bully B

Bot. There are things in this com
and Thisby, that will never please.
must draw a sword to kill himself;
cannot abide. How answer you th

Snout. By'rlakin,[1] a parlous[2] fea

Star. I believe we must leave
when all is done.

Bot. Not a whit: I have a devi
well. Write me a prologue; and l
seem to say, we will do no harm w
and that Pyramus is not kill'd indee
more better assurance, tell them, t
am not Pyramus, but Bottom the we
put them out of fear.

Quin. Well, we will have such a
it shall be written in eight and six.[3]

Bot. No, make it two more; let
eight and eight.

Snout. Will not the ladies be afes

Star. I fear it, I promise you.

Bot. Masters, you ought to cons
selves: to bring in, God shield us!
ladies, is a most dreadful thing; for
more fearful wild-fowl than your lio
ought to look to it.

Snout. Therefore, another prolog
is not a lion.

Bot. Nay, you must name his n
his face must be seen through the li

[1] That is, by our ladykin, or little lady, as
tion of *by my faith.*

[2] Corrupted from *perilous.*

[3] That is, in alternate verses of eight and s

he himself must speak through, saying thus, or to the same defect: — "Ladies, or fair ladies, I would wish you, or, I would request you, or, I would entreat you, not to fear, not to tremble: my life for yours. If you think I come hither as a lion, it were pity of my life: No, I am no such thing; I am a man as other men are:" and there, indeed, let him name his name; and tell them plainly he is Snug the joiner.[4]

Quin. Well, it shall be so. But there is two hard things: that is, to bring the moon-light into a chamber; for you know, Pyramus and Thisby meet by moon-light.

Snug. Doth the moon shine that night we play our play?

Bot. A calendar, a calendar! look in the almanack; find out moon-shine, find out moon-shine.

Quin. Yes, it doth shine that night.

Bot. Why, then you may leave a casement of the great chamber window, where we play, open; and the moon may shine in at the casement.

Quin. Ay; or else one must come in with a bush of thorns and a lanthorn, and say he comes to disfigure, or to present, the person of moon-shine. Then, there is another thing: we must have a wall in the

[4] Shakespeare may here allude to an incident said to have occurred in his time, which is recorded in a collection entitled Merry Passages and Jests: "There was a spectacle presented to Queen Elizabeth upon the water, and among others Harry Goldingham was to represent Arion upon the Dolphin's backe; but finding his voice to be verye hoarse and unpleasant when he came to perform it, he tears off his disguise, and swears he was none of Arion, not he, but even honest Harry Goldingham; which blunt discoverie pleased the queen better than if he had gone through in the right way: — yet he could order his voice to an instrument exceeding well."

great chamber; for Pyramus and T
story, did talk through the chink of

Snug. You never can bring in
say you, Bottom?

Bot. Some man or other must pr
let him have some plaster, or some
rough-cast about him, to signify w
hold his fingers thus, and through th
Pyramus and Thisby whisper.

Quin. If that may be, then all i
sit down, every mother's son, and
parts. Pyramus, you begin: when y
your speech, enter into that brake
one according to his cue.

Enter PUCK *behind.*

Puck. What hempen home-spuns
gering here,
So near the cradle of the fairy que
What, a play toward? I'll be an a
An actor, too, perhaps, if I see cau

Quin. Speak, Pyramus:—Thisb

Pyr. "Thisby, the flowers of odious

Quin. Odours, odours.

Pyr. ——"odours savours sweet:
So hath thy breath, my dearest Thisby
But, hark, a voice! stay thou but here a
And by and by I will to thee appear."

Puck. [*Aside.*] A stranger Pyr
play'd here!

This. Must I speak now?

Quin. Ay, marry, must you: for y
stand, he goes but to see a noise tha
is to come again.

This. "Most radiant Pyramus, most lily-white of hue,
Of colour like the red rose on triumphant brier,
Most brisky juvenal,[5] and eke most lovely Jew,
As true as truest horse, that yet would never tire,
I'll meet thee, Pyramus, at Ninny's tomb."

Quin. Ninus' tomb, man: Why you must not speak that yet; that you answer to Pyramus: you speak all your part at once, cues[6] and all. — Pyramus, enter: your cue is past; it is, "never tire."

Re-enter PUCK, *and* BOTTOM *with an ass's head.*

This. O! — "As true as truest horse, that yet would never tire."

Pyr. "If I were, fair Thisby, I were only thine."—

Quin. O monstrous! O strange! we are haunted. Pray, masters! fly, masters! help! [*Exeunt Clowns.*

Puck. I'll follow you, I'll lead you about a round,
Through bog, through bush, through brake, through brier:
Sometime a horse I'll be, sometime a hound,
A hog, a headless bear, sometime a fire;
And neigh, and bark, and grunt, and roar, and burn,
Like horse, hound, hog, bear, fire, at every turn.[7]
[*Exit.*

[5] Young man

[6] The *cues* were the last words of the preceding speech, which served as a hint to him who was to speak next.

[7] The Protean versatility of Puck is celebrated in whatsoever has come down to us respecting him. Thus, in an old tract entitled Robin Goodfellow, his Mad Pranks and Merry Jests, reprinted by the Percy Society, and quoted by Mr. Collier:

"Thou hast the power to change thy shape
To horse, to hog, to dog, to ape."

And, in a ballad given in the Introduction to the same tract:

"Sometimes a walking fire he'd be,
And lead them from their way."

So, too, in the ballad referred to in Act ii. sc. 1, note 11, which we give entire at the end of the play. H

Bot. Why do they run away? th
of them, to make me afeard.

Re-enter SNOUT.

Snout. O Bottom, thou art chan
see on thee?

Bot. What do you see? you se
of your own, do you?

Re-enter QUINCE.

Quin. Bless thee, Bottom! bless
translated.

Bot. I see their knavery! this is
of me; to fright me, if they could.
stir from this place, do what they c
up and down here, and I will sing
hear I am not afraid.

The ousel cock, so black of hu
With orange-tawney bill,[8]

[8] In the opinion of some commentators, th
a little out here in his ornithology. This o
arisen from a change in the use of the name
day; *ousel* being then used to denote the *bla*
from the Thirteenth Song of Drayton's Poly-

"The *woosel* near at hand, that hath a gol
As nature him had mark'd of purpose t'
That from all other birds his tunes shoul
For with their vocal sounds they sing to
Upon his dulcet pipe the *merle* doth only

And in a note upon this passage he adds,-
b.ackbird only whistleth;" thus showing that
and the *blackbird* were all one. Bottom's ora
cords with what Yarrell says of the blackbir
the edges of the eyelids in the adult male ar
The *whistling* of the blackbird is thus spok
Epithalamion:

"The merry Larke hir mattins sings alo
The Thrush replyes; the Mavis descan
The *Ouzell shrills;* the Ruddock warb

The throstle with his note so true,
The wren with little quill; —

Tita. [*Waking.*] What angel wakes me from my flowery bed?

Bot. The finch, the sparrow, and the lark,
The plain-song cuckoo[9] grey,
Whose note full many a man doth mark,
And dares not answer, nay; —

for, indeed, who would set his wit to so foolish a bird? who would give a bird the lie, though he cry "cuckoo," never so?

Tita. I pray thee, gentle mortal, sing again:
Mine ear is much enamour'd of thy note,
So is mine eye enthralled to thy shape;
And thy fair virtue's force perforce doth move me,
On the first view, to say, to swear, I love thee.

Bot. Methinks, mistress, you should have little reason for that: and yet, to say the truth, reason and love keep little company together nowadays: The more the pity, that some honest neighbours will not make them friends. Nay, I can gleek[10] upon occasion.

Tita. Thou art as wise as thou art beautiful.

Bot. Not so, neither: but if I had wit enough to

[9] The *plain-song* was used for the simple *air* or *ground* in music, to distinguish it from the tenor, which was called *mean*, and from the variations, which were called descant. See The Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act i. sc. 2, note 7. Thus, also, in Ben Jonson's Every Man out of His Humour, Act iii. sc. 3: "Are these the admired lady-wits, that having so good a *plain-song* can run no better division upon it? All her jests are of the stamp March was fifteen years ago." The cuckoo is called *plain-song* as having no variety of note, but singing in a monotone, after the manner of the ancient simple *chant*. H.

[10] Bottom is chuckling over the wit he has just vented. *Gleek* is from the Anglo-Saxon *glig*, and means *catch*, *entrap*, *play upon*, *scoff at*. So says Richardson. *Glee* is from the same original.

get out of this wood, I have enou
own turn.

Tita. Out of this wood do not
Thou shalt remain here, whether t
I am a spirit of no common rate;
The summer still doth tend upon
And I do love thee: therefore, go
I'll give thee fairies to attend on t
And they shall fetch thee jewels f
And sing, while thou on pressed fl
And I will purge thy mortal gross
That thou shalt like an airy spirit
Peas-blossom! Cobweb! Moth! a

Enter four Fairie

1 *Fai.* Ready.
2 *Fai.* And I.
3 *Fai.* And I.
4 *Fai.* Wh

Tita. Be kind and courteous to
Hop in his walks, and gambol in
Feed him with apricocks and dew
With purple grapes, green figs, an
The honey bags steal from the hu
And, for night tapers, crop their w
And light them at the fiery glow-w
To have my love to bed, and to ar
And pluck the wings from painted
To fan the moon-beams from his s
Nod to him, elves, and do him cou

1 *Fai.* Hail, mortal!

[11] Dr. Johnson informs us, in a note upon
glow-worm's light is in his tail, not his eye
the Poet did not know this! as he might
And light them at the fiery glow-worm's *ta*

2 *Fai.* Hail!

3 *Fai.* Hail!

4 *Fai.* Hail!

Bot. I cry your worship's mercy, heartily. — I beseech, your worship's name?

Cob. Cobweb.

Bot. I shall desire you of more acquaintance,[12] good master Cobweb: If I cut my finger, I shall make bold with you. — Your name, honest gentleman?

Peas. Peas-blossom.

Bot. I pray you, commend me to mistress Squash,[13] your mother, and to master Peascod, your father. Good master Peas-blossom, I shall desire you of more acquaintance too. — Your name, I beseech you, sir?

Mus. Mustard-seed.

Bot. Good master Mustard-seed, I know your patience[14] well: that same cowardly, giant-like ox-beef hath devoured many a gentleman of your house. I promise you, your kindred hath made my eyes water ere now. I desire you more acquaintance, good master Mustard-seed.

Tita. Come, wait upon him: lead him to my bower.

The moon, methinks, looks with a watery eye;

[12] This kind of phraseology was not uncommon. In Lusty Juventus, a Morality, we have: "I shall desire *you of* better acquaintance." And, in A Humorous Day's Mirth, 1599: "I do desire *you of* more acquaintance."

[13] A *squash* is an immature peascod.

[14] That is, your patience in suffering "that same cowardly, giant-like ox-beef" to devour "many a gentleman of your house." Mason proposed to read, — "I know you *passing well;*" but the proposal has been rejected on the ground that Bottom here intends a bit of irony on the supposed virtue of mustard in making the eaters choleric! H.

And when she weeps, weeps every litt
Lamenting some enforced chastity.
Tie up my lover's tongue, bring him

SCENE II. Another part of t

Enter OBERON.

Obe. I wonder, if Titania be awa
Then, what it was that next came in
Which she must dote on in extremity

Enter PUCK.

Here comes my messenger.—How n
What night-rule[1] now about this hau
Puck. My mistress with a monste
Near to her close and consecrated b
While she was in her dull and sleepi
A crew of patches,[2] rude mechanical
That work for bread upon Athenian
Were met together to rehearse a pla
Intended for great Theseus' nuptial
The shallowest thick-skin of that ba
Who Pyramus presented, in their sp
Forsook his scene, and enter'd in a l
When I did him at this advantage ta

[1] Night-*rule* is such rule as is apt to govern
is, *revelry*.

[2] *Patch* was sometimes used for *fool*, proba
"motley gear" worn by professed fools. Th
of Errors, Act iii. sc. 1:

"Mome, malt-horse, capon, coxcomb, idiot,
Either get thee from the door, or sit down

Richardson, however, says the word, applied t
"one who wears or assumes false or deceit
rogue, a knave; and hence, contemptuously, a
character."

An ass's nowl[3] I fixed on his head;
Anon, his Thisbe must be answered,
And forth my mimic comes: When they him spy,
As wild geese that the creeping fowler eye,
Or russet-pated choughs, many in sort,[4]
Rising and cawing at the gun's report,
Sever themselves, and madly sweep the sky;
So, at his sight, away his fellows fly:
And, at our stamp, here o'er and o'er one falls;
He murder cries, and help from Athens calls.
Their sense, thus weak, lost with their fears, thus strong,
Made senseless things begin to do them wrong:
For briers and thorns at their apparel snatch;
Some, sleeves, some, hats, from yielders all things catch.
I led them on in this distracted fear,
And left sweet Pyramus translated there:
When in that moment (so it came to pass)
Titania wak'd, and straightway lov'd an ass.

Obe. This falls out better than I could devise.
But hast thou yet latch'd[5] the Athenian's eyes
With the love-juice, as I did bid thee do?

Puck. I took him sleeping, — that is finish'd too, —
And the Athenian woman by his side;
That, when he wak'd, of force she must be ey'd.

Enter DEMETRIUS *and* HERMIA.

Obe. Stand close: this is the same Athenian.

Puck. This is the woman, but not this the man.

[3] A head.
[4] *Sort*, both here and eight lines above, means *company*. H.
[5] *Latch'd* or *letch'd*, licked or smeared over; *lecher*, Fr Steevens says that, in the North, it signifies to *infect*.

Dem. O! why rebuke you him that
Lay breath so bitter on your bitter fo
Her. Now I but chide, but I should u
For thou, I fear, hast given me cause
If thou hast slain Lysander in his sle
Being o'er shoes in blood, plunge in t
And kill me too.
The sun was not so true unto the day
As he to me: Would he have stol'n a
From sleeping Hermia? I'll believe
This whole earth may be bor'd; and
May through the centre creep, and s
Her brother's noon-tide with the Ant
It cannot be but thou hast murder'd l
So should a murderer look, so dead,
Dem. So should the murder'd look;
Pierc'd through the heart with your
Yet you, the murderer, look as brigh
As yonder Venus in her glimmering
Her. What's this to my Lysander?
Ah! good Demetrius, wilt thou give
Dem. I had rather give his carcass
Her. Out, dog! out, cur! thou c
the bounds
Of maiden's patience. Hast thou sl
Henceforth be never number'd amon
O! once tell true, tell true, even for
Durst thou have look'd upon him, be
And hast thou kill'd him sleeping? C
Could not a worm, an adder, do so
An adder did it; for with doubler to
Than thine, thou serpent, never add

* A *touch* anciently signified a *trick*. As shrewd *touches* of many curst boys." And, i Howleglas, — "For at all times he did some

Dem. You spend your passion on a mispris'd mood:[7]
I am not guilty of Lysander's blood;
Nor is he dead, for aught that I can tell.

Her. I pray thee, tell me, then, that he is well.

Dem. And, if I could, what should I get therefore?

Her. A privilege, never to see me more.—
And from thy hated presence part I so:[8]
See me no more, whether he be dead or no. [*Exit.*

Dem. There is no following her in this fierce vein:
Here, therefore, for a while I will remain.
So sorrow's heaviness doth heavier grow
For debt that bankrupt sleep doth sorrow owe;
Which now in some slight measure it will pay,
If for his tender here I make some stay.
[*Lies down.*

Obe. What hast thou done? thou hast mistaken quite,
And laid the love-juice on some true-love's sight:
Of thy misprision must perforce ensue
Some true-love turn'd, and not a false turn'd true.

Puck. Then fate o'er-rules; that, one man holding troth,
A million fail, confounding oath on oath.

Obe. About the wood go swifter than the wind,
And Helena of Athens look thou find:
All fancy-sick she is, and pale of cheer[9]
With sighs of love, that cost the fresh blood dear:[10]

[7] That is, *in* a mistaken manner. *On* was sometimes used licentiously for *in*.

[8] *So* was here supplied by Pope, and has been universally received. H.

[9] *Cheer* is from the old French *chère*, which Cotgrave thus explains: "The face, visage, countenance, favour, looks, aspect." Hence it naturally came to mean that which *affects* the face, or gives it expression. H.

[10] So, in Henry VI., we have "blood-consuming," "blood

By some illusion see thou bring her h
I'll charm his eyes, against she do ap
Puck. I go, I go; look, how I go
Swifter than arrow from the Tartar's
Obe. Flower of this purple d
Hit with Cupid's archery,
Sink in apple of his eye.
When his love he doth espy,
Let her shine as gloriously
As the Venus of the sky.—
When thou wak'st, if she be by
Beg of her for remedy.

Re-enter PUCK.

Puck. Captain of our fairy l
Helena is here at hand;
And the youth, mistook by me,
Pleading for a lover's fee:
Shall we their fond pageant see
Lord, what fools these mortals
Obe. Stand aside: the noise
Will cause Demetrius to awake
Puck. Then will two at once
That must needs be sport alone
And those things do best please
That befall preposterously.

Enter LYSANDER *and* HEL

Lys. Why should you think that
in scorn?
Scorn and derision never come in te

drinking," and "blood-sucking sighs;" all alk
supposition, that every sigh was indulged at the
of blood.

[11] That is, so good that none other will see
is an

Look, when I vow, I weep; and vows so born,
In their nativity all truth appears.
How can these things in me seem scorn to you,
Bearing the badge of faith to prove them true?

Hel. You do advance your cunning more and more.

When truth kills truth, O, devilish-holy fray!
These vows are Hermia's: Will you give her o'er!
Weigh oath with oath, and you will nothing weigh:
Your vows, to her and me, put in two scales,
Will even weigh; and both as light as tales.

Lys. I had no judgment when to her I swore.

Hel. Nor none, in my mind, now you give her o'er.

Lys. Demetrius loves her, and he loves not you.

Dem. [*Awaking.*] O Helen, goddess, nymph, perfect, divine!
To what, my love, shall I compare thine eyne?
Crystal is muddy. O, how ripe in show
Thy lips, those kissing cherries, tempting grow!
That pure congealed white, high Taurus's snow,
Fann'd with the eastern wind, turns to a crow,
When thou hold'st up thy hand: O let me kiss
This princess of pure white, this seal[12] of bliss!

Hel. O spite! O hell! I see you all are bent
To set against me, for your merriment.
If you were civil, and knew courtesy,
You would not do me thus much injury.

[12] So, in Antony and Cleopatra, Act iii. sc. 2: "My playfellow, your hand; this kingly *seal*, and plighter of high hearts." *Princess* here plainly has the force of the superlative; the *paragon*, the *purest* of white. Mr. Dyce laughs at Collier for suggesting that *princess* may be a misprint for *impress*. This pretty piece of extravagance reminds us of Spenser's Una:

"A lovely ladie rode him faire beside,
Upon a lowly ass more white then snow;
Yet she much whiter." M.

Can you not hate me, as I know you
But you must join in souls [13] to mocl
If you were men, as men you are in
You would not use a gentle lady so;
To vow, and swear, and superpraise
When, I am sure, you hate me with
You both are rivals, and love Hermi
And now both rivals, to mock Helen
A trim exploit, a manly enterprise,
To conjure tears up in a poor maid'
With your derision! none of noble
Would so offend a virgin, and extort
A poor soul's patience, all to make

Lys. You are unkind, Demetrius;
For you love Hermia: this you kno
And here, with all good will, with al
In Hermia's love I yield you up my
And yours of Helena to me bequeat
Whom I do love, and will do to my

Hel. Never did mockers waste m

Dem. Lysander, keep thy Hermia
If e'er I lov'd her, all that love is g
My heart to her but as guest-wise s
And now to Helen is it home return
There to remain.

Lys. Helen, it is not s

Dem. Disparage not the faith thou
Lest to thy peril thou aby it dear.[14] -
Look, where thy love comes; yonde

[13] That is, join heartily, unite in the same n

[14] *Aby* or *abie* means to *suffer for*. Skinner not from *abide*, but from *buy*; though the two ed. Most editions print *abide* in this place: F ever, has *aby*. Thus, also, in The Faery Qu "That direfull stroake thou dearely shalt *aby*." and Fletcher's Knight of the Burning Pestle, A

Enter HERMIA.

Her. Dark night, that from the eye his function takes,
The ear more quick of apprehension makes;
Wherein it doth impair the seeing sense,
It pays the hearing double recompense: —
Thou art not by mine eye, Lysander, found;
Mine ear, I thank it, brought me to thy sound.
But why unkindly didst thou leave me so?
Lys. Why should he stay, whom love doth press to go?
Her What love could press Lysander from my side?
Lys. Lysander's love, that would not let him bide,
Fair Helena, who more engilds the night
Than all yon fiery oes and eyes of light.
Why seek'st thou me? could not this make thee know,
The hate I bare thee made me leave thee so?
Her. You speak not as you think; it cannot be.
Hel. Lo, she is one of this confederacy!
Now I perceive they have conjoin'd, all three,
To fashion this false sport in spite of me.
Injurious Hermia! most ungrateful maid!
Have you conspir'd, have you with these contriv'd
To bait me with this foul derision?
Is all the counsel that we two have shar'd,
The sisters' vows, the hours that we have spent,
When we have chid the hasty-footed time
For parting us, — O! is all forgot? [15]

hardy knight, full soon thou shalt *aby* this fond reproach; thy body will I bang." H.

[15] The omission of a syllable after *O*, thus giving *O* the time of two syllables, adds greatly to the force and beauty of this line; all which the habit of metre-mongering has spoilt by inserting *and*. R

All school-days' friendship, childhoo
We, Hermia, like two artificial[16] go
Have with our needles created both
Both on one sampler, sitting on one
Both warbling of one song, both in
As if our hands, our sides, voices, n
Had been incorporate.[17] So we gr
Like to a double cherry, seeming p
But yet an union in partition;
Two lovely berries moulded on one
So, with two seeming bodies, but o
Two of the first, like coats in heral
Due but to one, and crowned with

[16] *Artificial* is here used for the worker i
like its Latin original *artifex*, artist, or artific
next line, has been corrupted in modern edi
for the sake of the measure! Those who can
out counting the syllables on their fingers are
Shakespeare use *dactyls*.

[17] Gibbon, in his account of the holy fri
great Cappadocian saints, Basil and Gregory
and Fall, Chap. xxvii. note 29, refers to this
a parallel passage from Gregory's Poem on
historian adds,—Shakespeare had never rea
ory Nazianzen, he was ignorant of the Gree
mother-tongue, the language of Nature, is t
cia and in Britain." The following translat
lines is given by Mr. Newman in his Church

"May I not boast how in our day w
A truest pair, not without name in
Had all things common, and one o
In lodgment of a double outward
Our special bond, the thought of G
And the high longing after holy thi
And each of us was bold to trust i
Unto the emptying of our deepest
And then we loved the more, for s
Pleaded in each, and knit the twai

[18] Mr. Douce thus explains this passage:
first, i. e. *bodies*, like the double coats in he
man and wife as *one person*, but which, like
but *one crest*."

And will you rend our ancient love asunder,
To join with men in scorning your poor friend?
It is not friendly, 'tis not maidenly:
Our sex, as well as I, may chide you for it;
Though I alone do feel the injury.

Her. I am amazed at your passionate words:
I scorn you not; it seems that you scorn me.

Hel. Have you not set Lysander, as in scorn,
To follow me, and praise my eyes and face?
And made your other love, Demetrius,
(Who even but now did spurn me with his foot,)
To call me goddess, nymph, divine, and rare,
Precious, celestial? Wherefore speaks he this
To her he hates? and wherefore doth Lysander
Deny your love, so rich within his soul,
And tender me, forsooth, affection,
But by your setting on, by your consent?
What though I be not so in grace as you,
So hung upon with love, so fortunate;
But miserable most, to love unlov'd;
This you should pity, rather than despise.

Her. I understand not what you mean by this

Hel. Ay, do, persever, counterfeit sad looks,
Make mouths upon me when I turn my back;
Wink at each other; hold the sweet jest up:
This sport, well carried, shall be chronicled.
If you have any pity, grace, or manners,
You would not make me such an argument.
But fare ye well: 'tis partly mine own fault,
Which death, or absence, soon shall remedy.

Lys. Stay, gentle Helena! hear my excuse:
My love, my life, my soul, fair Helena!

Hel. O excellent!

Her. Sweet, do not scorn her so

Dem. If she cannot entreat, I can compel.

Lys. Thou canst compel no more than she
treat:
Thy threats have no more strength, than her we
prayers.—
Helen, I love thee; by my life I do:
I swear by that which I will lose for thee,
To prove him false, that says I love thee not.
Dem. I say I love thee more than he can do.
Lys. If thou say so, withdraw, and prove it to
Dem. Quick, come,—
Her. Lysander, whereto tends all thi
Lys. Away, you Ethiope!
Dem. No, no, he'll — Sir,
Seem to break loose; take on, as you would follov
But yet come not: You are a tame man, go!
Lys. Hang off, thou cat, thou burr! vile thin
let loose,
Or I will shake thee from me like a serpent.
Her. Why are you grown so rude? what chang
is this,
Sweet love?
Lys. Thy love? out, tawny Tartar, out!
Out, loathed medicine! O hated poison, hence!
Her. Do you not jest?
Hel. Yes, 'sooth; and so do you
Lys. Demetrius, I will keep my word with thee.
Dem. I would I had your bond; for I perceive
A weak bond holds you: I'll not trust your word.
Lys. What! should I hurt her, strike her, kil
her dead?
Although I hate her, I'll not harm her so.

[19] This arrangement of the text is Malone's, who thus explain it. The words *he'll* are not in the folio, and *sir* is not in the quarto Demetrius, I suppose, would say, *No, no, he'll* not have the reso lution to disengage himself from Hermia. But turning to Lysan der, he addresses him ironically: "Sir, seem to break loose," &c

Her. What! can you do me greater harm than hate?
Hate me! wherefore? O me! what means my love?
Am not I Hermia? Are not you Lysander?
I am as fair now as I was erewhile.
Since night you lov'd me; yet since night you left me:
Why, then you left me, — O, the gods forbid! —
In earnest shall I say?
Lys. Ay, by my life;
And never did desire to see thee more.
Therefore, be out of hope, of question, doubt;
Be certain, nothing truer: 'tis no jest,
That I do hate thee, and love Helena.
Her. O me — you juggler! you canker-blossom![20]
You thief of love! what, have you come by night,
And stol'n my love's heart from him?
Hel. Fine, i'faith!
Have you no modesty, no maiden shame,
No touch of bashfulness? What! will you tear
Impatient answers from my gentle tongue?
Fie, fie! you counterfeit, you puppet you!
Her. Puppet! why so? Ay, that way goes the game.
Now I perceive that she hath made compare
Between our statures: she hath urg'd her height,
And with her personage, her tall personage,
Her height, forsooth, she hath prevail'd with him. —
And are you grown so high in his esteem,
Because I am so dwarfish, and so low?
How low am I, thou painted maypole? speak;

[20] The canker is a worm that preys on the leaves or buds of flowers, always beginning in the middle. So before, in this play: "Some to kill *cankers* in the musk-rose buds."

How low am I? I am not yet so low
But that my nails can reach unto thine

Hel. I pray you, though you mock m
Let her not hurt me: I was never cur
I have no gift at all in shrewishness;
I am a right maid for my cowardice:
Let her not strike me: You, perhaps,
Because she is something lower than r
That I can match her.

Her. Lower! hark

Hel. Good Hermia, do not be so bi
I evermore did love you, Hermia,
Did ever keep your counsels, never w
Save that, in love unto Demetrius,
I told him of your stealth unto this w
He folk w'd you; for love I follow'd
But he hath chid me hence; and thre
To strike me, spurn me, nay, to kill
And now, so you will let me quiet go,
To Athens will I bear my folly back,
And follow you no further: Let me g
You see how simple and how fond I a

Her. Why, get you gone: Who
ders you?

Hel. A foolish heart that I leave he

Her. What! with Lysander?

Hel. Wi

Lys. Be not afraid: she shall no
Helena.

Dem. No, sir; she shall not, though
part.

Hel. O! when she's angry, she
shrewd:

* That is, froward, cross, ill-conditioned, o

She was a vixen, when she went to school;
And, though she be but little, she is fierce.

Her. Little again! nothing but low and little!—
Why will you suffer her to flout me thus?
Let me come to her.

Lys. Get you gone, you dwarf!
You minimus, of hindering knot-grass made;[22]
You bead, you acorn!

Dem. You are too officious
In her behalf that scorns your services:
Let her alone; speak not of Helena;
Take not her part: for if thou dost intend
Never so little show of love to her,
Thou shalt aby it.[23]

Lys. Now she holds me not;
Now follow, if thou dar'st, to try whose right,
Of thine or mine, is most in Helena.

Dem. Follow? nay, I'll go with thee cheek by jowl. [*Exeunt* LYS. *and* DEM.

Her. You, mistress, all this coil is 'long of you:[24]
Nay, go not back.

Hel. I will not trust you, I;
Nor longer stay in your curst[25] company.
Your hands, than mine, are quicker for a fray;
My legs are longer though, to run away. [*Exit.*

Her. I am amaz'd, and know not what to say.
[*Exit, pursuing* HELENA.

[22] *Knot-grass*, it seems, was anciently supposed to stop the growth of those to whom it was applied. Thus, in Beaumont and Fletcher's Knight of the Burning Pestle, Act ii. sc. 2: "The child's a fatherless child, and say they should put him into a strait pair of gaskins, 'twere worse than *knot-grass;* he would *never grow* after it." "O, who can tell the hidden power of *herbs*, and might of magic spell!" Knot-grass is a low, creeping *herb*. H.

[23] That is, pay dearly for it, rue it. See note 14.

[24] Is owing to you, is caused by you.

[25] *Curst* is *shrewish, spiteful*, not *cursed*, as readers are apt to suppose.

Obe. This is thy negligence:
tak'st,
Or else committ'st thy knaveries wilf
Puck. Believe me, king of shado
Did not you tell me I should know t
By the Athenian garments he had o
And so far blameless proves my ent
That I have 'nointed an Athenian's
And so far am I glad it so did sort,
As this their jangling I esteem a sp
Obe. Thou seest, these lovers s
fight:
Hie, therefore, Robin, overcast the
The starry welkin cover thou anon
With drooping fog, as black as Ach
And lead these testy rivals so astray
As one come not within another's v
Like to Lysander sometime frame t
Then stir Demetrius up with bitter
And sometime rail thou like Demet
And from each other look thou lea
Till o'er their brows death-counterf
With leaden legs and batty wings c
Then crush this herb into Lysande
Whose liquor hath this virtuous pr
To take from thence all error with
And make his eye-balls roll with w
When they next wake, all this deri
Shall seem a dream, and fruitless v
And back to Athens shall the lover
With league whose date till death s
Whiles I in this affair do thee emp
I'll to my queen, and beg her Indi
And then I will her charmed eye r
From monster's view, and all thing

Puck. My fairy lord, this must be done with haste;
For night's swift dragons[26] cut the clouds full fast,
And yonder shines Aurora's harbinger;
At whose approach, ghosts, wandering here and there,
Troop home to church-yards: damned spirits all,
That in cross-ways and floods have burial,[27]
Already to their wormy beds are gone;
For fear lest day should look their shames upon,
They wilfully themselves exile from light,
And must for aye consort with black-brow'd night.

Obe. But we are spirits of another sort:
I with the Morning's love[28] have oft made sport;
And, like a forester, the groves may tread,
Even till the eastern gate, all fiery red,[29]
Opening on Neptune with fair blessed beams,
Turns into yellow gold his salt-green streams.

[26] The chariot of Madam Night was anciently drawn by a team of dragons, that is, serpents, who were thought to be always awake, because they slept with their eyes open; and therefore were selected for this purpose. So, in Cymbeline, Act ii. sc. 2: "Swift, swift, ye *dragons* of the night." And in Milton's Il Penseroso:

"Smoothing the rugged brow of night,
While Cynthia checks her *dragon* yoke." H.

[27] The ghosts of self-murderers, who are buried in cross-roads; and of those who being drowned were condemned (according to the opinion of the ancients) to wander for a hundred years, as the rites of sepulture had never been regularly bestowed on their bodies. See the fine passage in Hamlet, Act i. sc. 1: "I have heard, the cock, that is the trumpet of the morn," &c.

[28] Cephalus, the mighty hunter, and paramour of Aurora, was here probably meant.

[29] This, it is thought, may have been suggested by the following from Chaucer's Knight's Tale:

"The besy larke, the messager of day,
Salewith in hire song the morwe gray;
And firy Phebus riseth up so bright
That all the orient laugheth of the sight,
And with his stremes drieth in the greves
The silver dropes, hanging on the leves." M.

But, notwithstanding, haste; make no delay:
We may effect this business yet ere day.
[*Exit* OBERON

Puck. Up and down, up and down,
I will lead them up and down:
I am fear'd in field and town;
Goblin, lead them up and down.
Here comes one.

Enter LYSANDER.

Lys. Where art thou, proud Demetrius? speak thou now.
Puck. Here, villain! drawn and ready. Where art thou?
Lys. I will be with thee straight.
Puck. Follow me then
To plainer ground. [*Exit* LYS. *as following the voice.*

Enter DEMETRIUS.

Dem. Lysander! speak again.
Thou runaway, thou coward, art thou fled?
Speak! In some bush? Where dost thou hide thy head?
Puck. Thou coward! art thou bragging to the stars,
Telling the bushes that thou look'st for wars,
And wilt not come? Come, recreant; come, thou child,
I'll whip thee with a rod: He is defil'd,
That draws a sword on thee.
Dem. Yea; art thou there?
Puck. Follow my voice: we'll try no manhood here. [*Exeunt.*

Re-enter LYSANDER.

Lys. He goes before me, and still dares me on:
When I come where he calls, then he is gone.
The villain is much lighter heel'd than I:
I follow'd fast, but faster he did fly;
That fallen am I in dark uneven way,
And here will rest me. Come, thou gentle day!
[*Lies down.*
For if but once thou show me thy grey light,
I'll find Demetrius, and revenge this spite. [*Sleeps.*

Re-enter PUCK *and* DEMETRIUS.

Puck. Ho, ho, ho! Coward, why com'st thou not?
Dem. Abide me, if thou dar'st; for well I wot,
Thou runn'st before me, shifting every place;
And dar'st not stand, nor look me in the face.
Where art thou now?
Puck. Come hither; I am here.
Dem. Nay, then thou mock'st me. Thou shalt 'by this dear,[30]
If ever I thy face by day-light see:
Now, go thy way. Faintness constraineth me
To measure out my length on this cold bed.—
By day's approach look to be visited.
[*Lies down and sleeps.*

Enter HELENA.

Hel. O weary night! O long and tedious night!
Abate thy hours: shine, comforts, from the east;
That I may back to Athens by day-light,
From these that my poor company detest:—

[30] *Aby.* See notes 14 and 23.

And, sleep, that sometime shuts up sorrow's eye,
Steal me awhile from mine own company. [*Sleeps*

Puck. Yet but three? Come one more;
Two of both kinds makes up four.
Here she comes, curst and sad: —
Cupid is a knavish lad,
Thus to make poor females mad.

Enter HERMIA.

Her. Never so weary, never so in woe,
Bedabbled with the dew, and torn with briers,
I can no further crawl, no further go;
My legs can keep no pace with my desires.
Here will I rest me till the break of day:
Heaven shield Lysander, if they mean a fray!
[*Lies down.*

Puck. On the ground sleep sound:
I'll apply to your eye,
Gentle lover, remedy.
[*Squeezing the juice on* LYSANDER'S *eye*
When thou wak'st, thou tak'st
True delight in the sight
Of thy former lady's eye:
And the country proverb known,
That every man should take his own,
In your waking shall be shown:
Jack shall have Jill;
Nought shall go ill;
The man shall have his mare again,
And all shall be well.[31]
[*Exit* PUCK. — DEM., HEL., *&c., sleep.*

[31] These last four lines are to be found in Heywood's Epigrams or Three Hundred Proverbs.

ACT IV.

SCENE I. The same.

Enter TITANIA *and* BOTTOM, *Fairies attending;* OBERON *behind unseen.*

Tita. Come, sit thee down upon this flowery bed,
While I thy amiable cheeks do coy,[1]
And stick musk-roses in thy sleek smooth head,
And kiss thy fair large ears, my gentle joy.

Bot. Where's Peas-blossom?

Peas. Ready.

Bot. Scratch my head, Peas-blossom. — Where's monsieur Cobweb?

Cob. Ready.

Bot. Monsieur Cobweb, good monsieur, get your weapons in your hand, and kill me a red-hipp'd humble-bee on the top of a thistle; and, good monsieur, bring me the honey-bag. Do not fret yourself too much in the action, monsieur; and, good monsieur, have a care the honey-bag break not: I would be loth to have you overflown with a honey-bag, signior. — Where's monsieur Mustard-seed?

Must. Ready.

Bot. Give me your neif,[2] monsieur Mustard-seed. Pray you, leave your courtesy, good monsieur.

Must. What's your will?

Bot. Nothing, good monsieur, but to help cavalery Cobweb[3] to scratch. I must to the barber's, mon-

[1] To *coy*, is to stroke or soothe with the hand.

[2] That is, *fist*. So, in 2 Henry IV., Pistol says: "Sweet knight, I kiss thy *neif*." In Ben Jonson's Poetaster, Act iii. sc. 1. the word is spelt *neuf*. H.

[3] Grey says, — "Without doubt it should be cavalery Peas

sieur; for, methinks, I am marvel
the face; and I am such a tender
do but tickle me, I must scratch.

Tita. What, wilt thou hear some
love?

Bot. I have a reasonable good e
us have the tongs and the bones.

Tita. Or say, sweet love, what
eat.

Bot. Truly, a peck of provender
your good dry oats. Methinks,
desire to a bottle of hay:[4] good
hath no fellow.

Tita. I have a venturous fairy t
The squirrel's hoard, and fetch the

Bot. I had rather have a handfu
peas. But, I pray you, let none of
me; I have an exposition of sleep

Tita. Sleep thou, and I will wind
Fairies, be gone, and be awhile
So doth the woodbine the sweet h
Gently entwist; the female ivy so
Enrings the barky fingers of the
O, how I love thee! how I dote

blossom: as for cavalery Cobweb, he has
upon a perilous adventure." Of course M

[4] *Bottle* is an old word for *bundle*, fr
Richardson says,—"It is still common in
England to call a truss or bundle of hay *a*

[5] This is usually printed as if *sweet hon*
sition with *woodbine*, making *the barky fin*
entwist and *enrings*. But Steevens, who i
has given no authority for thus making *wo*
mean the same thing. The true reading is
sage in Jonson's Vision of Delight:

"It looks, methinks, like one of N
Or her whole body set in art: b

OBERON *advances. Enter* PUCK.

Obe. Welcome, good Robin. Seest thou this sweet sight?
Her dotage now I do begin to pity.
For meeting her of late behind the wood,
Seeking sweet favours for this hateful fool,
I did upbraid her, and fall out with her:
For she his hairy temples then had rounded
With coronet of fresh and fragrant flowers;
And that same dew, which sometime on the buds
Was wont to swell like round and orient pearls,
Stood now within the pretty flowerets' eyes,
Like tears that did their own disgrace bewail.
When I had at my pleasure taunted her,
And she in mild terms begg'd my patience,
I then did ask of her her changeling child;
Which straight she gave me, and her fairy sent
To bear him to my bower in Fairy-land.
And now I have the boy, I will undo
This hateful imperfection of her eyes.
And, gentle Puck, take this transformed scalp
From off the head of this Athenian swain;
That he awaking when the other do,
May all to Athens back again repair;
And think no more of this night's accidents,
But as the fierce vexation of a dream.
But first I will release the fairy queen.

How the blue *bindweed* doth itself infold
With *honey-suckle*, and both these intwine
Themselves with bryony and jessamine,
To cast a kind and odoriferous shade."

Mr. Gifford, in a note upon this passage, remarks,—"The *woodbine* of Shakespeare is the blue *bindweed* of Jonson. In many of our counties, the *woodbine* is still the name of the great *convolvulus*." N

Be, as thou wast wont to be;
See, as thou wast wont to see:
Dian's bud o'er Cupid's flower [6]
Hath such force and blessed power.

Now, my Titania! wake you, my sweet queen.

Tita. My Oberon! what visions have I seen.
Methought I was enamour'd of an ass.

Obe. There lies your love.

Tita. How came these things to pass?
O, how mine eyes do loathe his visage now!

Obe. Silence, awhile. — Robin, take off this head. —
Titania, music call; and strike more dead
Than common sleep of all these five the sense.

Tita. Music, ho! music: such as charmeth sleep.

Puck. Now, when thou wak'st, with thine own fool's eyes peep.

Obe. Sound, music. [*Still music.*] Come, my queen, take hands with me,
And rock the ground whereon these sleepers be.
Now thou and I are new in amity;
And will, to-morrow midnight, solemnly
Dance in Duke Theseus' house triumphantly,
And bless it to all fair posterity:
There shall the pairs of faithful lovers be
Wedded, with Theseus, all in jollity.

Puck. Fairy king, attend and mark;
I do hear the morning lark.

Obe. Then, my queen, in silence sad,[7]
Trip we after the night's shade:

[6] *Dian's bud* is the bud of the *Agnus Castus*, or *Chaste Tree*. "The vertue of this hearbe is, that he will kepe man and woman chaste." Macer's Herbal, by Lynacre. Cupid's flower is the *Viola tricolor*, or *Love in Idleness*. See Act ii. sc. 1, note 24.

[7] *Sad* here signifies only *grave*, serious.

We the globe can compass soon,
Swifter than the wandering moon.
Tita. Come, my lord; and in our flight,
Tell me how it came this night,
That I sleeping here was found,
With these mortals on the ground. [*Exeunt.*
[*Horns sound within.*

Enter THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, EGEUS, *and Train.*

The. Go, one of you, find out the forester; —
For now our observation is perform'd:[8]
And since we have the vaward[9] of the day,
My love shall hear the music of my hounds. —
Uncouple in the western valley; let them go:
Despatch, I say, and find the forester. —
We will, fair queen, up to the mountain's top,
And mark the musical confusion
Of hounds and echo in conjunction.
Hip. I was with Hercules, and Cadmus, once,
When in a wood of Crete they bay'd the bear
With hounds of Sparta: never did I hear
Such gallant chiding;[10] for, besides the groves,
The skies, the fountains, every region near
Seem'd all one mutual cry: I never heard
So musical a discord, such sweet thunder.
The. My hounds are bred out of the Spartan kind,
So flew'd, so sanded;[11] and their heads are hung

[8] That is, the honours due to the morning of *May*. So, in a former scene — "to do *observance* to a morn of May."
[9] The early part, the *vanward*, of the day.
[10] *Chiding* means here the *cry of hounds*. To *chide* is used sometimes for to sound, or make a noise without any reference to scolding. So, in Henry VIII.: "As doth a rock against the *chiding* flood."
[11] The *flews* are the large chaps of a deep-mouthed hound. — *Sanded* means of a sandy colour, which is one of the true denotements of a blood-hound.

With ears that sweep away the morni
Crook-kneed, and dew-lapp'd like The
Slow in pursuit, but match'd in mouth
Each under each. A cry more tuned
Was never halloo'd to, nor cheer'd wi
In Crete, in Sparta, nor in Thessaly:
Judge, when you hear. — But, soft!
are these?

Ege. My lord, this is my daughter
And this, Lysander; this Demetrius i
This Helena, old Nedar's Helena:
I wonder of their being here togethe

The. No doubt, they rose up early
The rite of May; and, hearing our i
Came here in grace of our solemnity
But speak, Egeus; is not this the da
That Hermia should give answer of

Ege. It is, my lord.

The. Go, bid the huntsmen wake t
horns.

Horns, and shout within. DEMETRI
HERMIA, *and* HELENA, *wake an*

The. Good-morrow, friends. Sai
past:
Begin these wood-birds but to coupl

Lys. Pardon, my lord. [*He an*

The. I pray yo
I know you are two rival enemies:
How comes this gentle concord in t
That hatred is so far from jealousy,
To sleep by hate, and fear no enmit

Lys. My lord, I shall reply amaz
Half 'sleep, half waking: But as yo
I cannot truly say how I came here

But, as I think, (for truly would I speak, —
And now I do bethink me, so it is,)
I came with Hermia hither: our intent
Was to be gone from Athens, where we might
Without the peril of the Athenian law —

Ege. Enough, enough! my lord, you have enough:
I beg the law, the law, upon his head. —
They would have stol'n away; they would, Demetrius,
Thereby to have defeated you and me;
You, of your wife, and me, of my consent;
Of my consent that she should be your wife.

Dem. My lord, fair Helen told me of their stealth,
Of this their purpose hither, to this wood;
And I in fury hither follow'd them;
Fair Helena in fancy following me.[12]
But, my good lord, I wot not by what power,
(But by some power it is,) my love to Hermia,
Melted as the snow, seems to me now
As the remembrance of an idle gawd,
Which in my childhood I did dote upon:
And all the faith, the virtue of my heart,
The object, and the pleasure of mine eye,
Is only Helena. To her, my lord,
Was I betroth'd ere I saw Hermia:
But, like in sickness, did I loathe this food;
But, as in health, come to my natural taste,
Now do I wish it, love it, long for it,
And will for evermore be true to it.

The. Fair lovers, you are fortunately met:
Of this discourse we more will hear anon. —
Egeus, I will overbear your will;

[12] *Fancy* is here *love* or *affection*, and is opposed to *fury*. So, in Shakespeare's Venus and Adonis: "A martial man to be soft *fancy's* slave." Some now call that which a man takes particular delight in his *fancy*.

For in the temple, by and by with us
These couples shall eternally be knit
And, for the morning now is somethi
Our purpos'd hunting shall be set as
Away, with us, to Athens: Three ar
We'll hold a feast in great solemnity
Come, Hippolyta.

[*Exeunt* THE., HIP., E

Dem. These things seem small an
able,
Like far-off mountains turned into c

Her. Methinks, I see these things
When every thing seems double.

Hel. S
And I have found Demetrius like a
Mine own, and not mine own.[12]

Dem. A
That we are awake? It seems to
That yet we sleep, we dream. — D
The duke was here, and bid us foll

Her. Yea; and my father.

Hel. An

Lys. And he did bid us follow t

Dem. Why, then we are awake:
And by the way let us recount our

Bot. [*Awaking.*] When my cue
and I will answer: — my next is, "
mus." — Hey, ho! — Peter Quince
lows-mender! Snout, the tinker! S
my life! stolen hence, and left m
had a most rare vision. I have
past the wit of man to say what dr

[12] That is, as the jewel which one finds i
own; his own unless the loser claim it.

is but an ass, if he go about to expound this dream. Methought I was — there is no man can tell what. Methought I was, and methought I had, — But man is but a patch'd fool, if he will offer to say what methought I had. The eye of man hath not heard, the ear of man hath not seen, man's hand is not able to taste, his tongue to conceive, nor his heart to report, what my dream was. I will get Peter Quince to write a ballad of this dream: it shall be called Bottom's Dream, because it hath no bottom; and I will sing it in the latter end of a play, before the duke: Peradventure, to make it the more gracious, I shall sing it at her death.[14] [*Exit.*

SCENE II. Athens. A Room in QUINCE's House.

Enter QUINCE, FLUTE, SNOUT, *and* STARVELING.

Quin. Have you sent to Bottom's house? is he come home yet?

Star. He cannot be heard of. Out of doubt, he is transported.

Flu. If he come not, then the play is marr'd: It goes not forward, doth it?

Quin. It is not possible: you have not a man in all Athens able to discharge Pyramus, but he.

Flu. No; he hath simply the best wit of any handicraft man in Athens.

Quin. Yea; and the best person too; and he is a very paramour for a sweet voice.

Flu. You must say, paragon: a paramour is, God bless us! a thing of nought.

[14] That is, at Thisbe's death, Bottom's head being full of the part he is going to play. Theobald could not imagine what *her* meant, and therefore proposed *after death.* H

Enter SNUG.

Snug. Masters, the duke is coming
ple, and there is two or three lords an
married: if our sport had gone for
all been made men.

Flu. O, sweet bully Bottom! Th
sixpence a-day during his life; he c
'scaped sixpence a-day: an the duke
him sixpence a-day for playing Py
hang'd; he would have deserved it: s
in Pyramus, or nothing.

Enter BOTTOM.

Bot. Where are these lads? wh
hearts?

Quin. Bottom! — O, most coura
most happy hour!

Bot. Masters, I am to discourse
ask me not what; for, if I tell you
Athenian. I will tell you every th
fell out.

Quin. Let us hear, sweet Botton

Bot. Not a word of me. All tha
is, that the duke hath dined: Get y
gether; good strings to your beards,
your pumps: meet presently at the
man look o'er his part; for, the sh
is, our play is preferred. In any
have clean linen; and let not him
lion pare his nails, for they shall h
lion's claws. And, most dear actor
nor garlic, for we are to utter swee
do not doubt but to hear them sa
comedy. No more words: away!

ACT V.

SCENE I. The same.

An Apartment in the Palace of THESEUS.

Enter THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, PHILOSTRATE, *Lords, and Attendants.*

Hip. 'Tis strange, my Theseus, that these lovers speak of.

The. More strange than true: I never may believe
These antique fables, nor these fairy toys.
Lovers, and madmen, have such seething brains,[1]
Such shaping fantasies, that apprehend
More than cool reason ever comprehends.
The lunatic, the lover, and the poet,
Are of imagination all compact:[2]
One sees more devils than vast hell can hold;
That is the madman: the lover, all as frantic,
Sees Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt:
The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven;
And, as imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing

[1] So, in The Tempest: "Thy *brains*, now useless, *boil'd* within thy skull." And in The Winter's Tale: "Would any but these *boil'd brains* of three and twenty hunt this weather?" Drayton, in his Epistle to Reynolds on poets and poetry, seems to have had this in his mind, when, speaking of Marlowe, he says:

"That *fine madness* still he did retain,
Which rightly should possess a *poet's* brain."

[2] That is, are made, *composed*, of mere imagination.

A local habitation, and a name.
Such tricks hath strong imagination,
That, if it would but apprehend som
It comprehends some bringer of that
Or, in the night, imagining some fear
How easy is a bush suppos'd a bear!

Hip. But all the story of the nigh
And all their minds transfigur'd so to
More witnesseth than fancy's images,
And grows to something of great co
But, howsoever, strange and admirab

Enter LYSANDER, DEMETRIUS, H
HELENA.

The. Here come the lovers, full of j
Joy, gentle friends! joy, and fresh d
Accompany your hearts!

Lys. More tha
Wait on your royal walks, your boa

The. Come now; what masks, w
we have,
To wear away this long age of thre
Between our after-supper, and bed-ti
Where is our usual manager of mir
What revels are in hand? Is there
To ease the anguish of a torturing
Call Philostrate.

Philost. Here, mighty Th

The. Say, what abridgment[4] ha
evening?
What mask? what music? How
The lazy time, if not with some del

[3] That is, consistency, stability, certainty.
[4] *Abridgment* appears to mean some *pa*
tedious evening.

Philost. There is a brief,[5] how many sports are ripe:
Make choice of which your highness will see first.
[*Giving a paper.*

The. [*Reads.*] "The battle with the Centaurs, to be sung
By an Athenian eunuch to the harp."
We'll none of that: that have I told my love,
In glory of my kinsman Hercules.
"The riot of the tipsy Bacchanals,
Tearing the Thracian singer in their rage."
That is an old device; and it was play'd
When I from Thebes came last a conqueror.
"The thrice three Muses mourning for the death
Of learning, late deceas'd in beggary."
That is some satire, keen, and critical,
Not sorting with a nuptial ceremony.
"A tedious brief scene of young Pyramus,
And his love Thisbe; very tragical mirth."
Merry and tragical! Tedious and brief!
That is, hot ice, and wondrous strange snow.
How shall we find the concord of this discord?

Philost. A play there is, my lord, some ten words long;
Which is as brief as I have known a play;
But by ten words, my lord, it is too long;
Which makes it tedious: for in all the play
There is not one word apt, one player fitted.
And tragical, my noble lord, it is;
For Pyramus therein doth kill himself.
Which, when I saw rehears'd, I must confess,
Made mine eyes water; but more merry tears
The passion of loud laughter never shed.

The. What are they that do play it?

[5] Short account.

Philost. Hard-handed men, that wo
here,
Which never labour'd in their minds ti
And now have toil'd their unbreath'd[6]
With this same play, against your nup
The. And we will hear it.
Philost. No, m
It is not for you: I have heard it ove
And it is nothing, nothing in the worl
(Unless you can find sport in their int
Extremely stretch'd, and conn'd with
To do you service.
The. I will hear that
For never any thing can be amiss,
When simpleness and duty tender it.
Go, bring them in; — and take your
[*Exit*
Hip. I love not to see wretchedne
And duty in his service perishing.
The. Why, gentle sweet, you shal
thing.
Hip. He says they can do nothing
The. The kinder we, to give th
nothing.
Our sport shall be, to take what they
And what poor duty cannot do,
Noble respect takes it in might, not
Where I have come, great clerks hav
To greet me with premeditated welc
Where I have seen them shiver and
Make periods in the midst of sentenc
Throttle their practis'd accent in thei

[6] That is, unexercised, unpractised.
[7] That is, according to the ability of the doe
the worth of the thing done.

And, in conclusion, dumbly have broke off,
Not paying me a welcome: Trust me, sweet,
Out of this silence, yet, I pick'd a welcome;
And in the modesty of fearful duty
I read as much, as from the rattling tongue
Of saucy and audacious eloquence.
Love, therefore, and tongue-tied simplicity,
In least speak most, to my capacity.

Enter PHILOSTRATE.

Philost. So please your grace, the prologue is addrest.[8]

The. Let him approach. [*Flourish of trumpets.*[9]

Enter Prologue.

Prol. "If we offend, it is with our good will.
That you should think, we come not to offend,
But with good will. To show our simple skill,
That is the true beginning of our end.
Consider then, we come but in despite.
We do not come as minding to content you,
Our true intent is. All for your delight,
We are not here. That you should here repent you,
The actors are at hand; and, by their show,
You shall know all, that you are like to know."[10]

[8] Ready.

[9] Anciently the prologue entered after the third sounding of the trumpets, or, as we should now say, after the third music.

[10] Had "this fellow" stood "upon points," his speech would have read nearly as follows:

"If we offend, it is with our good will
That you should think we come not to offend;
But with good will to show our simple skill:
That is the true beginning. Of our end
Consider then: we come; but in despite
We do not come: as minding to content you,
Our true intent is all for your delight.
We are not here, that you should here repent you.
The actors are at hand; and, by their show,
You shall know all that you are like to know." B

The. This fellow doth not stand up

Lys. He hath rid his prologue, like
he knows not the stop. A good mora
is not enough to speak, but to speak

Hip. Indeed he hath play'd on his
a child on a recorder;[11] a sound, b
ernment.

The. His speech was like a tangle
ing impaired, but all disordered. W

Enter PYRAMUS *and* THISBE, *Wall, Moon*
as in dumb show.

Prol. "Gentles, perchance, you wond
But wonder on, till truth make all things
This man is Pyramus, if you would know
This beauteous lady Thisby is, certain.
This man, with lime and rough-cast, doth
Wall, that vile wall which did these love
And through wall's chink, poor souls, th
To whisper; at the which let no man wo
This man, with lantern, dog, and bush of
Presenteth moonshine; for, if you will k
By moonshine did these lovers think no
To meet at Ninus' tomb, there, there to
This grisly beast, which lion hight[12] by
The trusty Thisby, coming first by nigh
Did scare away, or rather did affright:
And, as she fled, her mantle she did fall
Which lion vile with bloody mouth did s
Anon comes Pyramus, sweet youth, and
And finds his trusty Thisby's mantle sla
Whereat with blade, with bloody blame
He bravely broach'd his boiling bloody
And, Thisby tarrying in mulberry shade
His dagger drew, and died. For all the

[11] A kind of flageolet. See The Two G
Act v. sc. 4, note 1.
[12] Is called.

Let lion, moonshine, wall, and lovers twain,
At large discourse, while here they do remain."
[*Exeunt Prol.*, THISBE, *Lion, and Moonshine.*

The. I wonder, if the lion be to speak.

Dem. No wonder, my lord: one lion may, when many asses do.

Wall. "In this same interlude, it doth befall,
That I, one Snout by name, present a wall;
And such a wall, as I would have you think,
That had in it a cranny'd hole, or chink,
Through which the lovers, Pyramus and Thisby,
Did whisper often very secretly.
This lime, this rough-cast, and this stone, doth show
That I am that same wall; the truth is so:
And this the cranny is, right and sinister,
Through which the fearful lovers are to whisper."

The. Would you desire lime and hair to speak better?

Dem. It is the wittiest partition[13] that ever I heard discourse, my lord.

The. Pyramus draws near the wall: silence!

Enter PYRAMUS.

Pyr. "O grim-look'd night! O night with hue so black!
O night, which ever art, when day is not!
O night! O night! alack, alack, alack!
I fear my Thisby's promise is forgot.—

[13] Some commentator has expressed the odd fancy, that *partition* here refers to the many-headed sermons which the Puritans were so zealous to reform into the place of the Scriptures and the Book of Common Prayer; and which Jeremy Taylor had in his eye, something more than fifty years later, when he got himself imprisoned for writing,—"The people have fallen under the saws and harrows of impertinent and ignorant preachers, who think all religion is a sermon, and pray, that they may be thought able to talk, but not to hold their peace." H

And thou, O wall! O sweet, O lovely wall!
That stand'st between her father's ground and
Thou wall, O wall! O sweet, and lovely wall!
Show me thy chink, to blink through with min
[*Wall holds up*
Thanks, courteous wall: Jove shield thee well
But what see I? No Thisby do I see.
O wicked wall! through whom I see no bliss;
Curs'd be thy stones for thus deceiving me!"

The. The wall, methinks, being sensil
curse again.

Pyr. No, in truth, sir, he should not.
ing me," is Thisby's cue: she is to ente
I am to spy her through the wall. You
it will fall pat as I told you: — Yonder

Enter THISBE.

This. "O wall! full often hast thou heard
For parting my fair Pyramus and me:
My cherry lips have often kiss'd thy stones;
Thy stones with lime and hair knit up in thee

Pyr. "I see a voice: now will I to the chi
To spy an I can hear my Thisby's face.
Thisby!"

This. "My love! thou art my love, I think

Pyr. "Think what thou wilt, I am thy lov
And like Limander[14] am I trusty still."

This. "And I like Helen, till the fates me

Pyr. "Not Shafalus to Procrus was so tru

This. "As Shafalus to Procrus, I to you."

Pyr. "O! kiss me through the hole of thi

This. "I kiss the wall's hole, not your lip

Pyr. "Wilt thou at Ninny's tomb meet
way?"

This. "'Tide life, 'tide death, I come with

[14] *Limander* and *Helen*, blunderingly for Leand
Shafalus and *Procrus* for Cephalus and Procris.

Wall. "Thus have I, wall, my part discharged so;
And, being done, thus wall away doth go."

[*Exeunt Wall*, PYRAMUS, *and* THISBE.

The. Now is the mural down between the two neighbours.

Dem. No remedy, my lord, when walls are so wilful to hear without warning.[15]

Hip. This is the silliest stuff that e'er I heard.

The. The best in this kind are but shadows; and the worst are no worse, if imagination amend them

Hip. It must be your imagination then, and not theirs.

The. If we imagine no worse of them, than they of themselves, they may pass for excellent men. Here come two noble beasts in, a man and a lion.

Enter Lion and Moonshine.

Lion. "You, ladies, you, whose gentle hearts do fear
The smallest monstrous mouse that creeps on floor,
May now, perchance, both quake and tremble here,
When lion rough in wildest rage doth roar.
Then know, that I, one Snug the joiner, am
No lion fell, nor else no lion's dam:
For if I should as lion come in strife
Into this place, 'twere pity on my life."

The. A very gentle beast, and of a good conscience.

Dem. The very best at a beast, my lord, that e'er I saw.

Lys. This lion is a very fox for his valour.

The. True; and a goose for his discretion.

Dem. Not so, my lord: for his valour can-

[15] This alludes to the proverb, "Walls have ears." A *wall* between almost any *two neighbours* would soon be down, were it to exercise this faculty without previous *warning*.

not carry his discretion; and the fox carries the goose.

The. His discretion, I am sure, cannot carry his valour; for the goose carries not the fox. It is well: leave it to his discretion, and let us listen to the moon.

Moon. "This lantern doth the horned moon present:"

Dem. He should have worn the horns on his head.

The. He is no crescent, and his horns are invisible within the circumference.

Moon. "This lantern doth the horned moon present:
Myself the man i'the moon do seem to be."

The. This is the greatest error of all the rest: The man should be put into the lantern: how is it else the man i'the moon?

Dem. He dares not come there for the candle; for, you see, it is already in snuff.[16]

Hip. I am aweary of this moon: Would he would change!

The. It appears, by his small light of discretion, that he is in the wane: but yet, in courtesy, in all reason, we must stay the time.

Lys. Proceed, moon.

Moon. All that I have to say is, to tell you, that the lantern is the moon; I, the man in the moon; this thorn-bush, my thorn-bush; and this dog, my dog.

Dem. Why, all these should be in the lantern; for they are in the moon. But, silence! here comes Thisbe.

Enter THISBE.

This. "This is old Ninny's tomb: Where is my love?"

[16] An equivoque. *Snuff* signifies both the cinder of a candle and hasty anger.

Lion. "Oh—" [*The Lion roars.*—THISBE *runs off.*

Dem. Well roar'd, lion.

The. Well run, Thisbe.

Hip. Well shone, moon.—Truly, the moon shines with a good grace.

[*The Lion tears* THISBE'S *mantle, and exit.*

The. Well mous'd,[17] lion.

Dem. And then came Pyramus.

Lys. And so the moon vanish'd.

Enter PYRAMUS.

Pyr. "Sweet moon, I thank thee for thy sunny beams:
I thank thee, moon, for shining now so bright;
For, by thy gracious, golden, glittering gleams,
I trust to taste of truest Thisby's sight.
But stay;—O spite! but mark, poor knight,
What dreadful dole is here!
Eyes, do you see? how can it be?
O dainty duck! O dear!
Thy mantle good, what! stain'd with blood?
Approach, ye furies fell!
O fates! come, come; cut thread and thrum;
Quail, crush, conclude, and quell!"

The. This passion, and the death of a dear friend, would go near to make a man look sad.

Hip. Beshrew my heart, but I pity the man.

Pyr. "O, wherefore, Nature, didst thou lions frame?
Since lion vile hath here deflour'd my dear:
Which is—no, no—which was the fairest dame,
That liv'd, that lov'd, that lik'd, that look'd with cheer.
Come, tears, confound; out, sword, and wound
The pap of Pyramus:

[17] To *mouse*, according to Malone, signified *to mammock*, to tear in pieces, as a cat tears a mouse.

Ay, that left pap, where heart doth hop:—
Thus die I, thus, thus, thus!
Now am I dead, now am I fled;
My soul is in the sky:
Tongue, lose thy light! moon, take thy flight!
Now die, die, die, die, die."

[*Dies.—Exit Moo*

Dem. No die, but an ace, for him; for he
one.

Lys. Less than an ace, man, for he is dea
is nothing.

The. With the help of a surgeon, he migh
recover, and prove an ass.

Hip. How chance moonshine is gone, b
Thisbe comes back and finds her lover?

The. She will find him by star-light.—Her
comes; and her passion ends the play.

Enter THISBE.

Hip. Methinks, she should not use a long
for such a Pyramus: I hope she will be brief.

Dem. A mote will turn the balance, which
mus, which Thisbe, is the better; he for a man
warrant us; she for a woman, God bless us.[10]

Lys. She hath spied him already with those
eyes.

Dem. And thus she moans, *videlicet.*—

This. "Asleep, my love? what, dead, my dove
O Pyramus! arise:
Speak, speak! Quite dumb? Dead, dead! A to
Must cover thy sweet eyes.

[10] This passage, beginning at *he for a man*, is from the q
and is left out of modern editions generally, which herein
the folio. It was probably omitted in 1623 on account
statute, passed after the quartos were printed, against the i
ent use of the sacred Name.

These lily lips, this cherry nose,
  These yellow cowslip cheeks,
Are gone, are gone: Lovers, make moan!
  His eyes were green as leeks.
O! sisters three, come, come, to me,
  With hands as pale as milk;
Lay them in gore, since you have shore
  With shears his thread of silk.
Tongue, not a word: — come, trusty sword;
  Come, blade, my breast imbrue:
And farewell, friends; — thus Thisby ends:
  Adieu, adieu, adieu." [*Dies.*

The. Moonshine and lion are left to bury the dead.

Dem. Ay, and wall too.

Bot. No, I assure you; the wall is down that parted their fathers. Will it please you to see the epilogue, or to hear a Bergomask dance,[19] between two of our company?

The. No epilogue, I pray you; for your play needs no excuse. Never excuse; for when the players are all dead, there need none to be blamed. Marry, if he that writ it had play'd Pyramus, and hang'd himself in Thisbe's garter, it would have been a fine tragedy: and so it is, truly; and very notably discharg'd. But come, your Bergomask: let your epilogue alone. [*Here a dance of Clowns.*

The iron tongue of midnight hath told twelve: —
Lovers, to bed; 'tis almost fairy time.
I fear we shall outsleep the coming morn,
As much as we this night have overwatch'd.
This palpable-gross play hath well beguil'd

[19] A rustic dance framed in imitation of the people of *Bergamasco*, (a province in the state of Venice,) who are ridiculed as being more clownish in their manners and dialect than any other people of Italy. The *lingua rustica* of the buffoons, in the old Italian comedies, is an imitation of their jargon.

The heavy gait of night. — Sweet frien
A fortnight hold we this solemnity
In nightly revels, and new jollity.

SCENE II.

Enter Puck.

Puck. Now the hungry lion roars,[1]
And the wolf behowls the mo
Whilst the heavy ploughman
All with weary task fordone.
Now the wasted brands do gl
Whilst the scritch-owl, scritch
Puts the wretch, that lies in w
In remembrance of a shroud.
Now it is the time of night,
That the graves all gaping w
Every one lets forth his sprit
In the church-way paths to g
And we fairies, that do run
By the triple Hecate's team,
From the presence of the su
Following darkness like a dr
Now are frolic; not a mouse
Shall disturb this hallow'd ho
I am sent with broom, before,
To sweep the dust behind th

[1] Upon this passage Coleridge thus rema
Remains: "Very Anacreon in perfectness, pro
spontaneity! So far it is Greek; — but then ac
what wild ranging, and yet what compression
of English fancy! In truth, there is nothing
perfect than these thirty [twenty?] lines, o
imaginative. They form a speckless diamond

[2] That is, "to sweep the dust *from* behind t
lier informs us that on the title-page of the tr
fellow, his Mad Pranks and Merry Jests," Puc

Enter OBERON *and* TITANIA, *with their Train.*

Obe. Through this house give glimmering light,
By the dead and drowsy fire:
Every elf, and fairy sprite,
Hop as light as bird from brier;
And this ditty after me
Sing, and dance it trippingly.

Tita. First, rehearse your song by rote,
To each word a warbling note:
Hand in hand with fairy grace
Will we sing, and bless this place.

[*They sing and dance.*[3]

Obe. Now, until the break of day,
Through this house each fairy stray.
To the best bride-bed will we,
Which by us shall blessed be;[4]

a wood-cut with a broom over his shoulder. The whole fairy nation, for which he served as prime minister, were great sticklers for cleanliness. For some notices of their doings on this score, see The Merry Wives of Windsor, Act v. sc. 5, note 8. H.

[3] The stage-direction here is usually printed as if what follows were the fairies' song; which is clearly wrong, the following lines being *spoken* by Oberon, after the song and dance are ended. As for the fairies' song on this occasion, it has never, so far as we know, been heard of since; and however we may regret the loss, it is hardly fair to put Oberon's speech in the place of it. The mistake was first made in the folio of 1623; the editors probably knowing of nothing else that they *could* print as the song. H.

[4] This ceremony was in old times used at all marriages. Mr. Douce has given the formula from the Manual for the use of Salisbury. In the French romance of Melusine, the Bishop who marries her to Raymondin blesses the nuptial bed. The ceremony is there represented in a very ancient cut. The good prelate is sprinkling the parties with holy water. Sometimes, during the benediction, the married couple only *sat* on the bed; but they generally received a portion of the consecrated bread and wine. It was ordained, in the year 1577, that the ceremony of blessing the nuptial bed should be performed in the daytime, and in the presence of the bride and bridegroom, and of their nearest relations, only.

And the issue, there create,
Ever shall be fortunate.
So shall all the couples three
Ever true in loving be;
And the blots of nature's hand
Shall not in their issue stand:
Never mole, hare-lip, nor scar,
Nor mark prodigious, such as
Despised in nativity,
Shall upon their children be.—
With this field-dew consecrate,
Every fairy take his gait,
And each several chamber ble
Through this palace with swe
And the owner of it blest,
Ever shall in safety rest.
Trip away; make no stay;
Meet me all by break of day.
[*Exeunt* OBERON, TITA

Puck. If we shadows have offended,
Think but this, and all is mer
That you have but slumber'd
While these visions did appe
And this weak and idle theme
No more yielding but a drea
Gentles, do not reprehend:
If you pardon, we will mend.

* Of this ancient rite Chaucer gives an exam
Tale:

"Ther with the nightspel said he anor
On foure halves of the hous aboute,
And on the threswold of the dore w
Jesu Crist, and Seint Benedight,
Blisse this hous from every wicked
Fro the nightes mare."

And, as I'm an honest Puck,[6]
If we have unearned luck
Now to 'scape the serpent's tongue,[7]
We will make amends ere long;
Else the Puck a liar call:
So, good night unto you all.
Give me your hands,[8] if we be friends,
And Robin shall restore amends. [*Exit.*

[6] *Puck*, it seems, was a suspicious name, which makes that this merry, mischievous gentleman does well to assert his honesty. As for the name itself, it was no better than *fiend* or *devil*. In Pierce Ploughman's Vision, some personage is called *helle Pouke*. And the name thus occurs in Spenser's Epithalamion:

"Ne let *the pouke*, nor other evill sprights,
Ne let mischievous witches with theyr charmes,
Ne let hobgoblins, names whose sence we see not,
Fray us with things that be not." M.

[7] That is, hisses.

[8] Clap your hands, give us your applause.

[redacted]

THE MERRY PRANKS OF ROBIN G

TO THE TUNE OF DULCINEA.

FROM Oberon, in fairye land,
The king of ghosts and shadowes the
Mad Robin I, at his command,
Am sent to viewe the night-sports he
What ravell rout is kept about,
In every corner where I go,
I will o'ersee, and merry bee,
And make good sport, with ho, ho, h

More swift than lightening can I fly
About this aery welkin soone,
And, in a minute's space, descrye
Each thing that's done belowe the m
There's not a hag or ghost shall wag
Or cry, 'ware goblins! where I go;
But Robin I their feates will spy,
And send them home, with ho, ho, h

Whene'er such wanderers I meete,
As from their night-sports they trud
With counterfeiting voice I greete,
And call them on, with me to roame
Thro' woods, thro' lakes, thro' bogs,
Or else, unseen, with them I go,
All in the nicke to play some tricke
And frolicke it, with ho, ho, ho!

Sometimes I meete them like a mar
Sometimes, an ox, sometimes, a hou
And to a horse I turn me can;
To trip and trot about them round.
But if, to ride, my backe they stride
More swift than wind away I go;

[1] This title is given by Bishop Percy from
copy in the British Museum.

O'er hedge and lands, thro' pools and ponds.
I whirry, laughing, ho, ho, ho!

When lads and lasses merry be,
With possets and with juncates fine;
Unseene of all the company,
I eat their cakes and sip their wine;
And, to make sport, I fart and snort,
And out the candles I do blow:
The maids I kiss; they shrieke,—Who's this?
I answer nought, but ho, ho, ho!

Yet now and then, the maids to please,
At midnight I card up their wooll;
And while they sleepe and take their ease,
With wheel to threads their flax I pull:
I grind at mill their malt up still;
I dress their hemp, I spin their tow:
If any wake, and would me take,
I wend me, laughing, ho, ho, ho!

When house or harth doth sluttish lye,
I pinch the maidens black and blue;
The bed-clothes from the bed pull I,
And lay them naked all to view:
'Twixt sleepe and wake, I do them take,
And on the key-cold floor them throw:
If out they cry, then forth I fly,
And loudly laugh out, ho, ho, ho!

When any need to borrowe ought,
We lend them what they do require;
And for the use demand we nought:
Our owne is all we do desire.
If, to repay, they do delay,
Abroad amongst them then I go,
And night by night I them affright
With pinchings, dreames, and ho, ho, ho!

When lazie queans have nought to do,
But study how to cog and lye;
To make debate and mischief too,
'Twixt one another secretlye;

I marke their gloze, and it disclose
To them whom they have wronged so;
When I have done, I get me gone,
And leave them scolding, ho, ho, ho!

When men do traps and engins set
In loope-holes, where the vermine creep
Who, from their foldes and houses, get
Their duckes and geese, and lambes a
I spy the gin, and enter in,
And seeme a vermine taken so;
But when they there approach me nea
I leap out laughing, ho, ho, ho!

By wells and rills, in meadowes green
We nightly dance our hey-dey guise;
And to our fairye king and queene
We chant our moonlight minstrelsies:
When larks 'gin sing, away we fling;
And babes new-borne steal as we go,
And elfe in bed we leave instead,
And wend us laughing, ho, ho, ho!

From hay-bred Merlin's time have I
Thus nightly revell'd to and fro;
And for my pranks men call me by
The name of Robin Goodfellów.
Fiends, ghosts, and sprites, who haun
The hags and goblins, do me know;
And beldames old my feates have tol
So, *Vale, Vale!* ho, ho, ho![2]

[2] This ballad has been generally attributed and Mr. Collier has a version in a manuscrip the initials B. J. at the end. This copy, he what from that given above, and has an additi we subjoin:

"When as my fellow elfes and I
In circled ring do trip around,
If that our sports by any eye
Do happen to be seene or found
If that they no words do say,
But *mum* continue as they go,
Each night I do put groat in sho
And wind out laughing, ho, ho, l

INTRODUCTION

TO

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST was first published in a quarto pamphlet of thirty-eight leaves in 1598, the title-page reading as follows: "A pleasant-conceited Comedy called Love's Labour's Lost: As it was presented before her Highness this last Christmas: Newly corrected and augmented: By W. Shakespeare. Imprinted at London by W. W. for Cuthbert Burby: 1598." There was no other known edition of the play till the folio of 1623, where it is the seventh in the division of Comedies. From the repetition of certain errors of the press, it is quite probable that the second copy was reprinted from the first; while, on the other hand, there are certain differences that look as if another authority had in some points been consulted: the editors of the folio probably taking the quarto as their standard, and occasionally having recourse to a play-house manuscript. In the quarto neither scenes nor acts are distinguished; in the folio only the latter; and even here, as may easily be seen, the division into acts is very unequal and inartificial: yet no modern edition has ventured upon any change in this respect.

In the Accounts of the Revels at Court, under the date of January, 1605, occurs the following entry: "Between New-years Day and Twelfth Day, a play of Love's Labour's Lost." As success on the public stage was generally at that time the main reason of a play's being selected for performance at court, we may infer that this play continued popular after many better ones had been written. The play was also entered in the Stationers' Books, January 22, 1607, the right of it being passed over from Burby to Ling, probably because the latter contemplated a new edition. The design, however, if any such there were, seems to have been given up, as no impression of that date has come down to us.

Love's Labour's Lost is mentioned in the list of Shakespeare's plays given by Francis Meres in 1598. The same year one Robert

Tofte put forth a poem entitled "Alba, the Months Minde c Melancholy Lover," wherein the play is thus referred to:

"Love's Labour Lost! I once did see a play
Yclepeed so, so called to my paine,
Which I to beare to my small joy did stay,
Giving attendance on my froward dame:
My misgiving mind presaging to me ill,
Yet was I drawn to see it 'gainst my will.

This play no play, but plague, was unto me.
For there I lost the love I liked most;
And what to others seemde a jest to be,
I that in earnest found unto my cost.
To every one, save me, 'twas comicall,
While tragie-like to me it did befall.

Each actor plaid in cunning wise his part,
But chiefly those entrapt in Cupid's snare;
Yet all was fained, 'twas not from the hart,
They seeme to grieve, but yet they felt no care;
'Twas I that grief indeed did beare in brest;
The others did but make a shew in jest."

These are all the contemporary notices of the play that ha reached us. In our Introduction to The Two Gentlemen of V rona we have stated our main reasons for assigning an earli date to the Poet's first dramatic efforts than has been general supposed. That this play was among the earliest scarce admi of question, from the character of the thing itself. Though it b apparently designed as a satire upon book-men in general, yet displays in almost every part, and a good deal more than any othe of the Poet's dramas, just such a preponderance of book-know edge as were to be looked for in one fresh from school. Moreove after the first writing a considerable time must naturally hav passed before it was "newly corrected and augmented," as state in the title-page of the quarto. There may be some question a to what year "it was presented before her Highness;" but as th year was then reckoned from the twenty-fifth of March, it seem quite likely that "this last Christmas" refers to the Christmas o 1588. Though we need not suppose so many as ten years to hav elapsed between the writing and the revising, yet there is nothin that apparently makes against such a supposal. And Tofte' expression, "I *once* did see a play," may well enough infer tha it was some years since he saw it.

The fact of the play's having been "corrected and *augmented*," of course invalidates whatsoever of evidence on this score migh else be drawn from allusions to contemporary matters. Th

"dancing horse," spoken of in Act i. sc. 2, is plainly an allusion of this sort. Bankes and his wonderful horse made their debut in London in 1589. But all that can be thence inferred is, that the passage in question was written after that date; and Bankes and his horse were so much and so long distinguished, that the reference may well enough have been made eight or nine years after their first appearance, when the play was revised. The many allusions to the same matter in other writers of the time show that it was a more remarkable performance than to pass out of thought with the day that brought it forth; though much of this celebrity was doubtless owing to the alleged fate of Bankes and his horse when they fell under the papal discipline. The "finished representation of colloquial excellence," as Dr. Johnson calls it, at the opening of Act v., has been thought to have been borrowed from a passage in Sidney's Arcadia, which came out in 1590. But the resemblance is not so close but that it may very well have been a mere coincidence. The passage is Sir Philip's fine description of Parthenia: "That which made her fairness much the fairer was that it was but the fair embassador of a most fair mind, full of wit, and a wit which delighted more to judge itself than to show itself: her speech being as rare as precious; her silence without sullenness; her modesty without affectation; her shamefastness without ignorance: in sum, one that to praise well, one must first set down with himself what it is to be excellent." Even granting the imitation in this case, still there is no reason but that the similar passage may have first appeared in the augmented copy of the play. We lay no stress on the circumstance that the Arcadia was considerably read in manuscript before it was printed, and so may have come to the Poet's knowledge before the original writing of Love's Labour's Lost; for we suppose this play to have been one of the exhibitions that brought the Author into Sir Philip's acquaintance, and recommended him to Southampton's patronage. As for the notion of certain critics, that Holofernes was meant for satire upon John Florio, whose Second Fruits appeared in 1591, containing some reflections on the indecorum of the English stage, we cannot discover the slightest ground for it. Shakespeare, no doubt, had ample occasion to laugh at the pedantry of pedagogues long before he knew any thing of Florio.

Internal evidence in such questions is necessarily a matter of individual judgment and opinion; so that no great weight can be given it, save where we have a concurrence of several experienced and judicious minds. Here, however, the best critics all agree in fixing the date in accordance with whatsoever of evidence is thus producible from without. Coleridge in 1819 set it down as a "juvenile drama," and as "Shakespeare's earliest dramatic attempt, — perhaps even prior in conception to the Venus and Adonis, and planned before he left Stratford;" and his judgment herein is the more considerable, forasmuch as he once thought otherwise

He remarks, that "the characters of this play are either impersonated out of Shakespeare's own multiformity by imaginative self-position, or out of such as a country town and a schoolboy's observation might supply;" and that "the frequency of the rhymes, the sweetness as well as the smoothness of the metre, and the number of acute and fancifully-illustrated aphorisms, are all as they ought to be in a poet's youth." Making due allowance for certain passages which show a more experienced hand, and were probably written in at the revisal, we apprehend that few will dissent from the judgment here given, so far as it bears upon the date of the original composition; though, as to the characters, we confess that the higher ones seem "impersonated" rather at second hand and from books, than either out of the Poet's "observation" or out of his "own multiformity."

For the plot and matter of this play no foreign sources have been identified; and the amount of research spent for that purpose in vain leaves little room to doubt that the whole was the offspring of the Poet's invention. Which only favours the conclusion, that Shakespeare, in common with the greatest dramatists before him, though probably without knowing it, in proportion as he came to understand his art and to be formed and furnished for its service, cared less for mere novelty, and took more to such subjects as were already fixed in the popular belief and familiar to the minds of his audience. It should be observed, however, that in the original copies Armado and Holofernes are often designated by their characters, not by their names, the former being called The Braggart, the latter The Pedant; which Mr. Collier regards as indicating that at the time of writing this play the Author had some acquaintance with the nature of the Italian comic performances, where such characters were quite common; and he points out a strong resemblance between these personages and two that figure in *Gl' Ingannati*, the braggart under the name of Giglio, and the other under that of *M. Piero Pedante*. *Gl' Ingannati* is one of the Italian plays spoken of in our Introduction to Twelfth Night, as having, *perhaps*, contributed something towards that delectable comedy. Besides the scarce-perceptible footprints in this quarter, the Poet's reading may be more clearly traced among the Spanish romances of chivalry; and indeed, as a clever writer hath remarked, "the story has most of the features which would be derived from an acquaintance with the ancient romances." An apt instance of this is furnished in the King's description of "this child of fancy, that Armado hight," in the first act. And Coleridge speaks of the extravagant whim of the leading characters as being "not altogether improbable to those who are conversant in the history of the middle ages, with their Courts of Love, and all that lighter drapery of chivalry, which engaged even mighty kings with a sort of serio-comic interest, and may well be supposed to have occupied more completely the smaller princes, at a

time when the noble's or prince's court contained the only theatre of a domain or principality."

We have already remarked upon the higher characters of this play as appearing to have been drawn rather from books than from life. They have little of the close compacting of living power, which so marks the Poet's delineations generally, and which naturally results in distinctive features and characteristic traits. We can scarce distinguish and remember them as individuals: they run together, as it were, in our thoughts, as being rather personified whimsicalities and affectations than affected and whimsical persons; are not fully cut out and rounded into severalty; but appear somehow too much like the same thing under several variations: in short, they affect us more as ingeniously-wrought figures and images of men and women, than as real men and women themselves; though we must confess that something of a determinate and specific individuality is given to Biron and Rosaline, so that we take up a more distinct impression and carry away a much clearer remembrance of them. Thus they differ from Shakespeare's other representations very much as a portrait taken from the life differs from a mere copy; which a practised eye will readily distinguish, without being told the facts. So that the play thus far almost reverses the Poet's general rule; the characters existing rather for the sake of the plot, than the plot for the sake of the characters; these being indeed mainly used as a sort of ground for the projecting and carrying on of a dramatic device. Thus the thing, at least in this part, is not so much a play as a show. Hence, perhaps, the comparatively little interest that readers generally take in it: for a mere story or show is interesting only while it is new; whereas a work of art, a real expression of character and life, grows in interest as we grow more acquainted with it.

The other set of characters, however, especially Costard, Armado, and Moth, are of a very different stamp. Here the Poet was evidently feeding of the fruit that grows from observation, not "of the dainties that are bred in a book:" here he is plainly at work in a vein where his eye and hand are at home; moulding his forms out of the materials amidst which his life has been passed and his thinking shaped. For whatsoever prototypes of Armado may be found in Italian comedies, there is no denying that Shakespeare constructed that "mighty potentate of nonsense" in the strength of a knowledge far more living and operative than could have been gained by mere reading. In this case only a Spanish name was given to an old English substance: Coleridge informs us that even in his time the character was not extinct in the cheaper inns of North Wales. As for Holofernes the schoolmaster, and Sir Nathaniel the curate, those prodigious epicures of learned vocables, who "have been at a great feast of languages, and stolen the scraps," Shakespeare's age was just the time for such characters to be generated, and trained on into ludicrous perfection

The traits uppermost in them were but the natural working down of what was then a leading aim with the highest and wittiest in society,—a continual effort to appear clever and spirited, to shine and entertain by talking out of the common way; so that "the courtiers, and men of rank and fashion, affected a display of wit, point, and sententious observation, that would be deemed intolerable at present." This straining after mental ornament, which so filled the palace and the cottage with every variety of small wit, was indeed a disease, and perhaps this play yields proof enough that Shakespeare viewed it as such: yet there is no telling how much it may have had to do with the discipline, which taught Hooker to write the richest, noblest, most varied and musical prose style that has yet been written in the English tongue. Nor in our time, as perhaps in all times when learning is duly prized, is there wanting a class of men whose ordinary talk shows them to "have lived long on the alms-basket of words;" thus eversing the fine old maxim of Roger Ascham, "to speak as the common people do, to think as wise men do."

Whatsoever, therefore, may have been the Poet's design, at all events the play, throughout, is a sham-fight of words; and perhaps it may be justly regarded as a piece of good-natured irony on the abuse of learning, and a merry caricature of intellectual vanity and display. In this view the whole forms a capital take-off of the shallow, vain philosophy which puts men upon the study of words to the neglect of things, and prompts them to seek after wisdom by using other people's eyes instead of their own;—the same habit of mind which may be so often seen drawing out the smallest possible amount of matter into an infinite agitation of wit. It is not without significance, therefore, that the higher characters are represented all along as hunting and straining after puns, and quibbles, and clenches, and conceits, thus spending their superfluous mental activity in learned trifling and elaborate folly. Perhaps Biron is the only one of them that has wisdom enough to catch and save him when his wit breaks down. Meanwhile the lower characters, though seemingly the opposite of the former, in reality but present the more ludicrous and farcical side of the same thing; the readiness with which they rattle off quips and quirks, and twist language into fantastical shapes, being an apt commentary on the tendency of the study, to which their betters have vowed themselves, to degenerate into verbal tricks and bookish formalities.

As a work of art, perhaps the chief merit of the play lies in the unity and harmony of feeling that pervade it. The leading characters are all young, and there is an answering spirit of youth in every thing about them, as if surrounding objects had caught from them the trick of hilarity, and must needs keep time with the beating of their hearts. It is by thus diffusing over all things the tone and temper of his persons, that the Poet often so completely transports us into their whereabout, and makes us see with their

. Here as elsewhere, however, the means whereby he does are so cunningly hidden as to suggest that art with him was net. The two sets of persons, moreover, are wrought in ther with great skill; while with the higher ones are inter-en several passages of superb poetry, as if on purpose to make n some measure for the comparatively unvital and inorganic :ture of the characters. One need not be very deeply skilled hakespeare, to be able to distinguish with great probability main passages that appeared first in the augmented copy. At head of these, of course, stands Biron's speech near the close he fourth act, to "prove our loving lawful and our faith not ;" which Coleridge thus describes: "It is logic clothed in oric;—but observe how Shakespeare, in his two-fold being oet and philosopher, avails himself of it to convey profound is in the most lively images,—the whole remaining faithful to character supposed to utter the lines, and the expressions iselves constituting a further development of that charac-' Scarcely inferior to this, except as being shorter, are two :ches of Rosaline, one near the opening of Act ii. describing in, the other at the close of the play laying down the terms a which he may gain her hand. Of the strange song at the , made up as it is of the most homely and familiar words and ges, Mr. Knight has remarked, what is indeed sufficiently obvi-how fitly it serves "to mark, by an emphatic close, the triumph implicity over false refinement."

PERSONS REPRESENTI

FERDINAND, King of Navarre.
BIRON,
LONGAVILLE, } Lords, attending on the K
DUMAIN,
BOYET,
MERCADE, } Lords, attending on the Prin
DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO, a fantastical
SIR NATHANIEL, a Curate
HOLOFERNES, a Schoolmaster
DULL, a Constable.
COSTARD, a Clown.
MOTH, Page tc Armado.
A Forester.

PRINCESS of France.
ROSALINE,
MARIA, } Ladies, attending on the I
KATHARINE,
JAQUENETTA, a country Wench.

Officers and others, attendants on the I
Princess.

SCENE, Navarre.

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

ACT I.

SCENE I. Navarre. A Park with a Palace in it.

Enter the KING, BIRON, LONGAVILLE, *and* DUMAIN.

King. LET fame, that all hunt after in their lives,
Live register'd upon our brazen tombs,
And then grace us in the disgrace of death;
When, spite of cormorant devouring Time,
The endeavour of this present breath may buy
That honour, which shall bate his scythe's keen edge,
And make us heirs of all eternity.
Therefore, brave conquerors! — for so you are,
That war against your own affections,
And the huge army of the world's desires, —
Our late edict shall strongly stand in force:
Navarre shall be the wonder of the world;
Our court shall be a little Academe,
Still and contemplative in living art.
You three, Biron,[1] Dumain, and Longaville,
Have sworn for three years' term to live with me,
My fellow-scholars, and to keep those statutes,

[1] In the old copies this name is uniformly spelt *Berowne*, thus giving the proper pronunciation of the French *Biron*. Of course the verse requires that the accent be on the last syllable. M.

That are recorded in this schedule here:
Your oaths are past, and now subscribe yo
That his own hand may strike his honour
That violates the smallest branch herein:
If you are arm'd to do, as sworn to do,
Subscribe to your deep oaths, and keep i

Lon. I am resolv'd: 'tis but a three ye
The mind shall banquet, though the body
Fat paunches have lean pates; and daint
Make rich the ribs, but bankrupt quite t

Dum. My loving lord, Dumain is mor
The grosser manner of these world's de
He throws upon the gross world's baser
To love, to wealth, to pomp, I pine and
With all these living in philosophy.

Bir. I can but say their protestation
So much, dear liege, I have already swo
That is, to live and study here three yea
But there are other strict observances:
As, not to see a woman in that term;
Which, I hope well, is not enrolled ther
And, one day in a week to touch no foo
And but one meal on every day beside;
The which, I hope, is not enrolled ther
And then, to sleep but three hours in th
And not be seen to wink of all the day
(When I was wont to think no harm al
And make a dark night too of half the
Which, I hope well, is not enrolled the
O! these are barren tasks, too hard to
Not to see ladies — study — fast — not

[1] *It* evidently refers, not to *oaths*, but to the pr
keep your *subscription*, or what you have swor
changing of *oaths* into *oath*, or of *it* into *them*, is
sary.

King. Your oath is pass'd to pass away from these.

Bir. Let me say no, my liege, an if you please;
I only swore to study with your grace,
And stay here in your court for three years' space.

Lon. You swore to that, Biron, and to the rest.

Bir. By yea and nay, sir, then I swore in jest.—
What is the end of study? let me know.

King. Why, that to know, which else we should not know.

Bir. Things hid and barr'd, you mean, from common sense?

King. Ay, that is study's god-like recompense.

Bir. Come on, then; I will swear to study so,
To know the thing I am forbid to know:
As thus — to study where I well may dine,
When I to feast expressly am forbid;
Or study where to meet some mistress fine,
When mistresses from common sense are hid;
Or, having sworn too hard-a-keeping oath,
Study to break it, and not break my troth.
If study's gain be thus, and this be so,
Study knows that which yet it doth not know:
Swear me to this, and I will ne'er say no.

King. These be the stops that hinder study quite,
And train our intellects to vain delight.

Bir. Why, all delights are vain; but that most vain,
Which, with pain purchas'd, doth inherit pain:
As, painfully to pore upon a book,
To seek the light of truth: while truth the while
Doth falsely [3] blind the eyesight of his look:
Light, seeking light, doth light of light beguile:

[3] Dishonestly, treacherously.

So, ere you find where light in darkness lie
Your light grows dark by losing of your ey
Study me how to please the eye indeed,
By fixing it upon a fairer eye;
Who dazzling so, that eye shall be his heed
And give him light that it was blinded by.[4]
Study is like the heaven's glorious sun,
That will not be deep-search'd with saucy
Small have continual plodders ever won,
Save base authority from others' books.
These earthly godfathers of heaven's light
That give a name to every fixed star,
Have no more profit of their shining nigh
Than those that walk, and wot not what t
Too much to know is, to know nought bu
And every godfather can give a name.

King. How well he's read, to reaso
reading!

Dum. Proceeded well, to stop all good
ing![5]

Lon. He weeds the corn, and still lets
weeding.

Bir. The spring is near, when green
a-breeding.

Dum. How follows that?

Bir. Fit in his place

Dum. In reason nothing.

Bir. Something then

King. Biron is like an envious sneapi
That bites the first-born infants of the s

[4] The meaning is, that when his eye is *dazzled*, o
by fixing it upon a fairer eye, the latter shall be his
his *lode-star*, and give light to him that was blinded

[5] *Proceed* was an academical term for taking a d
proceed master of arts.

[6] That is, nipping. In The Winter's Tale, A
have *sneaping* winds. To *sneap* is also to *check*, to

Bir. Well, say I am: why should proud summer boast,
Before the birds have any cause to sing?
Why should I joy in any abortive birth?
At Christmas I no more desire a rose,
Than wish a snow in May's new-fangled shows;[7]
But like of each thing that in season grows.
So you, to study now it is too late,
Climb o'er the house to unlock the little gate.

King. Well, sit you out: go home, Biron; adieu!

Bir. No, my good lord; I have sworn to stay with you:
And, though I have for barbarism spoke more,
Than for that angel knowledge you can say,
Yet confident I'll keep what I have swore,
And bide the penance of each three years' day.
Give me the paper; let me read the same;
And to the strict'st decrees I'll write my name.

King. How well this yielding rescues thee from shame!

Bir. [*Reads.*] "Item, That no woman shall come within a mile of my court,"—Hath this been proclaimed?

Lon. Four days ago.

Bir. Let's see the penalty. [*Reads.*] "—on pain of losing her tongue."—Who devis'd this penalty?

Lon. Marry, that did I.

Bir. Sweet lord, and why?

Lon. To fright them thence with that dread penalty.

Bir. A dangerous law against gentility.[8] [*Reads.*]

[7] By these *shows* the Poet means *May-games*, at which a *snow* would be very unwelcome and unexpected.

[8] That is, *politeness, civility*; referring to the influence of woman in bringing or keeping man out of barbarism and brutality. H.

"Item, If any man be seen to talk with a woman within the term of three years, he shall endure such public shame as the rest of the court can possibly devise."—
This article, my liege, yourself must break;
For, well you know, here comes in embassy
The French king's daughter, with yourself to speak,—
A maid of grace, and complete majesty,—
About surrender-up of Aquitain
To her decrepit, sick, and bed-rid father:
Therefore this article is made in vain,
Or vainly comes the admired princess hither.

King. What say you, lords? why, this was quite forgot.

Bir. So study evermore is overshot:
While it doth study to have what it would,
It doth forget to do the thing it should;
And when it hath the thing it hunteth most,
'Tis won, as towns with fire; so won, so lost.

King. We must of force dispense with this decree:
She must lie[9] here on mere necessity.

Bir. Necessity will make us all forsworn
Three thousand times within this three years' space;
For every man with his affects is born;
Not by might master'd, but by special grace:
If I break faith, this word shall speak for me,
I am forsworn on mere necessity.—
So to the laws at large I write my name; [*Subscribes.*
And he, that breaks them in the least degree,
Stands in attainder of eternal shame:
Suggestions[10] are to others, as to me;

[9] That is, *reside* here. So, in Sir Henry Wotton's equivocal definition: "An Ambassador is an honest man sent to *lie* abroad for the good of his country." *Affects*, in the third line below, was sometimes used for *affections*.

[10] Temptations.

But I believe, although I seem so loth,
I am the last that will last keep his oath.
But is there no quick[11] recreation granted?

King. Ay, that there is: our court, you know, is haunted
With a refined traveller of Spain;
A man in all the world's new fashion planted,
That hath a mint of phrases in his brain:
One, whom the music of his own vain tongue
Doth ravish, like enchanting harmony;
A man of complements,[12] whom right and wrong
Have chose as umpire of their mutiny:
This child of fancy, that Armado hight,
For interim to our studies, shall relate
In high-born words the worth of many a knight
From tawny Spain, lost in the world's debate.
How you delight, my lords, I know not, I;
But, I protest, I love to hear him lie,
And I will use him for my minstrelsy.[13]

Bir. Armado is a most illustrious wight,
A man of fire-new[14] words, fashion's own knight.

Lon. Costard, the swain, and he shall be our sport;
And, so to study, three years is but short.

Enter DULL, *with a letter, and* COSTARD.

Dull. Which is the duke's own person?

Bir. This, fellow: What wouldst?

Dull. I myself reprehend his own person, for I

[11] Lively, sprightly.

[12] *Complements* are whatsoever finishes or *completes* a thing, supplying what were else wanting: hence often used of old for *accomplishments*, or ceremonious observances. — *Hight*, in the second line below, is an old word for *is called*. H.

[13] I will make use of him instead of a *minstrel*, whose occupation was to relate fabulous stories.

[14] That is, new from the forge; we have still retained a similar mode of speech in the colloquial phrase *brand-new*

am his grace's tharborough:[15] but I wou
own person in flesh and blood.

Bir. This is he.

Dull. Signior Arm — Arm — comm
There's villainy abroad: this letter will tel

Cost. Sir, the contempts thereof are
me.

King. A letter from the magnificent

Bir. How low soever the matter, I h
for high words.

Lon. A high hope for a low having:
us patience!

Bir. To hear, or forbear laughing?

Lon. To hear meekly, sir, and to la
ately; or to forbear both.

Bir. Well, sir, be it as the style[16] s
cause to climb in the merriness.

Cost. The matter is to me, sir, a
Jaquenetta. The manner of it is, I wa
the manner.[17]

Bir. In what manner!

Cost. In manner and form following,
three: I was seen with her in the man
ting with her upon the form, and tak
her into the park; which, put togethe
ner and form following. Now, sir, for
— it is the manner of a man to speak
for the form, — in some form.

Bir. For the following, sir!

Cost. As it shall follow in my cor
God defend the right!

[15] That is, third-borough, a peace-officer.

[16] A quibble is here intended between a *stile* a

[17] That is, *in the fact.* A thief is said to b
manner, when he is taken with the thing stolen a

King. Will you hear this letter with attention?

Bir. As we would hear an oracle.

Cost. Such is the simplicity of man to hearken after the flesh.

King. [*Reads.*] "Great deputy, the welkin's vicegerent, and sole dominator of Navarre, my soul's earth's God, and body's fostering patron;" —

Cost. Not a word of Costard yet.

King. — "so it is," —

Cost. It may be so; but if he say it is so, he is, in telling true, but so, —

King. Peace!

Cost. — be to me, and every man that dares not fight!

King. No words.

Cost. — of other men's secrets, I beseech you.

King. — "so it is, besieged with sable-coloured melancholy, I did commend the black-oppressing humour to the most wholesome physic of thy health-giving air; and, as I am a gentleman, betook myself to walk. The time when? About the sixth hour; when beasts most graze, birds best peck, and men sit down to that nourishment which is called supper. So much for the time when: Now for the ground which; which, I mean, I walked upon: it is ycleped[18] thy park. Then for the place where; where, I mean, I did encounter that obscene and most preposterous event, that draweth from my snow-white pen the ebon-coloured ink, which here thou viewest, beholdest, surveyest, or seest. But to the place where: — It standeth north-north-east and by east from the west corner of thy curious-knotted garden.[19] There did I see that low-spirited swain, that base minnow of thy mirth," —

Cost. Me.

[18] *Called;* past tense of the verb to *clepe.*

[19] Ancient gardens abounded with *knots* or figures, of which the lines intersected each other. In the old books of gardening are devices for them.

King. — "that unlettered small-knowing

Cost. Me.

King. — "that shallow vessel," —

Cost. Still me.

King. — "which, as I remember, hight

Cost. O me!

King. — "sorted and consorted, contrar lished proclaimed edict and continent canon O! with — but with this I passion to say w

Cost. With a wench.

King. — "with a child of our grand female; or, for thy more sweet understan Him I (as my ever-esteemed duty pricks m to thee, to receive the meed of punishmen grace's officer, Antony Dull; a man of g riage, bearing, and estimation."

Dull. Me, an't shall please you; Dull.

King. "For Jaquenetta, (so is the weak which I apprehended with the aforesaid sw as a vessel of thy law's fury; and shall, at sweet notice, bring her to trial. Thine, in of devoted and heart-burning heat of dut

DON ADRIANO

Bir. This is not so well as I look best that ever I heard.

King. Ay, the best for the worst what say you to this?

Cost. Sir, I confess the wench.

King. Did you hear the proclama

Cost. I do confess much of the little of the marking of it.

King. It was proclaimed a year's to be taken with a wench.

Cost. I was taken with none, sir with a damosel.

King. Well, it was proclaimed damosel.

Cost. This was no damosel neither, sir; she was a virgin.

King. It is so varied too; for it was proclaimed, virgin.

Cost. If it were, I deny her virginity; I was taken with a maid.

King. This maid will not serve your turn, sir.

Cost. This maid will serve my turn, sir.

King. Sir, I will pronounce your sentence: You shall fast a week with bran and water.

Cost. I had rather pray a month with mutton and porridge.

King. And Don Armado shall be your keeper. —
My lord Biron, see him deliver'd o'er. —
And go we, lords, to put in practice that
Which each to other hath so strongly sworn. —

[*Exeunt* KING, LONGAVILLE, *and* DUMAIN.

Bir. I'll lay my head to any good man's hat,
These oaths and laws will prove an idle scorn. —
Sirrah, come on.

Cost. I suffer for the truth, sir: for true it is, I was taken with Jaquenetta, and Jaquenetta is a true girl; and, therefore, welcome the sour cup of prosperity! Affliction may one day smile again, and till then, sit thee down, sorrow! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. ARMADO'S House in the Park.

Enter ARMADO *and* MOTH.

Arm. Boy, what sign is it, when a man of great spirit grows melancholy?

Moth. A great sign, sir, that he will look sad

Arm. Why, sadness is one and t
thing, dear imp.[1]

Moth. No, no; O Lord! sir, no.

Arm. How canst thou part sadnes
choly, my tender juvenal?[2]

Moth. By a familiar demonstration
ing, my tough senior.

Arm. Why tough senior? why tou

Moth. Why tender juvenal? why te

Arm. I spoke it, tender juvenal, as
epitheton, appertaining to thy youn
we may nominate tender.

Moth. And I, tough senior, as an a
to your old time, which we may nam

Arm. Pretty, and apt.

Moth. How mean you, sir? I p
saying apt? or I apt, and my sayin

Arm. Thou pretty, because little.

Moth. Little pretty, because littl
apt?

Arm. And therefore apt, because

Moth. Speak you this in my prais

Arm. In thy condign praise.

[1] *Imp* literally means a graff, scion, or shoo
formerly used in a good sense for *offspring* or
Introduction to Book i. of The Faerie Queene

"And thou, most dreaded *impe* of highe
Faire Venus sonne, that with thy cruel
At that good Knight so cunningly dids
That glorious fire it kindled in his hart

And again, in the interview of Una and Pri
Can. 9, stan. 6:

"'Well worthy *impe*,' said then the L
'And pupil fitt for such a tutor's har

Of course every body knows the word is n
wicked or mischievous being, — a child of the

[2] That is, youth.

Moth. I will praise an eel with the same praise.

Arm. What! that an eel is ingenious?

Moth. That an eel is quick.

Arm. I do say, thou art quick in answers: Thou heatest my blood.

Moth. I am answer'd, sir.

Arm. I love not to be cross'd.

Moth. [*Aside.*] He speaks the mere contrary: crosses[3] love not him.

Arm. I have promis'd to study three years with the duke.

Moth. You may do it in an hour, sir.

Arm. Impossible.

Moth. How many is one thrice told?

Arm. I am ill at reckoning: it fits the spirit of a tapster.

Moth. You are a gentleman, and a gamester, sir.

Arm. I confess both: they are both the varnish of a complete man.

Moth. Then, I am sure, you know how much the gross sum of deuce-ace amounts to.

Arm. It doth amount to one more than two.

Moth. Which the base vulgar call three.

Arm. True.

Moth. Why, sir, is this such a piece of study? Now here 's three studied, ere you'll thrice wink: and how easy it is to put years to the word three, and study three years in two words, the dancing horse will tell you.[4]

[3] By *crosses* he means *money*. So, in As You Like It, the Clown says to Celia, "If I *should bear you*, I should bear no *cross*." Many coins were anciently marked with a *cross* on one side.

[4] The *dancing horse* was a very celebrated wonder of the Poet's time. He was the pupil and property of a person named Bankes. Sir Kenelm Digby says,—"He would restore a glove to the due

Arm. A most fine figure!

Moth. [*Aside.*] To prove you a cipl

Arm. I will hereupon confess, I am as it is base for a soldier to love, so with a base wench. If drawing my s the humour of affection would deliver reprobate thought of it, I would tak oner, and ransom him to any French new-devis'd courtesy. I think scorn thinks, I should out-swear Cupid. boy: What great men have been in

Moth. Hercules, master.

Arm. Most sweet Hercules!—M dear boy, name more; and, sweet them be men of good repute and

Moth. Samson, master: he was a carriage, great carriage! for he carr gates on his back, like a porter; and

Arm. O well-knit Samson! stron son! I do excel thee in my rapier, a didst me in carrying gates. I am Who was Samson's love, my dear M

Moth. A woman, master.

Arm. Of what complexion?

Moth. Of all the four, or the thre or one of the four.

owner, after the master had whispered the man would tell the just number of pence in any p newly showed him by his master." Bankes upon the continent, and in France had a narro Capuchins, who suspected him of being in lea There was a report that he fell a victim to a s Rome. Ben Jonson, in his Epigrams, speaks

"Old Banks the juggler, our Pythago
Grave tutor to the learned horse; bo
Being, beyond sea, burned for one w
Their spirits transmigrated to a cat."

Arm. Tell me precisely of what complexion.

Moth. Of the sea-water green, sir.

Arm. Is that one of the four complexions?

Moth. As I have read, sir; and the best of them too.

Arm. Green, indeed, is the colour of lovers:[5] but to have a love of that colour, methinks, Samson had small reason for it. He, surely, affected her for her wit.

Moth. It was so, sir; for she had a green wit.

Arm. My love is most immaculate white and red.

Moth. Most maculate thoughts, master, are mask'd under such colours.

Arm. Define, define, well-educated infant.

Moth. My father's wit, and my mother's tongue, assist me!

Arm. Sweet invocation of a child; most pretty, and pathetical!

Moth. If she be made of white and red,
Her faults will ne'er be known;
For blushing cheeks by faults are bred,
And fears by pale-white shown:
Then, if she fear, or be to blame,
By this you shall not know;
For still her cheeks possess the same,
Which native she doth owe.[6]

A dangerous rhyme, master, against the reason of white and red.

Arm. Is there not a ballad, boy, of the King and the Beggar?[7]

[5] The allusion probably is to the *willow*, the supposed ornament of unsuccessful lovers.

[6] Of which she is naturally possessed.

[7] This ballad, entitled King Cophetua and The Beggar-Maid, is printed in Percy's Reliques, Series First, Book ii. H

Moth. The world was very guilty of such a ballad some three ages since: but, I think, now 'tis not to be found; or, if it were, it would neither serve for the writing, nor the tune.

Arm. I will have the subject newly writ o'er, that I may example my digression[8] by some mighty precedent. Boy, I do love that country girl, that I took in the park with the rational hind Costard: she deserves well.

Moth. [*Aside.*] To be whipp'd; and yet a better love than my master.

Arm. Sing, boy: my spirit grows heavy in love.

Moth. And that's great marvel, loving a light wench.

Arm. I say, sing.

Moth. Forbear till this company be past.

Enter DULL, COSTARD, *and* JAQUENETTA.

Dull. Sir, the duke's pleasure is, that you keep Costard safe: and you must let him take no delight, nor no penance; but a' must fast three days a-week: For this damsel, I must keep her at the park; she is allow'd for the day-woman.[9] Fare you well.

Arm. I do betray myself with blushing.—Maid.

Jaq. Man.

Arm. I will visit thee at the lodge.

[8] *Digression* is here used in the sense of going astray, or diverging from the right. Thus, in the Poet's Rape of Lucrece:

"Then, my *digression* is so vile, so base,
That it will live engraven in my face."

And in Richard II., Act v. sc. 3, when York reveals the treacherous conspiracy of his son, Bolingbroke says,—

"And thy abundant goodness shall excuse
This deadly blot in thy *digressing* son." H.

[9] A *day-woman* is a *dairy-woman*. Johnson says *day* is an old word for milk. A dairy-maid is still called a *dey* or *day* in the northern parts of Scotland.

Jaq. That's hereby.[10]

Arm. I know where it is situate.

Jaq. Lord, how wise you are!

Arm. I will tell thee wonders.

Jaq. With that face?[11]

Arm. I love thee.

Jaq. So I heard you say.

Arm. And so farewell.

Jaq. Fair weather after you!

Dull. Come, Jaquenetta, away.

[*Exeunt* DULL *and* JAQUENETTA.

Arm. Villain, thou shalt fast for thy offences, ere thou be pardoned.

Cost. Well, sir, I hope, when I do it, I shall do it on a full stomach.

Arm. Thou shalt be heavily punished.

Cost. I am more bound to you than your fellows, for they are but lightly rewarded.

Arm. Take away this villain: shut him up.

Moth. Come, you transgressing slave; away.

Cost. Let me not be pent up, sir: I will fast, being loose.

Moth. No, sir; that were fast and loose: thou shalt to prison.

Cost. Well, if ever I do see the merry days of desolation that I have seen, some shall see —

Moth. What shall some see?

Cost. Nay, nothing, master Moth, but what they look upon. It is not for prisoners to be too silent

[10] Jaquenetta and Armado are at cross-purposes. *Hereby* is used by her (as among the common people of some counties) in the sense of *as it may happen*. He takes it in the sense of *just by*.

[11] This odd phrase was still in use in Fielding's time, who, putting it into the mouth of Beau Didapper, thinks it necessary to apologize for its want of sense, by adding that it was taken verbatim from very polite conversation

in their words; and therefore I will say nothing: I thank God, I have as little patience as another man; and therefore I can be quiet.

[*Exeunt* MOTH *and* COSTARD.

Arm. I do affect the very ground, which is base, where her shoe, which is baser, guided by her foot, which is basest, doth tread. I shall be forsworn, (which is a great argument of falsehood,) if I love: And how can that be true love, which is falsely attempted? Love is a familiar: love is a devil: there is no evil angel but love. Yet was Samson so tempted; and he had an excellent strength: yet was Solomon so seduced; and he had a very good wit. Cupid's butt-shaft[12] is too hard for Hercules' club, and therefore too much odds for a Spaniard's rapier. The first and second cause will not serve my turn;[13] the passado he respects not, the duello he regards not: his disgrace is to be called boy: but his glory is to subdue men. Adieu, valour! rust, rapier! be still, drum! for your armiger is in love; yea, he loveth. Assist me, some extemporal god of rhyme, for, I am sure, I shall turn sonnetist. Devise, wit! write, pen! for I am for whole volumes in folio. [*Exit.*

[12] A kind of *arrow* used for shooting at butts with. The *butt* was the place on which the mark to be shot at was placed.

[13] This is explained in Touchstone's learned discourse on the causes of quarrel, in As You Like It, Act v. sc. 4. M.

ACT II

SCENE I. Another part of the Park.

A Pavilion and Tents at a distance.

Enter the PRINCESS *of France*, ROSALINE, MARIA, KATHARINE, BOYET, *Lords, and other Attendants.*

Boy. Now, madam, summon up your dearest spirits:
Consider whom the king your father sends;
To whom he sends; and what's his embassy:
Yourself, held precious in the world's esteem;
To parley with the sole inheritor
Of all perfections that a man may owe,
Matchless Navarre; the plea of no less weight
Than Aquitain, a dowry for a queen.
Be now as prodigal of all dear grace,
As nature was in making graces dear,
When she did starve the general world beside,
And prodigally gave them all to you.

Prin. Good lord Boyet, my beauty, though but mean,
Needs not the painted flourish of your praise:
Beauty is bought by judgment of the eye,
Not utter'd by base sale of chapmen's tongues.
I am less proud to hear you tell my worth,
Than you much willing to be counted wise
In spending your wit in the praise of mine.
But now to task the tasker, — Good Boyet,
You are not ignorant, all-telling fame
Doth noise abroad, Navarre hath made a vow,

Till painful study shall out-wear three years,
No woman may approach his silent court:
Therefore to us seem'th it a needful course,
Before we enter his forbidden gates,
To know his pleasure; and in that behalf,
Bold of your worthiness, we single you
As our best-moving fair solicitor:
Tell him, the daughter of the king of France,
On serious business, craving quick despatch,
Importunes personal conference with his grace.
Haste, signify so much; while we attend,
Like humble-visag'd suitors, his high will.

Boy. Proud of employment, willingly I go. [*Exit*

Prin. All pride is willing pride, and yours is so.—
Who are the votaries, my loving lords,
That are vow-fellows with this virtuous duke?

Lord. Longaville is one.

Prin. Know you the man?

Mar. I know him, madam: at a marriage feast,
Between lord Perigort and the beauteous heir
Of Jaques Falconbridge, solemnized
In Normandy, saw I this Longaville:
A man of sovereign parts he is esteem'd;
Well fitted in arts, glorious in arms:
Nothing becomes him ill, that he would well.
The only soil of his fair virtue's gloss,
If virtue's gloss will stain with any soil,
Is a sharp wit match'd with too blunt a will;
Whose edge hath power to cut, whose will still wills
It should none spare that come within his power.

Prin. Some merry mocking lord, belike; is't so?

Mar. They say so most, that most his humours know.

Prin. Such short-liv'd wits do wither as they grow.
Who are the rest?

Kath. The young Dumain, a well-accomplish'd youth,
Of all that virtue love for virtue lov'd:
Most power to do most harm, least knowing ill;
For he hath wit to make an ill shape good,
And shape to win grace though he had no wit.
I saw him at the duke Alençon's once;
And much too little of that good I saw
Is my report to his great worthiness.

Ros. Another of these students at that time
Was there with him: if I have heard a truth,
Biron they call him; but a merrier man,
Within the limit of becoming mirth,
I never spent an hour's talk withal:
His eye begets occasion for his wit;
For every object that the one doth catch,
The other turns to a mirth-moving jest;
Which his fair tongue (conceit's expositor)
Delivers in such apt and gracious words,
That aged ears play truant at his tales,
And younger hearings are quite ravished;
So sweet and voluble is his discourse.

Prin. God bless my ladies! are they all in love,
That every one her own hath garnished
With such bedecking ornaments of praise?

Lord. Here comes Boyet.

Re-enter BOYET.

Prin. Now, what admittance, lord?

Boy. Navarre had notice of your fair approach;
And he and his competitors[1] in oath
Were all address'd to meet you, gentle lady,
Before I came. Marry, thus much I have learnt,

[1] Confederates. See The Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act ii. sc. 6, note 2.

He rather means to lodge you in the field,
Like one that comes here to besiege his c
Than seek a dispensation for his oath,
To let you enter his unpeopled house.
Here comes N. varre. [*The La*

Enter KING, LONGAVILLE, DUMAIN, BIR
Attendants.

King. Fair princess, welcome to the
Navarre.

Prin. Fair I give you back again; and
I have not yet: the roof of this court is
to be yours, and welcome to the wide
base to be mine.

King. You shall be welcome, madam, to

Prin. I will be welcome, then: conduct

King. Hear me, dear lady; I have swo

Prin. Our Lady help my lord! he'll b

King. Not for the world, fair madam, I

Prin. Why, will shall break it; will, a
else.

King. Your ladyship is ignorant what

Prin. Were my lord so, his ignorance
Where[2] now his knowledge must prove
I hear your grace hath sworn-out house-
'Tis deadly sin to keep that oath, my lo
And sin to break it.
But pardon me, I am too sudden-bold:
To teach a teacher ill beseemeth me.
Vouchsafe to read the purpose of my co
And suddenly resolve me in my suit.
[*Gi*

King. Madam, I will, if suddenly I r

[2] *Where* is here used for *whereas*.

Prin. You will the sooner, that I were away;
For you'll prove perjur'd, if you make me stay.
Bir. Did not I dance with you in Brabant once?
Ros. Did not I dance with you in Brabant once?
Bir I know you did.
Ros. How needless was it, then,
To ask the question!
Bir. You must not be so quick.
Ros. 'Tis 'long of you,[3] that spur me with such questions.
Bir. Your wit's too hot, it speeds too fast, 'twill tire.
Ros. Not till it leave the rider in the mire.
Bir. What time o' day?
Ros. The hour that fools should ask.
Bir. Now fair befall your mask!
Ros. Fair fall the face it covers!
Bir. And send you many lovers!
Ros. Amen, so you be none.
Bir. Nay, then will I be gone.
King. Madam, your father here doth intimate
The payment of a hundred thousand crowns;
Being but the one half of an entire sum,
Disbursed by my father in his wars.
But say, that he, or we, (as neither have,)
Receiv'd that sum, yet there remains unpaid
A hundred thousand more; in surety of the which,
One part of Aquitain is bound to us,
Although not valued to the money's worth.
If, then, the king your father will restore
But that one half which is unsatisfied,

[3] The phrase, It is along of you, or, It is along on you, means It is your fault, It is owing to you; that is, caused by you. Thus, in the Prologue to Returne from Parnassus: "It's all *'long on you*, I could not get my part a night or two before." H.

We will give up our right in Aquitain,
And hold fair friendship with his majesty.
But that, it seems, he little purposeth,
For here he doth demand to have repaid
A hundred thousand crowns; and not demands,
On payment of a hundred thousand crowns,
To have his title live in Aquitain;
Which we much rather had depart[4] withal,
And have the money by our father lent,
Than Aquitain so gelded[5] as it is.
Dear princess, were not his requests so far
From reason's yielding, your fair self should make
A yielding, 'gainst some reason, in my breast,
And go well satisfied to France again.

Prin. You do the king my father too much wrong
And wrong the reputation of your name,
In so unseeming to confess receipt
Of that which hath so faithfully been paid.

King. I do protest, I never heard of it;
And, if you prove it, I'll repay it back,
Or yield up Aquitain.

Prin. We arrest your word: —
Boyet, you can produce acquittances
For such a sum, from special officers
Of Charles his father.

King. Satisfy me so.

Boy. So please your grace, the packet is not come,
Where that and other specialties are bound:
To-morrow you shall have a sight of them.

[4] *To depart* and *to part* were anciently synonymous.

[5] This phrase was a common metaphorical expression then much used. In The Returne from Parnassus, Act iii. sc. 1, we find: "He hath a proper *gelded* parsonage." And Bishop Hall in the second Satire of Book iv.: "Plod it at a patron's tail, to get some *gelded* chapel's cheaper sale." It appears to have been synonymous with *curtailed*.

King. It shall suffice me: at which interview,
All liberal reason I will yield unto.
Meantime, receive such welcome at my hand,
As honour, without breach of honour, may
Make tender of to thy true worthiness.
You may not come, fair princess, in my gates;
But here without you shall be so receiv'd,
As you shall deem yourself lodg'd in my heart,
Though so denied fair harbour in my house.
Your own good thoughts excuse me, and farewell:
To-morrow shall we visit you again.

Prin. Sweet health and fair desires consort your grace!

King. Thy own wish wish I thee in every place!
[*Exeunt* KING *and his Train.*

Bir. Lady, I will commend you to my own heart.

Ros. 'Pray you, do my commendations; I would be glad to see it.

Bir. I would you heard it groan.

Ros. Is the fool sick?

Bir. Sick at heart.

Ros. Alack! let it blood.

Bir. Would that do it good?

Ros. My physic says, ay.

Bir. Will you prick't with your eye?

Ros. *No point,*[6] with my knife.

Bir. Now, God save thy life!

Ros. And yours from long living!

Bir. I cannot stay thanksgiving. [*Retiring.*

Dum. Sir, I pray you, a word: What lady is that same?

[6] *Point,* in French, is an adverb of negation, but, if properly spoken, is not sounded like the *point* of a knife. A quibble was however intended. Florio in his Dictionary explains *punto* by "never a whit; — *no point,* as the Frenchman says."

Boy. The heir of Alençon, Katharine he
Dum. A gallant lady! Monsieur, fare y

Lon. I beseech you, a word: What is s
white?
Boy. A woman sometimes, an you saw l
light.
Lon. Perchance, light in the light: I d
name.
Boy. She hath but one for herself;
that, were a shame.
Lon. Pray you, sir, whose daughter?
Boy. Her mother's, I have heard.
Lon. God's blessing on your beard!
Boy. Good sir, be not offended:
She is an heir of Falconbridge.
Lon. Nay, my choler is ended.
She is a most sweet lady.
Boy. Not unlike, sir; that may be.
[*Exit* L
Bir. What's her name, in the cap?
Boy. Rosaline, by good hap.
Bir. Is she wedded, or no?
Boy. To her will, sir, or so.
Bir. You are welcome, sir: adieu!
Boy. Farewell to me, sir, and welcom
[*Exit* Biron. — *La*
Mar. That last is Biron, the merry ma
Not a word with him but a jest.
Boy. And every jest
Prin. It was well done of you to t
his word.
Boy. I was as willing to grapple, as
board.
Mar. Two hot sheeps, marry!

Boy. And wherefore not ships?
No sheep, sweet lamb, unless we feed on your lips.
Mar. You sheep, and I pasture: Shall that finish the jest?
Boy. So you grant pasture for me.
[*Offering to kiss her.*
Mar. Not so, gentle beast:
My lips are no common, though several[7] they be.
Boy. Belonging to whom?
Mar. To my fortunes and me.
Prin. Good wits will be jangling; but, gentles, agree:
The civil war of wits were much better us'd
On Navarre and his book-men; for here 'tis abus'd.
Boy. If my observation, (which very seldom lies,)
By the heart's still rhetoric, disclosed with eyes,
Deceive me not now, Navarre is infected.
Prin. With what?
Boy. With that which we lovers entitle, affected.
Prin. Your reason?
Boy. Why, all his behaviours did make their retire
To the court of his eye, peeping thorough desire:
His heart, like an agate, with your print impress'd,
Proud with his form, in his eye pride express'd:
His tongue, all impatient to speak and not see,
Did stumble with haste in his eye-sight to be;[8]

[7] A quibble is here intended upon the word *several*, which, besides its ordinary signification of separate, distinct, signified also an enclosed pasture, as opposed to an open field or common. Thus, in Lord Bacon's Apothegms: "There was a lord that was leane of visage, but immediately after his marriage he grew fat. One said to him,—'Your lordship doth contrary to other married men; for they first wax lean, and you wax fat.' Sir Walter Raleigh stood by, and said,—'Why there is no beast, that if you take him from the *common*, and put him into the *several*, but he will wax fat.'"

[8] Although the expression in the text is extremely odd, yet the

All senses to that sense did make their rep
To feel only looking on fairest of fair:
Methought, all his senses were lock'd in hi
As jewels in crystal for some prince to buy
Who, tend'ring their own worth, from wh
were glass'd,
Did point you to buy them, along as you p
His face's own margent[9] did quote such an
That all eyes saw his eyes enchanted with
I'll give you Aquitain, and all that is his,
An you give him for my sake but one lovin

Prin. Come, to our pavilion: Boyet is di

Boy. But to speak that in words, which
hath disclos'd:
I only have made a mouth of his eye,
By adding a tongue which I know will no

Ros. Thou art an old love-monger, and
skilfully.

Mar. He is Cupid's grandfather, and le
of him.

Ros. Then was Venus like her mother
father is but grim.

Boy. Do you hear, my mad wenches?

Mar. No.

Boy. What then, do

Ros. Ay, our way to be gone.

Boy. You are too ha

sense appears to be, that his tongue envied the quic
eyes, and strove to be as rapid in its utterance as
perception.

[9] In Shakespeare's time, notes, quotations, &c.,
printed in the *margin* of books.

ACT III.

SCENE I. Another part of the same.

Enter ARMADO *and* MOTH.

Arm. Warble, child; make passionate my sense of hearing.

Moth. *Concolinel*[1] —— [*Singing.*

Arm. Sweet air! — Go, tenderness of years; take this key, give enlargement to the swain, bring him festinately[2] hither: I must employ him in a letter to my love.

Moth. Master, will you win your love with a French brawl?[3]

[1] The songs formerly used on the stage were often popular ditties, and therefore were omitted in the writing of a play. Such is apparently the case here; *Concolinel* being the first word of Moth's "sweet air." The song is probably lost; at least, it has not been identified. H.

[2] That is, *hastily*. So, in Lear: "Advise the Duke where you are going to a most *festinate* preparation."

[3] *Brawl*, from the French *branle*, is a kind of dance mentioned by several old writers, and thus described by Marston: "The *brawl!* why, 'tis but two singles to the left, two on the right, three doubles forwards, a traverse of six rounds: do this twice, three singles side galliard trick of twenty coranto pace: a figure of eight, three singles broken down, come up, meet two doubles, fall back, and then honour." Ben Jonson gives it a most poetical turn in The Vision of Delight:

"In curious knots and mazes so,
The Spring at first was taught to go;
And Zephyr, when he came to woo
His Flora, had their motions too:
And thence did Venus learn to lead
The Idalian *brawls*, and so to tread
As if the wind, not she, did walk;
Nor prest a flower, nor bow'd a stalk."

And Gray thus alludes to Elizabeth's "dancing Chancellor," while describing the ancient seat of the Hattons:

Arm. How meanest thou? brawling in

Moth. No, my complete master: but to tune at the tongue's end, canary* to it w feet, humour it with turning up your eyel a note, and sing a note; sometime thr throat, as if you swallowed love with sing sometime through the nose, as if you s love by smelling love; with your hat pent o'er the shop of your eyes; with your ar on your thin belly-doublet, like a rabbit or your hands in your pocket, like a mar old painting; and keep not too long in but a snip and away: These are com these are humours; these betray nice that would be betrayed without these; them men of note (do you note, men?) are affected to these.

Arm. How hast thou purchased this e

Moth. By my penny of observation.

Arm. But O,—but O,—

Moth. —the hobby-horse is forgot.*

"Full oft, within the spacious walls,
When he had fifty winters o'er him,
My grave Lord-keeper led the *brawls*;
The seals and maces danc'd before him.
His bushy beard, and shoe-strings green,
His high-crown'd hat, and satin doublet,
Mov'd the stout heart of England's Quee
Though Pope and Spaniard could not tro

* *Canary* was the name of a sprightly dance, som panied by the castanets.

[b] That is, accomplishments. See Act i. sc. 1, n

* The *Hobby-horse* was a personage belonging Morris dance, when complete. It was the figure o tened round the waist of a man, his own legs goi body of the horse, and enabling him to walk, but c long footcloth; while false legs appeared where the should be at the sides of the horse. The Puritans w war against the Morris dance; which caused the H be often left out: hence the line or burden of th passed into a proverb.

Arm. Callest thou my love hobby-horse?

Moth. No, master; the hobby-horse is but a colt, and your love perhaps a hackney.[7] But have you forgot your love?

Arm. Almost I had.

Moth. Negligent student! learn her by heart.

Arm. By heart, and in heart, boy.

Moth. And out of heart, master: all those three I will prove.

Arm. What wilt thou prove?

Moth. A man, if I live: and this, by, in, and without, upon the instant: By heart you love her, because your heart cannot come by her; in heart you love her, because your heart is in love with her; and out of heart you love her, being out of heart that you cannot enjoy her.

Arm. I am all these three.

Moth. And three times as much more, and yet nothing at all.

Arm. Fetch hither the swain: he must carry me a letter.

Moth. A messager well-sympathiz'd; a horse to be ambassador for an ass!

Arm. Ha, ha! what sayest thou?

Moth. Marry, sir, you must send the ass upon the horse, for he is very slow-gaited: But I go.

Arm. The way is but short: away.

Moth. As swift as lead, sir.

Arm. Thy meaning, pretty ingenious?
Is not lead a metal heavy, dull, and slow?

Moth. *Minime*, honest master; or rather, master, no.

[7] Dr. Johnson says,—"A colt is a hot, mad-brained, unbroken young fellow." *Hackney* seems to have been a cant term for a prostitute, or a stale. M

Arm. I say, lead is slow.

Moth. You are too swift, sir, to say so:
Is that lead slow which is fir'd from a gun?

Arm. Sweet smoke of rhetoric!
He reputes me a cannon; and the bullet, that's he:—
I shoot thee at the swain.

Moth. Thump then, and I flee. [*Exit.*

Arm. A most acute juvenal; voluble and free of grace!
By thy favour, sweet welkin, I must sigh in thy face:
Most rude melancholy, valour gives thee place.
My herald is return'd.

Re-enter MOTH *with* COSTARD.

Moth. A wonder, master! here's a Costard[8] broken in a shin.

Arm. Some enigma, some riddle: — come, — thy *l'envoy*;[9] — begin.

Cost. No egma, no riddle, no *l'envoy:* no salve in the mail,[10] sir: O! sir, plantain, a plain plantain: no *l'envoy*, no *l'envoy;* no salve, sir, but a plantain!

Arm. By virtue, thou enforcest laughter; thy silly thought, my spleen; the heaving of my lungs provokes me to ridiculous smiling: O, pardon me, my stars! Doth the inconsiderate take salve for *l'envoy*, and the word *l'envoy* for a salve?

[8] That is, a head; a name adopted from an apple shaped like a man's head: hence the "wonder" of the thing.

[9] An old French term for concluding verses, which served either to convey the moral, or to address the poem to some person.

[10] A *mail* or *male* was a budget, wallet, or portmanteau. Costard, mistaking *enigma*, *riddle*, and *l'envoy* for names of salves, objects to the application of any *salve* in the budget, and cries out for a *plantain* leaf. There is a quibble upon *salve* and *salvé*, a word with which it was not unusual to conclude epistles, and which therefore was a kind of *l'envoy*. Tyrwhitt aptly proposed to read, —"No salve in *them all*, sir:" but as the meaning is the same either way, perhaps it is best not to admit the change.

Moth. Do the wise think them other? is not *l'envoy* a salve?

Arm. No, page; it is an epilogue or discourse, to make plain
Some obscure precedence that hath tofore been sain.
I will example it:
The fox, the ape, and the humble-bee,
Were still at odds, being but three.
There's the moral: Now the *l'envoy.*

Moth. I will add the *l'envoy.* Say the moral again.

Arm. The fox, the ape, and the humble-bee,
Were still at odds, being but three:

Moth. Until the goose came out of door,
And stay'd the odds by making four.
Now will I begin your moral, and do you follow with my *l'envoy.*
The fox, the ape, and the humble-bee,
Were still at odds, being but three:

Arm. Until the goose came out of door,
Staying the odds by making four.

Moth. A good *l'envoy*, ending in the goose.
Would you desire more?

Cost. The boy hath sold him a bargain,[11] a goose, that's flat:—
Sir your pennyworth is good, an your goose be fat.—
To sell a bargain well, is as cunning as fast and loose:
Let me see, a fat *l'envoy;* ay, that's a fat goose.

Arm. Come hither, come hither: How did this argument begin?

Moth. By saying that a Costard was broken in a shin.
Then call'd you for the *l'envoy.*

[11] That is, hath made a fool of him; or, as we should say, has come it over him. H.

Cost. True, and I for a plantain: Th
your argument in;
Then the boy's fat *l'envoy*, the goose that yo
And he ended the market.[12]

Arm. But tell me; how was there a
broken in a shin?

Moth. I will tell you sensibly.

Cost. Thou hast no feeling of it, Mot
speak that *l'envoy:*

I, Costard, running out, that was safely
Fell over the threshold, and broke my s

Arm. We will talk no more of this mat

Cost. Till there be more matter in the s

Arm. Sirrah Costard, I will enfranchise

Cost. O! marry me to one Frances?—
some *l'envoy*, some goose, in this.

Arm. By my sweet soul, I mean, settin
liberty, enfreedoming thy person; thou
mured, restrained, captivated, bound.

Cost. True, true; and now you will be
gation, and let me loose.

Arm. I give thee thy liberty, free thee
rance; and, in lieu thereof, impose on the
but this: Bear this significant to the cou
Jaquenetta: there is remuneration; [*G*
money.] for the best ward of mine hon
warding my dependents. Moth, follow.

Moth. Like the sequel, I.—Signior Cost

Cost. My sweet ounce of man's flesh
cony[13] Jew!— [*E*

[12] Alluding to the proverb, "Three women and a
market."

[13] The meaning and etymology of this word are
defined, though numerous instances of its use are add
pretty, delicate seem to be some of its acceptations;
derivation seems to be from the northern word *con*
meaning *pretty;* the *in* being intensive and equivale

Now will I look to his remuneration. Remuneration! O! that's the Latin word for three farthings: three farthings — remuneration. — "What's the price of this inkle?[14] a penny: — No, I'll give you a remuneration:" why, it carries it. — Remuneration! — why, it is a fairer name than French crown. I will never buy and sell out of this word.

Enter BIRON.

Bir. O, my good knave Costard! exceedingly well met.

Cost. Pray you, sir, how much carnation ribbon may a man buy for a remuneration?

Bir. What is a remuneration?

Cost. Marry, sir, half-penny farthing.

Bir. O! why then, three-farthings-worth of silk.

Cost. I thank your worship: God be wi' you!

Bir. O, stay, slave! I must employ thee:
As thou wilt win my favour, good my knave,
Do one thing for me that I shall entreat.

Cost. When would you have it done, sir?

Bir. O! this afternoon.

Cost. Well, I will do it, sir: Fare you well.

Bir. O! thou knowest not what it is.

Cost. I shall know, sir, when I have done it.

Bir. Why, villain, thou must know first.

Cost. I will come to your worship to-morrow morning.

Bir. It must be done this afternoon. Hark, slave, it is but this: —
The princess comes to hunt here in the park,
And in her train there is a gentle lady;
When tongues speak sweetly, then they name her name,

[14] *Inkle* was a species of tape.

And Rosaline they call her: ask for her;
And to her white hand see thou do commen
This seal'd-up counsel. There's thy guerd
[*Gives hi*

Cost. Guerdon.[15]—O, sweet guerdon! be
remuneration; eleven-pence farthing bette
sweet guerdon!—I will do it, sir, in p
Guerdon—remuneration.

Bir. O!—And I, forsooth, in love!
have been love's whip;
A very beadle to a humorous sigh;
A critic; nay, a night-watch constable;
A domineering pedant o'er the boy,
Than whom no mortal so magnificent!
This wimpled,[17] whining, purblind, waywa
This senior-junior, giant-dwarf, Dan Cupi
Regent of love-rhymes, lord of folded ar
The anointed sovereign of sighs and gro
Liege of all loiterers and malcontents,
Dread prince of plackets,[18] king of cod-p
Sole imperator, and great general
Of trotting paritors,[19]—O my little hear
And I to be a corporal of his field,
And wear his colours like a tumbler's hoo
What! I love! I sue! I seek a wife!
A woman, that is like a German clock,[21]

[15] *Guerdon* is reward; from the French.

[16] With the utmost nicety.

[17] To *wimple* is to *veil*. Shakespeare means no m
Cupid was *hood-winked*.

[18] *Plackets* were *stomachers*.

[19] The officers of the spiritual courts who serve ci

[20] It was once a mark of gallantry to wear a la
It appears that a tumbler's hoop was usually dre
coloured ribands.

[21] Clocks, which were usually imported from Ge
time, were intricate and clumsy pieces of mechani
ranged, and frequently "out of frame." Ben Jo

Still a repairing; ever out of frame;
And never going aright; being a watch,
But being watch'd that it may still go right!
Nay, to be perjur'd, which is worst of all;
And, among three, to love the worst of all;
A witty wanton with a velvet brow,
With two pitch balls stuck in her face for eyes;
Ay, and, by Heaven, one that will do the deed,
Though Argus were her eunuch and her guard:
And I to sigh for her! to watch for her!
To pray for her! Go to; it is a plague
That Cupid will impose for my neglect
Of his almighty dreadful little might.
Well, I will love, write, sigh, pray, sue, groan:
Some men must love my lady, and some Joan.

[*Exit.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. Another part of the same.

Enter the PRINCESS, ROSALINE, MARIA, KATHARINE, BOYET, *Lords, Attendants, and a Forester.*

Prin. Was that the king, that spurred his horse so hard
Against the steep uprising of the hill?
Boy. I know not; but I think it was not he.
Prin. Whoe'er a' was, a' show'd a mounting mind.

Silent Woman, Act. iv. sc. 1, thus describes a fashionable lady: "She takes herself asunder still when she goes to bed, into some twenty boxes; and about next day noon is put together again, like a great *German clock.*"

Well, lords, to-day we shall have our desp
On Saturday we will return to France. —
Then, forester, my friend, where is the bu
That we must stand and play the murdere

For. Hereby, upon the edge of yonder
A stand, where you may make the fairest

Prin. I thank my beauty, I am fair th
And thereupon thou speak'st, the fairest

For. Pardon me, madam, for I meant

Prin. What, what! first praise me,
say no?
O short-liv'd pride! Not fair? Alack fo

For. Yes, madam, fair.

Prin. Nay, never pain
Where fair is not, praise cannot mend th
Here, good my glass, take this for tellin
[*Giving*
Fair payment for foul words is more tha

For. Nothing but fair is that which y

Prin. See, see! my beauty will be sav
O heresy in fair, fit for these days!
A giving hand, though foul, shall have fa
But come, the bow: — Now mercy goes
And shooting well is then accounted ill.
Thus will I save my credit in the shoot
Not wounding, pity would not let me d
If wounding, then it was to show my sk
That more for praise than purpose mea
And, out of question, so it is sometime
Glory grows guilty of detested crimes;
When, for fame's sake, for praise, an o
We bend to that the working of the he
As I, for praise alone, now seek to spill
The poor deer's blood, that my heart m

Boy. Do not curst wives hold that self

Only for praise' sake, when they strive to be
Lords o'er their lords?

Prin. Only for praise; and praise we may afford
To any lady that subdues a lord.

Enter COSTARD.

Here comes a member of the commonwealth.[1]

Cost. God dig-you-den[2] all! Pray you, which is the head lady?

Prin. Thou shalt know her, fellow, by the rest that have no heads.

Cost. Which is the greatest lady, the highest?

Prin. The thickest, and the tallest.

Cost. The thickest, and the tallest! it is so; truth is truth.

An your waist, mistress, were as slender as my wit,
One o' these maids' girdles for your waist should be fit.
Are not you the chief woman? you are the thickest here.

Prin. What's your will, sir? what's your will?

Cost. I have a letter from monsieur Biron, to one lady Rosaline.

Prin. O, thy letter, thy letter! he's a good friend of mine:
Stand aside, good bearer. — Boyet, you can carve;
Break up this capon.[3]

Boy. I am bound to serve. —

[1] The Princess calls Costard *a member of the commonwealth*, because he is one of the attendants on the king and his associates in their new-modelled society.

[2] A corruption of God give you good even.

[3] That is, open this letter. The Poet uses this metaphor as the French do their *poulet;* which signifies both a young fowl and a love-letter. To *break up* was a phrase for to *carve*.

This letter is mistook; it importeth none here:
It is writ to Jaquenetta.

Prin. We will read it, I swear
Break the neck of the wax, and every one give ear.

Boy. [*Reads.*] "By Heaven, that thou art fair, is most infallible; true, that thou art beauteous; truth itself, that thou art lovely. More fairer than fair, beautiful than beauteous, truer than truth itself, have commiseration on thy heroical vassal!. The magnanimous and most illustrate king Cophetua[4] set eye upon the pernicious and indubitate beggar Penelophon; and he it was that might rightly say, *veni, vidi, vici*; which to annotanize in the vulgar, (O base and obscure vulgar!) *videlicet*, he came, saw, and overcame: he came, one; saw, two; overcame, three. Who came? the king: Why did he come? to see: Why did he see? to overcome. To whom came he? to the beggar: What saw he? the beggar: Whom overcame he? the beggar. The conclusion is victory: On whose side? the king's: The captive is enrich'd: On whose side? the beggar's: The catastrophe is a nuptial: On whose side? the king's? —no, on both in one, or one in both. I am the king; for so stands the comparison: thou the beggar; for so witnesseth thy lowliness. Shall I command thy love? I may: Shall I enforce thy love? I could: Shall I entreat thy love? I will. What shalt thou exchange for rags? robes: For tittles? titles: For thyself? me. Thus, expecting thy reply, I profane my lips on thy foot, my eyes on thy picture, and my heart on thy every part.

Thine, in the dearest design of industry,
DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO."

"Thus dost thou hear the Nemean lion roar
'Gainst thee, thou lamb, that standest as his prey;
Submissive fall his princely feet before,
And he from forage will incline to play:
But if thou strive, poor soul, what art thou then?
Food for his rage, repasture for his den."

[4] See Act i. sc. 2, note 7.

Prin. What plume of feathers is he that indited this letter?
What vane? what weathercock? did you ever hear better?

Boy. I am much deceiv'd, but I remember the style.

Prin. Else your memory is bad, going o'er it erewhile.[5]

Boy. This Armado is a Spaniard, that keeps here in court;
A phantasm, a Monarcho,[6] and one that makes sport
To the prince, and his book-mates.

Prin. Thou, fellow, a word:
Who gave thee this letter?

Cost. I told you; my lord.

Prin. To whom shouldst thou give it?

Cost. From my lord to my lady.

Prin. From which lord, to which lady?

Cost. From my lord Biron, a good master of mine,
To a lady of France, that he call'd Rosaline.

Prin. Thou hast mistaken his letter. Come, lords, away.
Here, sweet, put up this: 'twill be thine another day. [*Exeunt* PRINCESS *and Train.*

Boy. Who is the suitor? who is the suitor?[7]

Ros. Shall I teach you to know?

[5] That is, lately. A pun is intended upon the word *stile.*

[6] The allusion is to a fantastical character of the time. Thus Meres, in his *Palladis Tamia*, 1598: "Popular applause doth nourish some, neither do they gape after any other thing but vaine praise and glorie,—as in our age Peter Shakerlye of Paules, and *Monarcho* that lived about the court." He is called an *Italian* by Nashe, and Churchyard has written some lines which he calls his Epitaphe. By another writer it appears that he was a Bergamasco.

[7] An equivoque was here intended; it should appear that the words *shooter* and *suitor* were pronounced alike in Shakespeare's time.

Boy. Ay, my continent of beauty.

Ros. Why, she that bears the bow.
Finely put off!

Boy. My lady goes to kill horns; but, if thou marry,
Hang me by the neck, if horns that year miscarry
Finely put on!

Ros. Well, then, I am the shooter.

Boy. And who is your deer?

Ros. If we choose by the horns, yourself: come near.
Finely put on, indeed!

Mar. You still wrangle with her, Boyet, and she strikes at the brow.

Boy. But she herself is hit lower: Have I hit her now?

Ros. Shall I come upon thee with an old saying, that was a man when king Pepin of France was a little boy, as touching the hit it?

Boy. So I may answer thee with one as old, that was a woman when queen Guinever of Britain was a little wench, as touching the hit it.

Ros. Thou canst not hit it, hit it, hit it, [*Singing.*
Thou canst not hit it, my good man.

Boy. An I cannot, cannot, cannot,
An I cannot, another can.

[*Exeunt* Ros. *and* Kath.

Cost. By my troth, most pleasant! how both did fit it!

Mar. A mark marvellous well shot; for they both did hit it.

Boy. A mark! O, mark but that mark! A mark, says my lady.
Let the mark have a prick in't, to mete at, if it may be.

Mar. Wide o' the bow hand![8] I'faith your hand is out.

Cost. Indeed, a' must shoot nearer, or he'll ne'er hit the clout.

Boy. An if my hand be out, then belike your hand is in.

Cost. Then will she get the upshot by cleaving the pin.

Mar. Come, come, you talk greasily; your lips grow foul.

Cost. She's too hard for you at pricks, sir: challenge her to bowl.

Boy. I fear too much rubbing: Good night, my good owl. [*Exeunt* BOYET *and* MARIA.

Cost. By my soul, a swain! a most simple clown!
Lord, Lord! how the ladies and I have put him down!
O' my troth, most sweet jests! most incony vulgar wit!
When it comes so smoothly off, so obscenely, as it were, so fit.
Armatho o' the one side, — O, a most dainty man!
To see him walk before a lady, and to bear her fan!
To see him kiss his hand! and how most sweetly a' will swear! —
And his page o' t' other side, that handful of wit!
Ah, heavens, it is a most pathetical nit!
Sola, sola! [*Shouting within.* *Exit* COST.

[8] This is a term in archery still in use, signifying "a good deal to the left of the mark." Of the other expressions, the *clout* was the white mark at which the archers took aim. The *pin* was the wooden nail in the centre of it.

SCENE II. The same.

Enter HOLOFERNES, *Sir* NATHANIEL, *and* DULL.

Nath. Very reverent sport, truly; and done in the testimony of a good conscience.

Hol. The deer was, as you know, *sanguis*, — in blood; ripe as the pomewater,[1] who now hangeth like a jewel in the ear of *cœlo*, — the sky, the welkin, the heaven; and anon falleth like a crab, on the face of *terra*, — the soil, the land, the earth.

Nath. Truly, master Holofernes, the epithets are sweetly varied, like a scholar at the least: But, sir, I assure ye, it was a buck of the first head.[2]

Hol. Sir Nathaniel, *haud credo.*

Dull. 'Twas not a *haud credo*, 'twas a pricket.

Hol. Most barbarous intimation! yet a kind of insinuation, as it were, *in via*, in way of explication; *facere*, as it were, replication, or, rather, *ostentare*, to show, as it were, his inclination, — after his undressed, unpolished, uneducated, unpruned, untrained, or, rather, unlettered, or, ratherest, unconfirmed fashion, — to insert again my *haud credo* for a deer.

Dull. I said, the deer was not a *haud credo*; 'twas a pricket.

[1] A species of apple.

[2] In The Return from Parnassus, 1606, is the following account of the appellations of deer at their different ages: "Now, sir, a buck is, the first year, a fawn; the second year, a pricket; the third year, a sorrel; the fourth year, a soare; the fifth, a buck of the first head; the sixth year, a complete buck. Likewise, your hart is, the first year, a calfe; the second year, a brocket; the third year, a spade; the fourth year, a stag; the sixth year, a hart. A roe-buck is, the first year, a kid; the second year, a gird; the third year, a hemuse; and these are your special beasts for chase."

Hol. Twice sod simplicity, *bis coctus!*—O, thou monster, ignorance, how deformed dost thou look!

Nath. Sir, he hath never fed of the dainties that are bred in a book; he hath not eat paper, as it were; he hath not drunk ink: his intellect is not replenished; he is only an animal, only sensible in the duller parts;

And such barren plants are set before us, that we thankful should be
(Which we of taste and feeling are) for those parts that do fructify in us more than he;
For as it would ill become me to be vain, indiscreet, or a fool,
So, were there a patch set on learning, to see him in a school:
But, *omne bene*, say I; being of an old father's mind,
Many can brook the weather that love not the wind.

Dull. You two are book-men: Can you tell by your wit,
What was a month old at Cain's birth, that's not five weeks old as yet?

Hol. Dictynna,[3] good man Dull; Dictynna, good man Dull.

Dull. What is Dictynna?

Nath. A title to Phœbe, to Luna, to the moon.

Hol. The moon was a month old, when Adam was no more;
And raught[4] not to five weeks, when he came to fivescore.
The allusion holds in the exchange.[5]

[3] Shakespeare might have found this uncommon title of Diana in the second book of Golding's translation of Ovid's Metamorphoses.

[4] Reached.

[5] That is, the riddle is as good when I use the name of Adam, as when I use the name of Cain.

Dull. 'Tis true indeed: the collusion holds in the exchange.

Hol. God comfort thy capacity! I say, the allusion holds in the exchange.

Dull. And I say the pollusion holds in the exchange; for the moon is never but a month old: and I say, beside, that 'twas a pricket that the princess kill'd.

Hol. Sir Nathaniel, will you hear an extemporal epitaph on the death of the deer? and, to humour the ignorant, I have call'd the deer the princess kill'd, a pricket.

Nath. *Perge*, good master Holofernes, *perge;* so it shall please you to abrogate scurrility.

Hol. I will something affect the letter;[6] for it argues facility.

The preyful princess pierc'd and prick'd a pretty pleasing pricket;
Some say, a sore; but not a sore, till now made sore with shooting.
The dogs did yell; put l to sore, then sorel jumps from thicket;
Or pricket, sore, or else sorel; the people fall a-hooting.
If sore be sore, then L to sore makes fifty sores; O sore L!
Of one sore I a hundred make, by adding but one more L.

Nath. A rare talent!

Dull. If a talent be a claw, look how he claws him with a talent.[7]

Hol. This is a gift that I have, simple, simple; a foolish extravagant spirit, full of forms, figures, shapes, objects, ideas, apprehensions, motions, revolutions: these are begot in the ventricle of memory,

[6] That is, I will use or practise alliteration.

[7] *Talon* was often written *talent* in Shakespeare's time. Honest Dull quibbles. One of the senses of to *claw* is to *flatter*. See Much Ado about Nothing, Act i. sc. 3, note 3.

nourish'd in the womb of *pia mater*, and deliver'd upon the mellowing of occasion: But the gift is good in those in whom it is acute, and I am thankful for it.

Nath. Sir, I praise the Lord for you, and so may my parishioners; for their sons are well tutor'd by you, and their daughters profit very greatly under you: you are a good member of the commonwealth.

Hol. *Mehercle!* if their sons be ingenious, they shall want no instruction: if their daughters be capable, I will put it to them: But, *vir sapit, qui pauca loquitur.* A soul feminine saluteth us.

Enter JAQUENETTA *and* COSTARD.

Jaq. God give you good morrow, master person.

Hol. Master person,—*quasi* pers-on. An if one should be pierc'd, which is the one?

Cost. Marry, master schoolmaster, he that is likest to a hogshead.

Hol. Of piercing a hogshead! a good lustre of conceit in a turf of earth; fire enough for a flint, pearl enough for a swine: 'tis pretty; it is well.

Jaq. Good master parson, be so good as read me this letter; it was given me by Costard, and sent me from Don Armatho: I beseech you, read it.

Hol. *Fauste, precor gelidâ quando pecus omne sub umbrâ*
Ruminat,—and so forth. Ah, good old Mantuan![8] I may speak of thee as the traveller doth of Venice:

[8] The Eclogues of Mantuanus were translated before the time of Shakespeare, and the Latin printed on the opposite side of the page for the use of schools. In 1567 they were also versified by Turberville. The first Eclogue of Mantuanus begins *Fauste, precor gelida, &c.*

——*Vinegia, Vinegia,*
Chi non te vede, ei non te pregia.[9]

Old Mantuan! old Mantuan! Who understandeth thee not, loves thee not.—*Ut, re, sol, la, mi, fa.*[10] —Under pardon, sir, what are the contents? or, rather, as Horace says in his—What, my soul, verses?

Nath. Ay, sir, and very learned.

Hol. Let me hear a staff, a stanza, a verse: *Lege, domine.*

Nath. [*Reads.*] "If love make me forsworn, how shall I swear to love?
Ah, never faith could hold, if not to beauty vow'd!
Though to myself forsworn, to thee I'll faithful prove;
Those thoughts to me were oaks, to thee like osiers bow'd.
Study his bias leaves, and makes his book thine eyes;
Where all those pleasures live that art would comprehend:
If knowledge be the mark, to know thee shall suffice:
Well learned is that tongue, that well can thee commend;
All ignorant that soul, that sees thee without wonder;
Which is to me some praise, that I thy parts admire:
Thy eye Jove's lightning bears, thy voice his dreadful thunder,
Which, not to anger bent, is music and sweet fire.
Celestial, as thou art, O! pardon, love, this wrong,
That sings heaven's praise with such an earthly tongue!"[11]

Hol. You find not the apostrophes, and so miss the accent: let me supervise the canzonet. Here are only numbers ratified; but, for the elegancy, facility, and golden cadence of poesy, *caret.* Ovid-

[9] This proverb occurs in Florio's Second Frutes, 1591, where it stands thus:

"Venetia, chi non ti vede non ti pretia
Ma chi ti vede, ben gli costa."

[10] He hums the notes of the gamut as Edmund does in King Lear, Act i. sc. 2.

[11] These verses are printed, with some variations, in The Passionate Pilgrim, 1599.

ius Naso was the man; and why, indeed, Naso, but for smelling out the odoriferous flowers of fancy, the jerks of invention? *Imitari*, is nothing: so doth the hound his master, the ape his keeper, the 'tired horse[12] his rider. But, damosella virgin, was this directed to you?

Jaq. Ay, sir, from one Monsieur Biron,[13] one of the strange queen's lords.

Hol. I will overglance the superscript. "To the snow-white hand of the most beauteous lady Rosaline." I will look again on the intellect of the letter, for the nomination of the party writing to the person written unto:

"Your ladyship's in all desired employment, BIRON."

Sir Nathaniel, this Biron is one of the votaries with the king; and here he hath framed a letter to a sequent of the stranger queen's, which, accidentally, or by the way of progression, hath miscarried.—Trip and go, my sweet; deliver this paper into the royal hand of the king; it may concern much: Stay not thy compliment; I forgive thy duty; adieu!

Jaq. Good Costard, go with me.—Sir, God save your life!

Cost. Have with thee, my girl.

[*Exeunt* COST. *and* JAQ.

Nath. Sir, you have done this in the fear of God, very religiously; and, as a certain father saith,—

Hol. Sir, tell not me of the father; I do fear colourable colours.[14] But to return to the verses: Did they please you, Sir Nathaniel?

[12] That is, the horse adorned with ribands; Bankes' horse is here probably alluded to.

[13] Shakespeare forgot that Jaquenetta knew nothing of Biron, and had said just before that the letter had been "sent to her from Don *Armatho*, and given to her by Costard."

[14] That is, specious or fair-seeming appearances.

Nath. Marvellous well for the pen.

Hol. I do dine to-day at the father's of a certain pupil of mine; where if, before repast, it shall please you to gratify the table with a grace, I will, on my privilege I have with the parents of the foresaid child or pupil, undertake your *ben venuto;* where I will prove those verses to be very unlearned, neither savouring of poetry, wit, nor invention: I beseech your society.

Nath. And thank you too; for society, saith the text, is the happiness of life.

Hol. And, certes, the text most infallibly concludes it.—[*To* DULL.] Sir, I do invite you too; you shall not say me nay: *pauca verba.* Away! the gentles are at their game, and we will to our recreation. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. Another part of the same.

Enter BIRON, *with a paper.*

Bir. The king he is hunting the deer; I am coursing myself: they have pitch'd a toil; I am toiling in a pitch — pitch that defiles: Defile! a foul word. Well, set thee down, sorrow! for so, they say, the fool said, and so say I, and ay the fool. Well proved, wit! by the Lord, this love is as mad as Ajax: it kills sheep; it kills me, I a sheep: Well proved again o' my side! I will not love: if I do, hang me; i'faith, I will not. O! but her eye, — by this light, but for her eye, I would not love her; yes, for her two eyes. Well, I do nothing in the world but lie, and lie in my throat. By Heaven, I do love; and it hath taught me to rhyme, and to be melancholy; and here is part of my rhyme, and here my melancholy. Well, she hath one o' my

sonnets already; the clown bore it, the fool sent it, and the lady hath it: sweet clown, sweeter fool, sweetest lady! By the world, I would not care a pin if the other three were in. Here comes one with a paper: God give him grace to groan! [*Gets up into a tree.*

Enter the KING, *with a paper.*

King. Ah me!

Bir. [*Aside.*] Shot, by Heaven! — Proceed, sweet Cupid; thou hast thump'd him with thy bird-bolt under the left pap: — I'faith, secrets. —

King. [*Reads.*] "So sweet a kiss the golden sun gives not
To those fresh morning drops upon the rose,
As thy eye-beams, when their fresh rays have smote
The night of dew that on my cheeks down flows:
Nor shines the silver moon one half so bright
Through the transparent bosom of the deep,
As doth thy face through tears of mine give light:
Thou shin'st in every tear that I do weep:
No drop but as a coach doth carry thee;
So ridest thou triumphing in my woe.
Do but behold the tears that swell in me,
And they thy glory through my grief will show
But do not love thyself; then thou wilt keep
My tears for glasses, and still make me weep.
O queen of queens, how far dost thou excel!
No thought can think, nor tongue of mortal tell." —

How shall she know my griefs? I'll drop the paper:
Sweet leaves, shade folly. Who is he comes here?
[*Steps aside.*

Enter LONGAVILLE, *with a paper.*

[*Aside.*] What, Longaville! and reading? listen, ear.

Bir. [*Aside.*] Now, in thy likeness, one more fool, appear!

Lon. Ah me! I am forsworn.

Bir. [*Aside.*] Why, he comes in like a perjurer, wearing papers.

King. [*Aside.*] In love, I hope: Sweet fellowship in shame!

Bir. [*Aside.*] One drunkard loves another of the name.

Lon. Am I the first that have been perjur'd so?

Bir. [*Aside.*] I could put thee in comfort: not by two, that I know.

Thou mak'st the triumviry, the corner-cap of society,
The shape of love's Tyburn[2] that hangs up simplicity.

Lon. I fear these stubborn lines lack power to move:
O sweet Maria, empress of my love!
These numbers will I tear, and write in prose.

Bir. [*Aside.*] O! rhymes are guards on wanton Cupid's hose:
Disfigure not his slop.[3]

Lon. This same shall go. —

[*Reads.*] "Did not the heavenly rhetoric of thine eye,
'Gainst whom the world cannot hold argument,
Persuade my heart to this false perjury?
Vows for thee broke deserve not punishment.
A woman I forswore; but I will prove,
Thou being a goddess, I forswore not thee:
My vow was earthly, thou a heavenly love;
Thy grace being gain'd, cures all disgrace in me.
Vows are but breath, and breath a vapour is:

[1] The ancient punishment of a perjured person was to wear on the breast a paper expressing the crime.

[2] By *triumviry* and the *shape of love's Tyburn*, Shakespeare alludes to the gallows of the time, which was occasionally *triangular*.

[3] *Slops* were wide-kneed breeches, the garb in fashion in Shakespeare's time. — *Guards* are facings, trimmings.

Then thou, fair sun, which on my earth dost shine,
Exhal'st this vapour vow; in thee it is:
If broken, then, it is no fault of mine:
If by me broke, what fool is not so wise,
To lose an oath to win a paradise?"

Bir. [*Aside.*] This is the liver vein,[4] which makes flesh a deity;
A green goose, a goddess: pure, pure idolatry.
God amend us, God amend! we are much out o' the way.

Enter DUMAIN, *with a paper.*

Lon. By whom shall I send this? — Company! stay. [*Stepping aside.*

Bir. [*Aside.*] All hid, all hid, an old infant play:
Like a demi-god here sit I in the sky,
And wretched fools' secrets heedfully o'er-eye.
More sacks to the mill![5] O heavens! I have my wish;
Dumain transform'd: four woodcocks[6] in a dish!

Dum. O most divine Kate!

Bir. [*Aside.*] O most profane coxcomb!

Dum. By Heaven, the wonder of a mortal eye!

Bir. [*Aside.*] By earth, she is not; corporal, there you lie.[7]

[4] The *liver* was anciently supposed to be the seat of love. So, in Much Ado about Nothing: "If ever *love* had interest in his *liver*."

[5] Mr. Collier says this is a well-known game still played among boys. A passage in Gayton's Pleasant Notes upon Don Quixote gives it another meaning more apt to the occasion: "Who were oppressed and overladen with heavy packs, and ought not to have laid more sacks to the mill." *All hid*, three lines above, of course is the child's play, *hide and seek*. H.

[6] A *woodcock* means a foolish fellow; that bird being supposed to have *no brains*.

[7] That is, you lie in calling her "the wonder of a mortal eye." She is *corporeal*. H.

Dum. Her amber hairs for foul have amber quoted.[8]

Bir. [*Aside.*] An amber-colour'd raven was well noted.

Dum. As upright as the cedar.

Bir. [*Aside.*] Stoop, I say;
Her shoulder is with child.

Dum. As fair as day.

Bir. [*Aside.*] Ay, as some days; but then no sun must shine.

Dum. O, that I had my wish!

Lon. [*Aside.*] And I had mine!

King. [*Aside.*] And I mine too, good Lord!

Bir. [*Aside.*] Amen, so I had mine: Is not that a good word?

Dum. I would forget her; but a fever she
Reigns in my blood, and will remember'd be.

Bir. [*Aside.*] A fever in your blood? why, then incision
Would let her out in saucers: Sweet misprision!

Dum. Once more I'll read the ode that I have writ.

Bir. [*Aside.*] Once more I'll mark how love can vary wit.

Dum. On a day, alack the day!
Love, whose month is ever May,
Spied a blossom, passing fair,
Playing in the wanton air:
Through the velvet leaves the wind,
All unseen, 'gan passage find;
That the lover, sick to death,
Wish'd himself the heaven's breath.

[8] *Quoted* signifies *marked* or *noted*. The construction of this passage will therefore be: "Her amber hairs have marked or shown that real amber is foul in comparison with themselves."

Air, quoth he, thy cheeks may blow;
Air, would I might triumph so!
But, alack! my hand is sworn
Ne'er to pluck thee from thy thorn:
Vow, alack! for youth unmeet;
Youth so apt to pluck a sweet.
Do not call it sin in me,
That I am forsworn for thee, —
Thee, for whom Jove would swear
Juno but an Ethiope were;
And deny himself for Jove,
Turning mortal for thy love.[9]

This will I send; and something else more plain,
That shall express my true love's fasting pain.
O, would the King, Biron, and Longaville,
Were lovers too! Ill, to example ill,
Would from my forehead wipe a perjur'd note;
For none offend, where all alike do dote.

Lon. [*Advancing.*] Dumain, thy love is far from charity,
That in love's grief desir'st society:
You may look pale, but I should blush, I know,
To be o'erheard, and taken napping so.

King. [*Advancing.*] Come, sir, you blush; as his your case is such;
You chide at him, offending twice as much:
You do not love Maria; Longaville
Did never sonnet for her sake compile;
Nor never lay his wreathed arms athwart
His loving bosom, to keep down his heart.
I have been closely shrouded in this bush,
And mark'd you both, and for you both did blush.

[9] This sonnet is printed in England's Helicon, 1600, and in Jaggard's Collection, 1599, omitting the couplet,

"Do not call it sin in me
That I am forsworn for thee."

I heard your guilty rhymes, observ'd your fashion;
Saw sighs reek from you, noted well your passion:
Ah me! says one; O Jove! the other cries;
One, her hairs were gold, crystal the other's eyes:
[*To* LONG.] You would for paradise break faith and troth;
[*To* DUM.] And Jove for your love would infringe an oath.
What will Biron say, when that he shall hear
Faith infringed, which such zeal did swear?
How will he scorn! how will he spend his wit!
How will he triumph, leap, and laugh at it!
For all the wealth that ever I did see,
I would not have him know so much by me.

Bir. [*Descending from the tree.*] Now step I forth to whip hypocrisy.—
Ah, good my liege, I pray thee pardon me:
Good heart! what grace hast thou, thus to reprove
These worms for loving, that art most in love?
Your eyes do make no coaches;[10] in your tears,
There is no certain princess that appears:
You'll not be perjur'd, 'tis a hateful thing:
Tush! none but minstrels like of sonneting.
But are you not asham'd? nay, are you not,
All three of you, to be thus much o'ershot?
You found his mote; the king your mote did see;
But I a beam do find in each of three.
O! what a scene of foolery I have seen,
Of sighs, of groans, of sorrow, and of teen!
O me! with what strict patience have I sat,
To see a king transformed to a gnat!
To see great Hercules whipping a gig,[11]
And profound Solomon to tune a jig,

[10] Alluding to a passage in the King's Sonnet:
"No drop but as a *coach* doth carry thee."

[11] A *gig* was a kind of top.

And Nestor play at push-pin with the boys,
And critic Timon laugh at idle toys!
Where lies thy grief? O! tell me, good Dumain
And, gentle Longaville, where lies thy pain?
And where my liege's? all about the breast:—
A caudle, ho!

King. Too bitter is thy jest.
Are we betray'd thus to thy over-view?

Bir. Not you by me, but I betray'd to you;
I, that am honest; I, that hold it sin
To break the vow I am engaged in;
I am betray'd, by keeping company
With men, like men of strange inconstancy.
When shall you see me write a thing in rhyme?
Or groan for love? or spend a minute's time
In pruning[12] me? When shall you hear that I
Will praise a hand, a foot, a face, an eye,
A gait, a state, a brow, a breast, a waist,
A leg, a limb?—

King. Soft! Whither away so fast?
A true man, or a thief, that gallops so?

Bir. I post from love; good lover, let me go.

Enter JAQUENETTA *and* COSTARD.

Jaq. God bless the king!

King. What present hast thou there?

Cost. Some certain treason.

King. What makes treason here?[13]

Cost. Nay, it makes nothing, sir.

King. If it mar nothing neither,
The treason and you go in peace away together.

[12] A bird is said to be *pruning* himself when he picks and sleeks his feathers.

[13] That is, "what *does* treason here?"

Jaq. I beseech your grace, let this letter be read
Our parson misdoubts it; 'twas treason, he said.

King. Biron, read it over. [*Giving him the letter*
Where hadst thou it?

Jaq. Of Costard.

King. Where hadst thou it?

Cost. Of Dun Adramadio, Dun Adramadio.

King. How now! what is in you? why dost thou tear it?

Bir. A toy, my liege, a toy: your grace needs not fear it.

Lon. It did move him to passion, and therefore let's hear it.

Dum. It is Biron's writing, and here is his name.
[*Picks up the pieces.*

Bir. [*To* COSTARD.] Ah, you whoreson loggerhead! you were born to do me shame.—
Guilty, my lord, guilty! I confess, I confess.

King. What?

Bir. That you three fools lack'd me, fool, to make up the mess:
He, he, and you, and you, my liege, and I,
Are pick-purses in love, and we deserve to die.
O! dismiss this audience, and I shall tell you more.

Dum. Now the number is even.

Bir. True; true; we are four:—
Will these turtles be gone?

King. Hence, sirs; away!

Cost. Walk aside the true folk, and let the traitors stay. [*Exeunt* COST. *and* JAQ.

Bir. Sweet lords, sweet lovers, O let us embrace!
As true we are, as flesh and blood can be:
The sea will ebb and flow, heaven show his face;
Young blood will not obey an old decree:

We cannot cross the cause why we were born;
Therefore, of all hands must we be forsworn.

King. What! did these rent lines show some love of thine?

Bir. Did they, quoth you? Who sees the heavenly Rosaline,
That like a rude and savage man of Inde,
At the first opening of the gorgeous east,
Bows not his vassal head; and, stricken blind,
Kisses the base ground with obedient breast?
What peremptory eagle-sighted eye
Dares look upon the heaven of her brow,
That is not blinded by her majesty?

King. What zeal, what fury hath inspired thee now?
My love, her mistress, is a gracious moon;
She, an attending star, scarce seen a light.

Bir. My eyes are then no eyes, nor I Biron
O, but for my love, day would turn to night!
Of all complexions the cull'd sovereignty
Do meet, as at a fair, in her fair cheek;
Where several worthies make one dignity;
Where nothing wants, that want itself doth seek.
Lend me the flourish of all gentle tongues, —
Fie, painted rhetoric! O! she needs it not:
To things of sale a seller's praise belongs;
She passes praise; then praise too short doth blot.
A wither'd hermit, five-score winters worn,
Might shake off fifty, looking in her eye:
Beauty doth varnish age, as if new-born,
And gives the crutch the cradle's infancy.
O, 'tis the sun that maketh all things shine!

King. By Heaven, thy love is black as ebony

Bir. Is ebony like her? O wood divine!
A wife of such wood were felicity.

O! who can give an oath? where is a book?
That I may swear beauty doth beauty lack,
If that she learn not of her eye to look:
No face is fair, that is not full so black.

King. O paradox! Black is the badge of hell,
The hue of dungeons, and the scowl of night;
And beauty's crest becomes the heavens well.

Bir. Devils soonest tempt, resembling spirits of light.
O! if in black my lady's brows be deck'd,
It mourns, that painting, and usurping hair,[14]
Should ravish doters with a false aspect;
And therefore is she born to make black fair.
Her favour turns the fashion of the days;
For native blood is counted painting now;
And therefore red, that would avoid dispraise,
Paints itself black, to imitate her brow.

Dum. To look like her, are chimney-sweepers black.

Lon. And since her time, are colliers counted bright.

King. And Ethiopes of their sweet complexion crack.

Dum. Dark needs no candles now, for dark is light.

Bir. Your mistresses dare never come in rain,
For fear their colours should be wash'd away.

King. 'Twere good, yours did; for, sir, to tell you plain,
I'll find a fairer face not wash'd to-day.

Bir. I'll prove her fair, or talk till doomsday here.

[14] This alludes to the fashion, prevalent among ladies in Shakespeare's time, of wearing false hair, or *periwigs* as they were then called, before that covering for the head had been adopted by men. See Much Ado about Nothing, Act ii. sc. 3, note 4.

King. No devil will fright thee then so much as she.

Dum. I never knew man hold vile stuff so dear.

Lon. Look, here's thy love: my foot and her face see. [*Showing his shoe.*

Bir. O! if the streets were paved with thine eyes,
Her feet were much too dainty for such tread.

Dum. O vile! then as she goes, what upward lies
The street should see as she walk'd over head.

King. But what of this? Are we not all in love?

Bir. O! nothing so sure; and thereby all forsworn.

King. Then leave this chat; and, good Biron, now prove
Our loving lawful, and our faith not torn.

Dum. Ay, marry, there: some flattery for this evil.

Lon. O! some authority how to proceed;
Some tricks, some quillets,[16] how to cheat the devil.

Dum. Some salve for perjury.

Bir. O! 'tis more than need.—
Have at you, then, affection's men at arms.
Consider, what you first did swear unto;—
To fast,—to study,—and to see no woman;—
Flat treason 'gainst the kingly state of youth.
Say, can you fast? your stomachs are too young;
And abstinence engenders maladies.
And where that you have vow'd to study, lords,
In that each of you hath forsworn his book:
Can you still dream, and pore, and thereon look?
For when would you, my lord, or you, or you,
Have found the ground of study's excellence,

[16] A *quillet* is a sly trick or turn in argument, or excuse. Bailey derives it, with much probability, from *quibblet*, as a diminutive of *quibble*.

Without the beauty of a woman's face?
From women's eyes this doctrine I derive?
They are the ground, the books, the Academes,
From whence doth spring the true Promethean fire
Why, universal plodding prisons up
The nimble spirits in the arteries;
As motion, and long during action, tires
The sinewy vigour of the traveller.
Now, for not looking on a woman's face,
You have in that forsworn the use of eyes,
And study, too, the causer of your vow;
For where is any author in the world,
Teaches such learning as a woman's eye?
Learning is but an adjunct to ourself,
And where we are our learning likewise is:
Then, when ourselves we see in ladies' eyes,
With ourselves
Do we not likewise see our learning there?
O! we have made a vow to study, lords,
And in that vow we have forsworn our books;
For when would you, my liege, or you, or you,
In leaden contemplation, have found out
Such fiery numbers, as the prompting eyes
Of beauty's tutors have enrich'd you with?
Other slow arts entirely keep the brain;
And therefore, finding barren practisers,
Scarce show a harvest of their heavy toil:
But love, first learned in a lady's eyes,
Lives not alone immured in the brain;
But, with the motion of all elements,
Courses as swift as thought in every power,
And gives to every power a double power,
Above their functions and their offices.
It adds a precious seeing to the eye;
A lover's eyes will gaze an eagle blind:

A lover's ear will hear the lowest sound,
When the suspicious head of theft is stopp'd;
Love's feeling is more soft, and sensible,
Than are the tender horns of cockled snails;
Love's tongue proves dainty Bacchus gross in taste:
For valour, is not love a Hercules,
Still climbing trees in the Hesperides?[16]
Subtle as sphinx; as sweet, and musical,
As bright Apollo's lute, strung with his hair;[17]
And, when love speaks, the voice of all the gods
Makes heaven drowsy with the harmony.[18]
Never durst poet touch a pen to write,
Until his ink were temper'd with love's sighs;

[16] That is, the Garden of the Hesperides. Some of the commentators have made a very needless ado about the Poet's mistake, as they call it, in thus putting the name of the owners for the name of the thing owned. But the same thing was done by several writers of that time; and indeed similar forms of elliptical expression often occur in all sorts of writing and conversation. Gabriel Harvey, a man of unquestionable learning, uses Hesperides in the same way. Thus, also, in Greene's Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay:

"Show the tree, leav'd with refined gold,
Whereon the fearful dragon held his seat,
That watch'd the *garden call'd Hesperides*." H.

[17] The same matter has been thus turned to poetical uses by Crashaw:

"Trembling as when Apollo's golden hairs
Are fann'd and frizzled in the wanton airs
Of his own breath; which, married to his lyre,
Doth tune the spheres, and make heaven's self look higher." H.

[18] Heath thus explains this passage: "Whenever Love speaks, all the gods join their voices with his in harmonious concert." The sleep-persuading powers of music have been much celebrated by poets of all times, and are probably well known to all who have been children. Shirley in his Love Tricks carries the thing about far enough:

"The tongue that's able to rock heaven asleep,
And make the music of the spheres stand still,
To listen to the happier airs it makes,
And mend their tunes by it." H

O! then his lines would ravish savage ears,
And plant in tyrants mild humility.
From women's eyes this doctrine I derive:
They sparkle still the right Promethean fire;
They are the books, the arts, the Academes,
That show, contain, and nourish all the world;
Else, none at all in aught proves excellent.
Then, fools you were these women to forswear;
Or, keeping what is sworn, you will prove fools.
For wisdom's sake, a word that all men love;
Or for love's sake, a word that loves all men;[19]
Or for men's sake, the authors of these women;
Or women's sake, by whom we men are men;
Let us once lose our oaths to find ourselves,
Or else we lose ourselves to keep our oaths:
It is religion to be thus forsworn;
For charity itself fulfils the law,
And who can sever love from charity?

King. Saint Cupid, then! and, soldiers, to the field!

Bir. Advance your standards, and upon them, lords!
Pell-mell, down with them! but be first advis'd,
In conflict that you get the sun of them.[20]

Lon. Now to plain-dealing; lay these glozes by:
Shall we resolve to woo these girls of France?

King. And win them too: therefore let us devise
Some entertainment for them in their tents.

Bir. First, from the park let us conduct them thither;

[19] That is, pleasing to all men. So, in the language of the time: *It likes me well*, for *it pleases me.*

[20] In the days of archery, it was of consequence to have the sun at the back of the bowmen, and in the face of the enemy. This circumstance was of great advantage to Henry V. at the battle of Agincourt.

Then, homeward, every man attach the hand
Of his fair mistress: in the afternoon
We will with some strange pastime solace them,
Such as the shortness of the time can shape;
For revels, dances, masks, and merry hours,
Fore-run fair Love,[21] strowing her way with flowers.

King. Away, away! no time shall be omitted,
That will be time, and may by us be fitted.

Bir. *Allons! Allons!* — Sow'd cockle reap'd no corn;[22]
And justice always whirls in equal measure:
Light wenches may prove plagues to men forsworn,
If so, our copper buys no better treasure. [*Exeunt*

ACT V.

SCENE I. Another part of the same.

Enter HOLOFERNES, *Sir* NATHANIEL, *and* DULL.

Hol. *Satis quod sufficit.*[1]

Nath. I praise God for you, sir: your reasons[2] at dinner have been sharp and sententious; pleasant without scurrility, witty without affection, audacious

[21] *Fair Love* is *Venus.* So in Antony and Cleopatra:
"Now for the love of *Love,* and *her* soft hours."

[22] That is, *where* cockle *is* sow'd, no corn *is* reap'd. B.

[1] That is, enough's as good as a feast.

[2] Johnson says, "I know not what degree of respect Shakespeare intends to obtain for his vicar, but he has put into his mouth a finished representation of colloquial excellence." *Reason* here signifies *discourse; audacious* is used in a good sense for *spirited, animated, confident; affection* is *affectation; opinion* is *obstinacy, opinidtreté*

without impudency, learned without opi
strange without heresy. I did converse
dam day with a companion of the king
intituled, nominated, or called, Don A
Armado.

Hol. Novi hominem tanquam te: His l
lofty, his discourse peremptory, his tongue
eye ambitious, his gait majestical, and hi
behaviour vain, ridiculous, and thrasonica
too picked, too spruce, too affected, too
were, too peregrinate, as I may call it.

Nath. A most singular and choice epit
[*Takes out his*

Hol. He draweth out the thread of hi
finer than the staple of his argument. I
fantastical phantasms, such insociable
device[4] companions; such rackers of o
as to speak dout, fine, when he should
det, when he should pronounce debt; d
d, e, t: he clepeth a calf, cauf; half, h
bour, *vocatur*, nebour, neigh, abbreviate
is abhominable, (which he would call
it insinuateth me of insanie: *ne intel*
to make frantic, lunatic.

Nath. Laus deo, bone intelligo.

Hol. Bone? — bone, for *benè: P*
scratch'd; 'twill serve.

Enter ARMADO, MOTH, *and*

Nath. Videsne quis venit?

Hol. Video, et gaudeo.

[3] *Filed* is polished. — *Thrasonical* is va
Picked, piked, or picket, neat, spruce, over
in his dress.

[4] A common expression for *exact, pre*
Twelfth Night, Malvolio says: "I will b
man."

Arm. [*To* MOTH.] Chirra!

Hol. *Quare* Chirra, not sirrah?

Arm. Men of peace, well encountered.

Hol. Most military sir, salutation.

Moth. [*To* COST.] They have been at a great feast of languages, and stolen the scraps.

Cost. O! they have lived long in the alms-basket[5] of words. I marvel thy master hath not eaten thee for a word; for thou art not so long by the head as *honorificabilitudinitatibus:*[6] thou art easier swallowed than a flap-dragon.[7]

Moth. Peace! the peal begins.

Arm. [*To* HOL.] Monsieur, are you not letter'd?

Moth. Yes, yes; he teaches boys the horn-book: What is a, b, spelt backward with a horn on his head?

Hol. Ba, *pueritia*, with a horn added.

Moth. Ba! most silly sheep, with a horn:—You hear his learning.

Hol. *Quis, quis*, thou consonant?

Moth. The third of the five vowels, if you repeat them; or the fifth, if I.

Hol. I will repeat them, a, e, i.—

Moth. The sheep: the other two concludes it; o, u.

Arm. Now, by the salt wave of the Mediterraneum, a sweet touch, a quick veney[8] of wit: snip, snap, quick and home; it rejoiceth my intellect: true wit.

[5] That is, the refuse of words. The refuse meat of families was put into a *basket*, and given to the poor. in Shakespeare's time.

[6] This word, whencesoever it comes, is often mentioned as the longest word known.

[7] A *flap-dragon* was some small combustible body set on fire and put afloat in a glass of liquor. It was an act of dexterity in the toper to swallow it without burning his mouth.

[8] A hit. See The Merry Wives of Windsor. Act i. sc. 1. note 29.

Moth. Offer'd by a child to an old man; which is wit-old.

Hol. What is the figure? what is the figure?

Moth. Horns.

Hol. Thou disputest like an infant: go, whip thy gig.

Moth. Lend me your horn to make one, and I will whip about your infamy *circùm circà:* A gig of a cuckold's horn!

Cost. An I had but one penny in the world, thou shouldst have it to buy gingerbread: hold, there is the very remuneration I had of thy master, thou half-penny purse of wit, thou pigeon-egg of discretion. O! an the heavens were so pleased, that thou wert but my bastard; what a joyful father wouldst thou make me! Go to; thou hast it *ad dunghill*, at the fingers' ends, as they say.

Hol. O! I smell false Latin; dunghill for *unguem.*

Arm. Arts-man, *præambula:* we will be singled from the barbarous. Do you not educate youth at the charge-house[9] on the top of the mountain?

Hol. Or, *mons*, the hill.

Arm. At your sweet pleasure, for the mountain.

Hol. I do, sans question.

Arm. Sir, it is the king's most sweet pleasure and affection, to congratulate the princess at her pavilion, in the posteriors of this day; which the rude multitude call the afternoon.

Hol. The posterior of the day, most generous sir, is liable, congruent, and measurable for the afternoon: the word is well cull'd, chose; sweet and apt, I do assure you, sir; I do assure.

Arm. Sir, the king is a noble gentleman; and

[9] Free school.

my familiar, I do assure you, very good friend.—For what is inward[10] between us, let it pass.—I do beseech thee, remember thy courtesy;[11]—I beseech thee, apparel thy head:—and among other important and most serious designs,—and of great import indeed, too;—but let that pass:—for I must tell thee, it will please his grace (by the world) sometime to lean upon my poor shoulder; and with his royal finger, thus, dally with my excrement,[12] with my mustachio: but, sweet heart, let that pass. By the world, I recount no fable: some certain special honours it pleaseth his greatness to impart to Armado, a soldier, a man of travel, that hath seen the world; but let that pass.—The very all of all is,—but, sweet heart, I do implore secrecy,—that the king would have me present the princess, sweet chuck, with some delightful ostentation, or show, or pageant, or antic, or firework. Now, understanding that the curate and your sweet self are good at such eruptions, and sudden breaking out of mirth, as it were, I have acquainted you withal, to the end to crave your assistance.

Hol. Sir, you shall present before her the nine Worthies.—Sir Nathaniel, as concerning some entertainment of time, some show in the posterior of this day, to be render'd by our assistance,—the king's command, and this most gallant, illustrate, and learned gentleman,—before the princess; I say, none so fit as to present the nine Worthies.

Nath. Where will you find men worthy enough to present them?

[10] Confidential.

[11] By *remember thy courtesy*, Armado probably means "remember that all this time thou art standing with thy hat off."

[12] The *beard* is called valour's *excrement* in The Merchant of Venice.

Hol. Joshua, yourself; myself, or this gallant gentleman, Judas Maccabeus; this swain, because of his great limb or joint, shall pass [13] Pompey the great; the page, Hercules.

Arm. Pardon, sir; error: he is not quantity enough for that Worthy's thumb: he is not so big as the end of his club.

Hol. Shall I have audience? He shall present Hercules in minority: his *enter* and *exit* shall be strangling a snake; and I will have an apology for that purpose.

Moth. An excellent device! so, if any of the audience hiss, you may cry, "Well done, Hercules! now thou crushest the snake!" that is the way to make an offence gracious, though few have the grace to do it.

Arm. For the rest of the Worthies?—

Hol. I will play three myself.

Moth. Thrice-worthy gentleman!

Arm. Shall I tell you a thing?

Hol. We attend.

Arm. We will have, if this fadge not,[14] an antic. I beseech you, follow.

Hol. *Via*,[15] goodman Dull! thou hast spoken no word all this while.

Dull. Nor understood none neither, sir.

Hol. *Allons!* we will employ thee.

Dull. I'll make one in a dance, or so; or I will play on the tabor to the Worthies, and let them dance the hay.

Hol. Most dull, honest Dull: to our sport, away! [*Exeunt.*

[13] That is, shall *march*, or walk in the procession for Pompey.

[14] That is, suit not, go not. See Twelfth Night, Act ii. sc. 2 note 6.

[15] An Italian exclamation, signifying, Courage! Come on! See The Merry Wives of Windsor, Act ii. sc. 2, note 15.

SCENE II. Another part of the same.

Before the PRINCESS's Pavilion.

Enter the PRINCESS, KATHARINE, ROSALINE, *and* MARIA.

Prin. Sweet hearts, we shall be rich ere we depart,
If fairings come thus plentifully in:
A lady wall'd about with diamonds! —
Look you, what I have from the loving king.
Ros. Madam, came nothing else along with that?
Prin. Nothing but this? yes, as much love in rhyme,
As would be cramm'd up in a sheet of paper,
Writ on both sides the leaf, margent and all;
That he was fain to seal on Cupid's name.
Ros. That was the way to make his god-head wax:[1]
For he hath been five thousand years a boy.
Kath. Ay, and a shrewd unhappy gallows too.
Ros. You'll ne'er be friends with him: a' killed your sister.
Kath. He made her melancholy, sad, and heavy;
And so she died: had she been light, like you,
Of such a merry, nimble, stirring spirit,
She might have been a grandam ere she died:
And so may you; for a light heart lives long.
Ros. What's your dark meaning, mouse,[2] of this light word?
Kath. A light condition in a beauty dark.

[1] Grow. The pun is obvious.
[2] This was a term of endearment formerly. So, in Hamlet: "Pinch wanton on your cheek; call you his *mouse*."

Ros. We need more light to find your meaning out.

Kath. You'll mar the light, by taking it in snuff;[3]
Therefore, I'll darkly end the argument.

Ros. Look, what you do, you do it still i' the dark.

Kath. So do not you; for you are a light wench.

Ros. Indeed, I weigh not you; and therefore light.

Kath. You weigh me not? — O! that's you care not for me.

Ros. Great reason; for, past cure is still past care.

Prin. Well bandied both; a set[4] of wit well play'd.
But, Rosaline, you have a favour too:
Who sent it? and what is it?

Ros. I would, you knew:
An if my face were but as fair as yours,
My favour were as great: be witness this.
Nay, I have verses too, I thank Biron:
The numbers true; and, were the numbering too,
I were the fairest goddess on the ground:
I am compar'd to twenty thousand fairs.
O, he hath drawn my picture in his letter!

Prin. Any thing like?

Ros. Much, in the letters; nothing in the praise.

Prin. Beauteous as ink: a good conclusion.

Kath. Fair as a text B in a copy-book.

Ros. 'Ware pencils,[5] ho! let me not die your debtor,

[3] *Snuff* is here used equivocally for *anger*, and the *snuff of a candle*.

[4] A *set* is a term at tennis for a *game*.

[5] She advises Katharine to *beware of drawing likenesses*, lest she should retaliate.

My red dominical, my golden letter:
O, that your face were not so full of O's!
Prin. A pox[6] of that jest! and I beshrew all shrows!
But, Katharine, what was sent to you from fair Dumain?
Kath. Madam, this glove.
Prin. Did he not send you twain?
Kath. Yes, madam; and, moreover,
Some thousand verses of a faithful lover:
A huge translation of hypocrisy,
Vilely compil'd, profound simplicity.
Mar. This, and these pearls, to me sent Longaville:
The letter is too long by half a mile.
Prin. I think no less: Dost thou not wish in heart
The chain were longer, and the letter short?
Mar. Ay, or I would these hands might never part.
Prin. We are wise girls, to mock our lovers so.
Ros. They are worse fools to purchase mocking so.
That same Biron I'll torture ere I go.
O, that I knew he were but in by the week![7]
How I would make him fawn, and beg, and seek,
And wait the season, and observe the times,
And spend his prodigal wits in bootless rhymes,
And shape his service wholly to my behests,
And make him proud to make me proud that jests!

[6] Katharine's face, it seems, was *pitted*, she having had the *small-pox*: hence the "pox of that jest;" the Princess turning off the talk, lest it get too personal. H.

[7] This is an expression taken from the hiring of servants; meaning, "I wish I knew that he was in love with me, or my *servant*," as the phrase was.

So persantly [8] would I o'ersway his state,
That he should be my fool, and I his fate.

Prin. None are so surely caught, when they are catch'd,
As wit turn'd fool: folly, in wisdom hatch'd,
Hath wisdom's warrant, and the help of school;
And wit's own grace to grace a learned fool.

Ros. The blood of youth burns not with such excess,
As gravity's revolt to wantonness.

Mar. Folly in fools bears not so strong a note,
As foolery in the wise, when wit doth dote;
Since all the power thereof it doth apply,
To prove, by wit, worth in simplicity.

Enter BOYET.

Prin. Here comes Boyet, and mirth is in his face.

Boy. O, I am stabb'd with laughter! Where's her grace?

Prin. Thy news, Boyet?

Boy. Prepare, madam, prepare! —
Arm, wenches, arm! encounters mounted are
Against your peace: Love doth approach disguis'd,
Armed in arguments; you'll be surpris'd:
Muster your wits; stand in your own defence;
Or hide your heads like cowards, and fly hence.

Prin. Saint Dennis to saint Cupid! What are they
That charge their breath against us? say, scout, say.

Boy. Under the cool shade of a sycamore,
I thought to close mine eyes some half an hour;
When, lo! to interrupt my purpos'd rest,
Toward that shade I might behold addrest

[8] The old copies read *pertaunt-like*. The modern editions read, with Sir T. Hanmer, *portent-like*.

The king and his companions: warily
I stole into a neighbour thicket by,
And overheard what you shall overhear;
That, by and by, disguis'd they will be here.
Their herald is a pretty knavish page,
That well by heart hath conn'd his embassage:
Action, and accent, did they teach him there;
"Thus must thou speak, and thus thy body bear:"
And ever and anon they made a doubt,
Presence majestical would put him out;
"For," quoth the king, "an angel shalt thou see;
Yet fear not thou, but speak audaciously."
The boy replied, "An angel is not evil;
I should have fear'd her, had she been a devil."
With that all laugh'd, and clapp'd him on the shoulder;
Making the bold wag by their praises bolder.
One rubb'd his elbow thus, and fleer'd and swore
A better speech was never spoke before:
Another, with his finger and his thumb,
Cried, "*Via!*[9] we will do't, come what will come:"
The third he caper'd, and cried, "All goes well:"
The fourth turn'd on the toe, and down he fell.
With that they all did tumble on the ground,
With such a zealous laughter, so profound,
That in the spleen ridiculous[10] appears,
To check their folly, passion's solemn tears.

Prin. But what, but what! come they to visit us?

Boy. They do, they do; and are apparel'd thus,—
Like Muscovites, or Russians:[11] as I guess,

[9] See the preceding scene, note 15.

[10] That is, a *fit* of laughter. The spleen was anciently supposed to be the cause of laughter. So the old Latin verse: "*Splen* ridere facit, cogit amare jecur." See A Midsummer-Night's Dream, Act i. sc. 1, note 7.

[11] Hall, describing a banquet made for the foreign embassadors

The purpose is, to parle, to court, and dance:
And every one his love-suit will advance
Unto his several mistress; which they'll know
By favours several, which they did bestow.

Prin. And will they so? the gallants shall be task'd:
For, ladies, we will every one be mask'd;
And not a man of them shall have the grace,
Despite of suit, to see a lady's face.—
Hold, Rosaline, this favour thou shalt wear;
And then the king will court thee for his dear:
Hold, take thou this, my sweet, and give me thine;
So shall Biron take me for Rosaline.—
And change you favours, too; so shall your loves
Woo contrary, deceiv'd by these removes.

Ros. Come on, then: wear the favours most in sight.

Kath. But in this changing what is your intent?

Prin. The effect of my intent is, to cross theirs
They do it but in mocking merriment;
And mock for mock is only my intent.
Their several counsels they unbosom shall
To loves mistook; and so be mock'd withal,
Upon the next occasion that we meet,
With visages display'd, to talk, and greet.

Ros. But shall we dance, if they desire us to't?

Prin. No; to the death, we will not move a foot:

at Westminster, in the first year of Henry VIII., says, there "came the Lorde Henry Earle of Wiltshire and the Lorde Fitzwater, in two long gownes of yellow satin traversed with white satin, and in every bend of white was a bend of crimosen sattin after the fashion of Russia or Ruslande, with furred hattes of grey on their hedes, either of them havyng an hatchet in their handes, and bootes with pykes turned up." Which may serve to show that a mask of Muscovites was a court recreation, and at the same time convey an idea of the dress used on the present occasion.

Nor to their penn'd speech render we no grace;
But, while 'tis spoke, each turn away her face.

Boy. Why, that contempt will kill the speaker's heart,
And quite divorce his memory from his part.

Prin. Therefore I do it; and I make no doubt,
The rest will ne'er come in, if he be out.
There's no such sport, as sport by sport o'erthrown;
To make theirs ours, and ours none but our own:
So shall we stay, mocking intended game;
And they, well mock'd, depart away with shame.
[*Trumpets sound within.*

Boy. The trumpet sounds: be mask'd, the maskers come. [*The Ladies mask.*

Enter the KING, BIRON, LONGAVILLE, *and* DUMAIN, *in Russian habits, and masked;* MOTH, *Musicians, and Attendants.*

Moth. "All hail, the richest beauties on the earth!"

Boy. Beauties no richer than rich taffata.

Moth. "A holy parcel of the fairest dames,
[*The Ladies turn their backs to him.*
That ever turn'd their — backs — to mortal views!"

Bir. "Their eyes," villain, "their eyes."

Moth. "That ever turn'd their eyes to mortal views! Out" —

Boy. True; "out," indeed.

Moth. "Out of your favours, heavenly spirits, vouchsafe
Not to behold" —

Bir. "Once to behold," rogue.

Moth. "Once to behold with your sun-beamed eyes, — with your sun-beamed eyes," —

Boy. They will not answer to that epithet;
You were best call it daughter-beamed eyes.

Moth. They do not mark me, and that brings me out.

Bir. Is this your perfectness? be gone, you rogue.

Ros. What would these strangers? know their minds, Boyet:

If they do speak our language, 'tis our will
That some plain man recount their purposes:
Know what they would.

Boy. What would you with the princess?

Bir. Nothing but peace, and gentle visitation.

Ros. What would they, say they?

Boy. Nothing but peace, and gentle visitation.

Ros. Why, that they have; and bid them so be gone.

Boy. She says you have it, and you may be gone.

King. Say to her we have measur'd many miles,
To tread a measure [12] with her on this grass.

Boy. They say that they have measur'd many a mile,
To tread a measure with you on this grass.

Ros. It is not so: ask them how many inches
Is in one mile? if they have measur'd many,
The measure, then, of one is easily told.

Boy. If, to come hither, you have measur'd miles,
And many miles, the princess bids you tell
How many inches do fill up one mile.

Bir. Tell her we measure them by weary steps.

Boy. She hears herself.

Ros. How many weary steps,
Of many weary miles you have o'ergone,
Are number'd in the travel of one mile?

[12] A grave, solemn dance, with slow and measured steps, like the minuet. As it was of so solemn a nature, it was performed at public entertainments in the Inns of Court; and it was not unusual, nor thought inconsistent, for the first characters in the law to bear a part in *treading a measure.* Sir Christopher Hatton was famous for it.

Bir. We number nothing that we spend for you:
Our duty is so rich, so infinite,
That we may do it still without accompt.
Vouchsafe to show the sunshine of your face,
That we, like savages, may worship it.
Ros. My face is but a moon, and clouded too.
King. Blessed are clouds, to do as such clouds do!
Vouchsafe, bright moon, and these thy stars, to shine
(Those clouds remov'd) upon our watery eyne.
Ros. O, vain petitioner! beg a greater matter;
Thou now request'st but moonshine in the water.
King. Then, in our measure but vouchsafe one change:
Thou bid'st me beg; this begging is not strange.
Ros. Play, music, then: nay, you must do it soon. [*Music plays.*
Not yet; — no dance: — thus change I like the moon.
King. Will you not dance? How come you thus estrang'd?
Ros. You took the moon at full; but now she's chang'd.
King. Yet still she is the moon, and I the man.
The music plays: vouchsafe some motion to it.
Ros. Our ears vouchsafe it.
King. But your legs should do it.
Ros. Since you are strangers, and come here by chance,
We'll not be nice: take hands; — we will not dance.
King. Why take we hands, then?
Ros. Only to part friends: —
Court'sy, sweet hearts; and so the measure ends.
King. More measure of this measure; be not nice.

Ros. We can afford no more at such a price.
King. Prize you yourselves: What buys you company?
Ros. Your absence only.
King. That can never be.
Ros. Then cannot we be bought: and so adieu
Twice to your visor, and half once to you!
King. If you deny to dance, let's hold more chat
Ros. In private, then.
King. I am best pleas'd with that.
[*They converse apart*
Bir. White-handed mistress, one sweet word with thee.
Prin. Honey, and milk, and sugar; there are three.
Bir. Nay, then, two treys, (an if you grow so nice,)
Metheglin, wort, and malmsey: — Well run, dice!
There's half a dozen sweets.
Prin. Seventh sweet, adieu:
Since you can cog,[13] I'll play no more with you.
Bir. One word in secret.
Prin. Let it not be sweet.
Bir. Thou griev'st my gall.
Prin. Gall? bitter.
Bir. Therefore meet.
[*They converse apart.*
Dum. Will you vouchsafe with me to change a word?
Mar. Name it.
Dum. Fair lady, —
Mar. Say you so? Fair lord; —
Take that for your fair lady.
Dum. Please it you,
As much in private, and I'll bid adieu.
[*They converse apart.*

[13] To *cog* is to load dice; hence to *cheat, deceive.*

Kath. What! was your visor made without a tongue?

Lon. I know the reason, lady, why you ask.

Kath. O, for your reason! quickly, sir; I long.

Lon. You have a double tongue within your mask,
And would afford my speechless visor half.

Kath. Veal,[14] quoth the Dutchman: — Is not veal a calf?

Lon. A calf, fair lady?

Kath. No, a fair lord calf.

Lon. Let's part the word.

Kath. No; I'll not be your half:
Take all, and wean it; it may prove an ox.

Lon. Look, how you butt yourself in these sharp mocks!
Will you give horns, chaste lady? do not so.

Kath. Then die a calf, before your horns do grow.

Lon. One word in private with you, ere I die.

Kath. Bleat softly, then; the butcher hears you cry. [*They converse apart.*

Boy. The tongues of mocking wenches are as keen
As is the razor's edge invisible,
Cutting a smaller hair than may be seen;
Above the sense of sense, so sensible
Seemeth their conference; their conceits have wings
Fleeter than arrows, bullets, wind, thought, swifter things.

Ros. Not one word more, my maids: break off, break off.

Bir. By Heaven, all dry-beaten with pure scoff!

[14] The same joke occurs in Dr. Dodypoll. "*Doct.* Hans, my very speciall friend; fait and trot, me be right glad for see you *veale*. *Hans.* What, do you make a *calfe* of me, M. Doctor?"

King. Farewell, mad wenches: you have simple wits. [*Exeunt* KING, *Lords*, MOTH, *Music, and Attendants.*

Prin. Twenty adieus, my frozen Muscovites.—
Are these the breed of wits so wonder'd at?

Boy. Tapers they are, with your sweet breaths puff'd out.

Ros. Well-liking[15] wits they have; gross, gross; fat, fat.

Prin. O, poverty in wit, kingly-poor flout!
Will they not, think you, hang themselves to-night,
Or ever, but in visors, show their faces?
This pert Biron was out of countenance quite.

Ros. They were all in lamentable cases!
The king was weeping-ripe for a good word.

Prin. Biron did swear himself out of all suit.

Mar. Dumain was at my service, and his sword:
No point,[16] quoth I: my servant straight was mute.

Kath. Lord Longaville said, I came o'er his heart;
And trow you what he call'd me?

Prin. Qualm, perhaps.

Kath. Yes, in good faith.

Prin. Go, sickness as thou art!

Ros. Well, better wits have worn plain statute-caps.[17]
But will you hear? the king is my love sworn.

[15] *Well-conditioned, fat.* So, in Job, xxxix. 4: "Their young ones are in *good-liking*." And in The Book of Common Prayer, Psalm xcii.: "They shall also bring forth more fruit in their age, and shall be fat and *well-liking*." H.

[16] *No point.* A quibble on the French adverb of negation, as before, Act ii. sc. 1, note 6.

[17] An act was passed in 1571, "for the continuance of making and wearing woollen caps, in behalf of the trade of cappers, providing that all above the age of six years (except the nobility and some others) should, on Sabbath days and holidays, wear caps of wool, knit, thicked, and drest in England, upon penalty of ten groats." The term *flat cap* for a citizen will now be familiar to

Prin. And quick Biron hath plighted faith to me.
Kath. And Longaville was for my service born
Mar. Dumain is mine, as sure as bark on tree.
Boy. Madam, and pretty mistresses, give ear:
Immediately they will again be here
In their own shapes; for it can never be,
They will digest this harsh indignity.
Prin. Will they return?
Boy. They will, they will, God knows;
And leap for joy, though they are lame with blows:
Therefore, change favours; and, when they repair,
Blow like sweet roses in this summer air.
Prin. How blow? how blow? speak to be understood.
Boy. Fair ladies, mask'd, are roses in their bud:
Dismask'd, their damask sweet commixture shown,
Are angels vailing clouds,[18] or roses blown.
Prin. Avaunt, perplexity! What shall we do,
If they return in their own shapes to woo?
Ros. Good madam, if by me you'll be advis'd,
Let's mock them still, as well, known, as disguis'd:
Let us complain to them what fools were here,
Disguis'd like Muscovites, in shapeless gear;
And wonder what they were, and to what end
Their shallow shows, and prologue vilely penn'd,
And their rough carriage so ridiculous,
Should be presented at our tent to us.
Boy. Ladies, withdraw: the gallants are at hand.
Prin. Whip to our tents, as roes run over land.
[*Exeunt* PRINCESS, ROS., KATH., *and* MARIA.

most readers from the use made of it in The Fortunes of Nigel. The meaning of this passage probably is, "better wits may be found among plain citizens." So, in The Family of Love, 1608: "It is a law enacted by the common-council of *statute-caps*."

[18] *Ladies unmasked* are like *angels vailing clouds*, or letting those clouds which obscured their brightness *sink* before them.

Enter the KING, BIRON, LONGAVILLE, *and* DUMAIN, *in their proper habits.*

King. Fair sir, God save you! Where is the princess?

Boy. Gone to her tent: Please it your majesty, Command me any service to her thither?

King. That she vouchsafe me audience for one word.

Boy. I will; and so will she, I know, my lord. [*Exit.*

Bir. This fellow pecks up wit, as pigeons peas,
And utters it again when Jove doth please:
He is wit's pedler, and retails his wares
At wakes and wassels,[19] meetings, markets, fairs;
And we that sell by gross, the Lord doth know,
Have not the grace to grace it with such show.
This gallant pins the wenches on his sleeve:
Had he been Adam, he had tempted Eve.
He can carve, too, and lisp: why, this is he,
That kiss'd his hand away in courtesy;
This is the ape of form, Monsieur the Nice,
That, when he plays at tables, chides the dice
In honourable terms: nay, he can sing
A mean[20] most meanly; and, in ushering,
Mend him who can: the ladies call him, sweet;
The stairs, as he treads on them, kiss his feet:
This is the flower that smiles on every one,
To show his teeth as white as whalës bone;[21]

[19] *Wassels;* festive meetings, drinking-bouts: from the Saxon *was-hæl,* be in health, which was the form of drinking a health; the customary answer to which was, *drinc-hæl,* I drink your health.

[20] The tenor in music.

[21] *Whalës* bone: the Saxon genitive case. It is a common comparison in the old poets. This bone was the tooth of the *horse-whale,* morse, or walrus, now superseded by ivory.

And consciences, that will not die in debt,
Pay him the due of honey-tongued Boyet.

King. A blister on his sweet tongue with my heart,
That put Armado's page out of his part!

Enter the PRINCESS, *ushered by* BOYET; ROSALINE, MARIA, KATHARINE, *and Attendants.*

Bir. See where it comes! — Behaviour, what wert thou,
Till this man show'd thee? and what art thou now?

King. All hail, sweet madam, and fair time of day!

Prin. Fair, in all hail, is foul, as I conceive.

King. Construe my speeches better, if you may.

Prin. Then wish me better: I will give you leave.

King. We came to visit you, and purpose now
To lead you to our court: vouchsafe it, then.

Prin. This field shall hold me; and so hold your vow:
Nor God, nor I, delight in perjur'd men.

King. Rebuke me not for that which you provoke;
The virtue of your eye must break my oath.

Prin. You nick-name virtue: vice you should have spoke;
For virtue's office never breaks men's troth.
Now, by my maiden honour, yet as pure
As the unsullied lily, I protest,
A world of torments though I should endure,
I would not yield to be your house's guest:
So much I hate a breaking-cause to be
Of heavenly oaths, vow'd with integrity.

King. O! you have liv'd in desolation here,
Unseen, unvisited, much to our shame.

Prin. Not so, my lord; it is not so, I swear

We have had pastimes here, and pleasant game:
A mess of Russians left us but of late.

King. How, madam! Russians?

Prin. Ay, in truth, my lord,
Trim gallants, full of courtship, and of state.

Ros. Madam, speak true: — It is not so, my lord:
My lady (to the manner of the days)
In courtesy gives undeserving praise.
We four, indeed, confronted here with four
In Russian habit: here they stay'd an hour,
And talk'd apace; and in that hour, my lord,
They did not bless us with one happy word.
I dare not call them fools; but this I think,
When they are thirsty, fools would fain have drink.

Bir. This jest is dry to me. — Fair, gentle sweet,
Your wit makes wise things foolish: when we greet,
With eyes best seeing, heaven's fiery eye,
By light we lose light: Your capacity
Is of that nature, that to your huge store
Wise things seem foolish, and rich things but poor.

Ros. This proves you wise and rich; for in my eye, —

Bir. I am a fool, and full of poverty.

Ros. But that you take what doth to you belong,
It were a fault to snatch words from my tongue.

Bir. O! I am yours, and all that I possess.

Ros. All the fool mine?

Bir. I cannot give you less.

Ros. Which of the visors was it, that you wore?

Bir. Where? when? what visor? why demand you this?

Ros. There, then, that visor; that superfluous case,
That hid the worse, and show'd the better face.

King. We are descried: they'll mock us now downright.

Dum. Let us confess, and turn it to a jest.
Prin. Amaz'd, my lord? Why looks your highness sad?
Ros. Help, hold his brows! he'll swoon! Why look you pale? —
Sea-sick, I think, coming from Muscovy.
Bir. Thus pour the stars down plagues for perjury.
Can any face of brass hold longer out? —
Here stand I, lady; dart thy skill at me;
Bruise me with scorn, confound me with a flout;
Thrust thy sharp wit quite through my ignorance;
Cut me to pieces with thy keen conceit;
And I will wish thee never more to dance,
Nor never more in Russian habit wait.
O! never will I trust to speeches penn'd,
Nor to the motion of a schoolboy's tongue;
Nor never come in visor to my friend;
Nor woo in rhyme, like a blind harper's song;
Taffata phrases, silken terms precise,
Three-pil'd [22] hyperboles, spruce affectation,
Figures pedantical; these summer-flies
Have blown me full of maggot ostentation:
I do forswear them; and I here protest,
By this white glove, (how white the hand, God knows!)
Henceforth my wooing mind shall be express'd
In russet yeas, and honest kersey noes:
And, to begin, wench, — so God help me, la! —
My love to thee is sound, sans crack or flaw.
Ros. Sans *sans*, I pray you.[23]
Bir. Yet I have a trick

[22] A metaphor from the *pile* of velvet. See Measure for Measure, Act i. sc. 2, note 3.
[23] That is, without French words I pray you.

Of the old rage: — bear with me, I am sick;
I'll leave it by degrees. Soft! let us see: —
Write, "Lord, have mercy on us,"[24] on those three;
They are infected, in their hearts it lies;
They have the plague, and caught it of your eyes:
These lords are visited; you are not free,
For the Lord's tokens on you do I see.

Prin. No, they are free, that gave these tokens to us.

Bir. Our states are forfeit: seek not to undo us.

Ros. It is not so; for how can this be true,
That you stand forfeit, being those that sue?[25]

Bir. Peace! for I will not have to do with you.

Ros. Nor shall not, if I do as I intend.

Bir. Speak for yourselves: my wit is at an end.

King. Teach us, sweet madam, for our rude transgression
Some fair excuse.

Prin. The fairest is confession.
Were you not here, but even now, disguis'd?

King. Madam, I was.

Prin. And were you well advis'd?

King. I was, fair madam.

Prin. When you then were here,
What did you whisper in your lady's ear?

King. That more than all the world I did respect her.

Prin. When she shall challenge this, you will reject her.

King. Upon mine honour, no.

[24] This was the inscription put upon the doors of houses *infected* with the plague. The *tokens* of the plague were the first spots of discolorations of the skin.

[25] That is, how can those be liable to forfeiture that begin the process? The quibble lies in the ambiguity of the word *sue*, which signifies to *proceed to law*, and to *petition*.

Prin. Peace, peace! forbear:
Your oath once broke, you force[26] not to forswear.

King. Despise me, when I break this oath of mine.

Prin. I will; and therefore keep it: — Rosaline,
What did the Russian whisper in your ear?

Ros. Madam, he swore that he did hold me dear
As precious eye-sight, and did value me
Above this world; adding thereto, moreover,
That he would wed me, or else die my lover.

Prin. God give thee joy of him! the noble lord
Most honourably doth uphold his word.

King. What mean you, madam? by my life, my troth,
I never swore this lady such an oath.

Ros. By Heaven, you did; and to confirm it plain,
You gave me this: but take it, sir, again.

King. My faith, and this, the princess I did give:
I knew her by this jewel on her sleeve.

Prin. Pardon me, sir, this jewel did she wear;
And lord Biron, I thank him, is my dear: —
What! will you have me, or your pearl again?

Bir. Neither of either; I remit both twain. —
I see the trick on't: — Here was a consent,
Knowing aforehand of our merriment,
To dash it like a Christmas comedy:
Some carry-tale, some please-man, some slight zany,
Some mumble-news, some trencher-knight, some Dick, —
That smiles his cheek in years,[27] and knows the trick
To make my lady laugh, when she's dispos'd, —
Told our intents before: which once disclos'd,

[26] That is, you *care* not, or do not *regard* forswearing.
[27] That is, makes his cheek *look old* by *smiling*. M.

The ladies did change favours; and then we,
Following the signs, woo'd but the sign of she.
Now, to our perjury to add more terror,
We are again forsworn,—in will and error.[28]
Much upon this it is:—[*To* BOYET.] And might not you
Forestall our sport, to make us thus untrue?
Do not you know my lady's foot by the squire,[29]
And laugh upon the apple of her eye?
And stand between her back, sir, and the fire,
Holding a trencher, jesting merrily?
You put our page out: Go, you are allow'd;[30]
Die when you will, a smock shall be your shroud.
You leer upon me, do you? there's an eye,
Wounds like a leaden sword.

Boy. Full merrily
Hath this brave manage, this career, been run.

Bir. Lo, he is tilting straight! Peace! I have done.

Enter COSTARD.

Welcome, pure wit! thou partest a fair fray.

Cost. O Lord! sir, they would know,
Whether the three Worthies shall come in, or no.

Bir. What! are there but three?

Cost. No, sir; but it is vara fine,
For every one pursents three.

Bir. And three times thrice is nine.

Cost. Not so, sir; under correction, sir, I hope it is not so:
You cannot beg us,[31] sir, I can assure you, sir; we know what we know:
I hope, sir, three times thrice, sir,—

[28] That is, first in *will*, and afterwards in *error*.
[29] From *esquierre*, Fr., a *rule* or *square*.
[30] That is, you are an *allowed* or a *licensed* fool or jester.
[31] In the old common law was a writ *de idiota inquirendo*, under

Bir. Is not nine.

Cost. Under correction, sir, we know whereuntil it doth amount.

Bir. By Jove, I always took three threes for nine.

Cost. O Lord! sir, it were pity you should get your living by reckoning, sir.

Bir. How much is it?

Cost. O Lord! sir, the parties themselves, the actors, sir, will show whereuntil it doth amount: for my own part, I am, as they say, but to pursent one man, — e'en one poor man; Pompion the Great, sir.

Bir. Art thou one of the Worthies?

Cost. It pleased them to think me worthy of Pompion the Great: for mine own part, I know not the degree of the Worthy; but I am to stand for him.

Bir. Go, bid them prepare.

Cost. We will turn it finely off, sir; we will take some care. [*Exit* Cost.

King. Biron, they will shame us; let them not approach.

Bir. We are shame-proof, my lord; and 'tis some policy
To have one show worse than the king's and his company.

King. I say, they shall not come.

Prin. Nay, my good lord, let me o'errule you now;
That sport best pleases, that doth least know how:

which, if a man was legally proved an idiot, the profits of his lands and the custody of his person might be granted by the king to any subject. Such a person, when this grant was asked, was said *to be begged for a fool.* One of the legal tests appears to have been, to try whether the party could answer a simple arithmetical question.

Where zeal strives to content, and the contents
Lie in the fail of them which it presents:
Their form confounded makes most form in mirth;
When great things labouring perish in their birth.

Bir. A right description of our sport, my lord.

Enter ARMADO.

Arm. Anointed, I implore so much expense o
thy royal sweet breath, as will utter a brace o
words. [ARMADO *converses with the* KIN
and delivers him a paper.

Prin. Doth this man serve God?

Bir. Why ask you?

Prin. A' speaks not like a man of God's makin

Arm. That's all one, my fair, sweet, honey mo
arch: for, I protest, the schoolmaster is exceedi
fantastical; too too vain; too too vain: But
will put it, as they say, to *fortuna della guerra.*
wish you the peace of mind, most royal coup
ment. [*Exit* ARMA

King. Here is like to be a good presence
Worthies: He presents Hector of Troy; the swa
Pompey the Great; the parish curate, Alexande
Armado's page, Hercules; the pedant, Judas M
cabeus.
And if these four Worthies in their first show thri
These four will change habits, and present the ot
five.

Bir. There is five in the first show.

King. You are deceived; 'tis not so.

Bir. The pedant, the braggart, the hedge-pri
the fool, and the boy:—
Abate throw at novum,[32] and the whole world ag

[32] A game at dice, properly called *novem quinque*, from
principal throws being *nine* and *five*. *Abate* obviously means, *b*
out or *except*.

Cannot pick out five such, take each one in his vein.

King. The ship is under sail, and here she comes amain.

Enter COSTARD *armed, for Pompey.*

Cost. "I Pompey am," —

Boy. You lie, you are not he.

Cost. "I Pompey am," —

Boy. With libbard's head on knee.[33]

Bir. Well said, old mocker: I must needs be friends with thee.

Cost. "I Pompey am, Pompey surnam'd the big," —

Dum. The Great.

Cost. It is Great, sir; — "Pompey surnam'd the Great;

That oft in field, with targe and shield, did make my foe to sweat:

And travelling along this coast, I here am come by chance;

And lay my arms before the legs of this sweet lass of France."

If your ladyship would say, "Thanks, Pompey," I had done.

Prin. Great thanks, great Pompey.

Cost. 'Tis not so much worth; but I hope I was perfect: I made a little fault in "great."

Bir. My hat to a halfpenny, Pompey proves the best Worthy.

Enter Sir NATHANIEL *armed, for Alexander.*

Nath. "When in the world I liv'd, I was the world's commander;

[33] This alludes to the old heroic habits, which, on the knees

By east, west, north, and south, I spread my con
quering might:
My 'scutcheon plain declares that I am Alisander."

Boy. Your nose says, no, you are not; for i
stands too right.[34]

Bir. Your nose smells, no, in this, most tender
smelling knight.[35]

Prin. The conqueror is dismay'd: Proceed, goo
Alexander.

Nath. "When in the world I liv'd, I was th
world's commander;" —

Boy. Most true; 'tis right: you were so, Al
sander.

Bir. Pompey the Great, —

Cost. Your servant, and Costard.

Bir. Take away the conqueror; take away A
sander.

Cost. [*To* NATH.] O! sir, you have overthrow
Alisander the conqueror! You will be scrap'd o
of the painted cloth for this: your lion, that hol
his poll-ax sitting on a close-stool,[36] will be given
Ajax: he will be the ninth Worthy. A conquer
and afeard to speak! run away for shame, Alisa
der. [NATH. *retires.*] There, an't shall please yo
a foolish mild man; an honest man, look you, a
soon dash'd! He is a marvellous good neighbo

and shoulders, had sometimes by way of ornament the resem
blance of a *leopard's* or lion's head.

[34] It should be remembered, to relish this joke, that the h
of Alexander was obliquely placed on his shoulders.

[35] "Alexander's body had so sweet a smell of itselfe that
the apparell he wore next unto his body tooke thereof a pass
delightful savour, as if it had been perfumed." *North's Plutar*

[36] This alludes to the arms given, in the old history of the N
Worthies, to Alexander, "the which did bear geules a lion
seiante in a chayer, holding a battle-axe argent." There i
conceit of *Ajax* and *a jakes*, by no means uncommon at the ti

in sooth; and a very good bowler: but, for Alisander, alas! you see how 'tis; — a little o'erparted: — But there are Worthies a-coming will speak their mind in some other sort.

Prin. Stand aside, good Pompey.

Enter HOLOFERNES *armed, for Judas, and* MOTH *armed, for Hercules.*

Hol. "Great Hercules is presented by this imp,
Whose club kill'd Cerberus, that three-headed *canis;*
And, when he was a babe, a child, a shrimp,
Thus did he strangle serpents in his *manus:*
Quoniam, he seemeth in minority;
Ergo, I come with this apology." —
Keep some state in thy *exit,* and vanish.

[*Exit* MOTH.

Hol. "Judas I am," —

Dum. A Judas!

Hol. Not Iscariot, sir. —
"Judas I am, ycleped Maccabeus."

Dum. Judas Maccabeus clipt is plain Judas.

Bir. A kissing traitor: — How art thou prov'd Judas?

Hol. "Judas I am," —

Dum. The more shame for you, Judas

Hol. What mean you, sir?

Boy. To make Judas hang himself.

Hol. Begin, sir: you are my elder.

Bir Well follow'd: Judas was hang'd on an elder.

Hol. I will not be put out of countenance.

Bir Because thou hast no face.

Hol. What is this?

Boy. A cittern head.[37]

[37] The *cittern,* a musical instrument like a guitar, had usually

Dum. The head of a bodkin.

Bir. A death's face in a ring.

Lon. The face of an old Roman coin, scarce seen.

Boy. The pummel of Cæsar's faulchion.

Dum. The carv'd-bone face on a flask.[38]

Bir. St. George's half-cheek in a brooch.

Dum. Ay, and in a brooch of lead.

Bir. Ay, and worn in the cap of a tooth-drawer
And now, forward; for we have put thee in coun
tenance.

Hol. You have put me out of countenance.

Bir. False: we have given thee faces.

Hol. But you have out-fac'd them all.

Bir. An thou wert a lion, we would do so.

Boy. Therefore, as he is an ass, let him go.
And so adieu, sweet Jude! nay, why dost thou stay

Dum. For the latter end of his name.

Bir. For the ass to the Jude; give it him:—
Jud-as, away.

Hol. This is not generous, not gentle, not humb

Boy. A light for monsieur Judas! it grows dai
he may stumble.

Prin. Alas, poor Maccabeus, how hath he be
baited!

Enter ARMADO *armed, for Hector.*

Bir. Hide thy head, Achilles: here comes H
tor in arms.

Dum. Though my mocks come home by me
will now be merry.

King. Hector was but a Trojan[39] in respect
this.

a head grotesquely carved at the extremity of the neck and
ger-board: hence these jests.

[38] That is, a soldier's powder-horn.

[39] *Trojan* is supposed to have been a cant term for a thief.
was, however, a familiar name for any equal or inferior.

Boy. But is this Hector?

Dum. I think Hector was not so clean-timber'd.

Lon. His leg is too big for Hector.

Dum. More calf, certain.

Boy. No; he is best indued in the small.

Bir. This cannot be Hector.

Dum. He's a god or a painter; for he makes faces.

Arm. "The armipotent Mars, of lances the almighty,
Gave Hector a gift,"—

Dum. A gilt nutmeg.

Bir. A lemon.

Lon. Stuck with cloves.

Dum. No, cloven.

Arm. Peace!

"The armipotent Mars, of lances the almighty,
Gave Hector a gift, the heir of Ilion;
A man so breath'd, that certain he would fight ye
From morn till night, out of his pavilion.
I am that flower,"—

Dum. That mint.

Lon. That columbine.

Arm. Sweet lord Longaville, rein thy tongue.

Lon. I must rather give it the rein; for it runs against Hector.

Dum. Ay, and Hector's a greyhound.

Arm. The sweet war-man is dead and rotten: sweet chucks, beat not the bones of the buried: when he breath'd, he was a man.—But I will forward with my device. [*To the* PRINCESS.] Sweet royalty, bestow on me the sense of hearing.

[BIRON *whispers* COSTARD.

Prin. Speak, brave Hector: we are much delighted.

Arm. I do adore thy sweet grace's slipper.

Boy. Loves her by the foot.

Dum. He may not by the yard.

Arm. "This Hector far surmounted Hannibal,"—

Cost. The party is gone; fellow Hector, she i gone; she is two months on her way.

Arm. What meanest thou?

Cost. Faith, unless you play the honest Trojan the poor wench is cast away: she's quick; the chil brags in her belly already: 'tis yours.

Arm. Dost thou infamonize me among poter tates? thou shalt die.

Cost. Then shall Hector be whipp'd, for Jaqu netta that is quick by him; and hang'd, for Pomp that is dead by him.

Dum. Most rare Pompey!

Boy. Renowned Pompey!

Bir. Greater than great, great, great, great Po pey! Pompey the huge!

Dum. Hector trembles.

Bir. Pompey is moved:—More Ates,[40] m Ates; stir them on! stir them on!

Dum. Hector will challenge him.

Bir. Ay, if a' have no more man's blood i belly than will sup a flea.

Arm. By the north pole, I do challenge hee.

Cost. I will not fight with a pole, like a north man: I'll slash; I'll do it by the sword:—I p you, let me borrow my arms again.

Dum. Room for the incensed Worthies.

Cost. I'll do it in my shirt.

Dum. Most resolute Pompey!

Moth. Master, let me take you a button-h lower.

[40] That is, more instigation. Ate was the goddess of dise

Do you not see, Pompey is uncasing for the combat? What mean you? you will lose your reputation.

Arm. Gentlemen, and soldiers, pardon me; I will not combat in my shirt.

Dum. You may not deny it: Pompey hath made the challenge.

Arm. Sweet bloods, I both may and will.

Bir. What reasons have you for't?

Arm. The naked truth of it is, I have no shirt: go woolward[41] for penance.

Boy. True, and it was enjoin'd him in Rome for want of linen; since when, I'll be sworn, he wore none but a dish-clout of Jaquenetta's; and that a' wears next his heart for a favour.

Enter MERCADE.

Mer. God save you, madam.

Prin. Welcome, Mercade;
But that thou interrupt'st our merriment.

Mer. I am sorry, madam; for the news I bring
Is heavy in my tongue. The king your father—

Prin. Dead, for my life.

Mer. Even so; my tale is told.

Bir. Worthies, away: the scene begins to cloud.

Arm. For mine own part, I breathe free breath: I have seen the day of wrong through the little hole of discretion,[42] and I will right myself like a soldier. [*Exeunt Worthies.*

King. How fares your majesty?

Prin. Boyet, prepare: I will away to-night.

King. Madam, not so; I do beseech you, stay.

[41] That is, clothed in wool, and not in linen; a penance often enjoined in times of superstition.

[42] Armado probably means to say in his affected style that he had discovered he was wronged. "One may see day at a little hole," is a proverb.

Prin. Prepare, I say.—I thank you, gracious lords,
For all your fair endeavours; and entreat,
Out of a new-sad soul, that you vouchsafe
In your rich wisdom to excuse, or hide,
The liberal opposition of our spirits:
If over-boldly we have borne ourselves
In the converse of breath, your gentleness
Was guilty of it.— Farewell, worthy lord!
A heavy heart bears not a nimble tongue:
Excuse me so, coming too short of thanks
For my great suit so easily obtain'd.

King. The extreme haste of time extremely forms
All causes to the purpose of his speed;
And often, at his very loose,[43] decides
That which long process could not arbitrate:
And though the mourning brow of progeny
Forbid the smiling courtesy of love
The holy suit which fain it would convince;[44]
Yet, since love's argument was first on foot,
Let not the cloud of sorrow justle it
From what it purpos'd; since, to wail friends lost,
Is not by much so wholesome, profitable,
As to rejoice at friends but newly found.

Prin. I understand you not: my griefs are dull.

Bir. Honest plain words best pierce the ear of grief;
And by these badges understand the king.
For your fair sakes have we neglected time,
Play'd foul play with our oaths: your beauty, ladies,
Hath much deform'd us, fashioning our humours
Even to the opposed end of our intents,

[43] *Loose* may mean at the moment of his parting, that is, of his *getting loose* or away from us.

[44] That is, which it fain would succeed in obtaining.

And what in us hath seem'd ridiculous, —
As love is full of unbefitting strains;
All wanton as a child, skipping, and vain;
Form'd by the eye, and therefore, like the eye,
Full of strange shapes, of habits, and of forms,
Varying in subjects as the eye doth roll
To every varied object in his glance:
Which party-coated presence of loose love
Put on by us, if, in your heavenly eyes,
Have misbecome our oaths and gravities,
Those heavenly eyes, that look into these faults,
Suggested[45] us to make. Therefore, ladies,
Our love being yours, the error that love makes
Is likewise yours: we to ourselves prove false,
By being once false forever to be true
To those that make us both, — fair ladies, you:
And even that falsehood, in itself a sin,
Thus purifies itself, and turns to grace.

Prin. We have receiv'd your letters full of love;
Your favours, the ambassadors of love:
And, in our maiden counsel, rated them
At courtship, pleasant jest, and courtesy,
As bombast,[46] and as lining to the time:
But more devout than this, in our respects,
Have we not been; and therefore met your loves
In their own fashion, like a merriment.

Dum. Our letters, madam, show'd much more than jest.

Lon. So did our looks.

[45] Tempted.

[46] Thus, in Dekker's Satiromastix: "You shall swear not to *bombast* out a new play with the old *linings* of jests." *Bombast* was the stuffing or *wadding* of doublets. Stubbs, in his Anatomie of Abuses, speaks of their being "stuffed with four, five, or six pounds of *bombast* at least." The word originally signified cotton, from the Latin *bombax*, this material being principally used for wadding or stuffing.

Ros. We did not quote them so.

King. Now, at the latest minute of the hour,
Grant us your loves.

Prin. A time, methinks, too short
To make a world-without-end bargain in.
No, no, my lord, your grace is perjur'd much,
Full of dear guiltiness: and therefore this:—
If for my love (as there is no such cause)
You will do aught, this shall you do for me:
Your oath I will not trust; but go with speed
To some forlorn and naked hermitage,
Remote from all the pleasures of the world;
There stay, until the twelve celestial signs
Have brought about their annual reckoning:
If this austere insociable life
Change not your offer made in heat of blood;
If frosts, and fasts, hard lodging, and thin weeds,
Nip not the gaudy blossoms of your love,
But that it bear this trial, and last love;
Then, at the expiration of the year,
Come challenge, challenge me by these deserts,
And by this virgin palm, now kissing thine,
I will be thine; and, till that instant, shut
My woful self up in a mourning house;
Raining the tears of lamentation,
For the remembrance of my father's death.
If this thou do deny, let our hands part;
Neither intitled in the other's heart.

King. If this, or more than this, I would deny,
To flatter up these powers of mine with rest,
The sudden hand of death close up mine eye!
Hence ever then my heart is in thy breast.

Bir. And what to me, my love? and what to me?

Ros. You must be purged too; your sins are rank:

You are attaint with faults and perjury;
Therefore, if you my favour mean to get,
A twelvemonth shall you spend, and never rest,
But seek the weary beds of people sick.[47]

Dum. But what to me, my love? but what to me?

Kath. A wife! — A beard, fair health, and honesty;
With three-fold love I wish you all these three.

Dum. O! shall I say, I thank you, gentle wife?

Kath. Not so, my lord: — A twelvemonth and a day
I'll mark no words that smooth-fac'd wooers say:
Come when the king doth to my lady come,
Then, if I have much love, I'll give you some.

Dum. I'll serve thee true and faithfully till then.

Kath. Yet swear not, lest you be forsworn again.

Lon. What says Maria?

Mar. At the twelvemonth's end,
I'll change my black gown for a faithful friend.

Lon. I'll stay with patience; but the time is long.

Mar. The liker you; few taller are so young.

Bir. Studies my lady? mistress, look on me;
Behold the window of my heart, mine eye,

[47] The justice of Coleridge's remarks upon these lines is obvious enough: "There can be no doubt indeed about the propriety of expunging this speech of Rosaline's; it soils the very page that retains it. But I do not agree with Warburton and others in striking out the preceding line also. It is quite in Biron's character, and, Rosaline not answering it immediately, Dumain takes up the question for him, and, after he and Longaville are answered, Biron, with evident propriety, says, — 'Studies my lady?' &c. Nevertheless, we would not venture to strike it out; though we have little doubt it was retained by mistake when the Poet rewrote the play; and perhaps the two speeches may be taken as an apt illustration of the difference between the original and the augmented copies." H.

What humble suit attends thy answer there:
Impose some service on me for thy love.

Ros. Oft have I heard of you, my lord Biron,
Before I saw you: and the world's large tongue
Proclaims you for a man replete with mocks;
Full of comparisons and wounding flouts;
Which you on all estates will execute,
That lie within the mercy of your wit:
To weed this wormwood from your fruitful brain;
And, therewithal, to win me, if you please,
(Without the which I am not to be won,)
You shall this twelvemonth term from day to day
Visit the speechless sick, and still converse
With groaning wretches; and your task shall be,
With all the fierce endeavour of your wit,
To enforce the pained impotent to smile.

Bir. To move wild laughter in the throat of death?
It cannot be; it is impossible:
Mirth cannot move a soul in agony.

Ros. Why, that's the way to choke a gibing spirit,
Whose influence is begot of that loose grace,
Which shallow laughing hearers give to fools.
A jest's prosperity lies in the ear
Of him that hears it, never in the tongue
Of him that makes it: then, if sickly ears,
Deaf'd with the clamors of their own dear [48] groans,
Will hear your idle scorns, continue them,
And I will have you, and that fault withal;
But, if they will not, throw away that spirit,
And I shall find you empty of that fault,
Right joyful of your reformation.

Bir. A twelvemonth? well, befall what will befall,
I'll jest a twelvemonth in an hospital.

[48] See Twelfth Night, Act v. sc. 1, note 3.

Prin. [*To the* KING.] Ay, sweet my lord; and so I take my leave.

King. No, madam; we will bring you on your way.

Bir. Our wooing doth not end like an old play;
Jack hath not Jill: these ladies' courtesy
Might well have made our sport a comedy.

King. Come, sir, it wants a twelvemonth and a day.
And then 'twill end.

Bir. That's too long for a play.

Enter ARMADO.

Arm. Sweet majesty, vouchsafe me,—

Prin. Was not that Hector?

Dum. The worthy knight of Troy.

Arm. I will kiss thy royal finger, and take leave: I am a votary; I have vow'd to Jaquenetta to hold the plough for her sweet love three years. But, most esteemed greatness, will you hear the dialogue that the two learned men have compiled, in praise of the owl and the cuckoo? it should have followed in the end of our show.

King. Call them forth quickly: we will do so.

Arm. Holla! approach.

Enter HOLOFERNES, *Sir* NATHANIEL, MOTH, COSTARD, *and others.*

This side is Hiems, winter; this Ver, the spring; the one maintained by the owl, the other by the cuckoo. Ver, begin.

Song.

I.

Spring. When daisies pied, and violets blue,
And lady-smocks all silver-white,
And cuckoo-buds of yellow hue,[49]
Do paint the meadows with delight,
The cuckoo then, on every tree,
Mocks married men, for thus sings he:
Cuckoo,
Cuckoo, cuckoo, — O word of fear!
Unpleasing to a married ear.

II.

When shepherds pipe on oaten straws,
And merry larks are ploughmen's clocks;
When turtles tread, and rooks, and daws,
And maidens bleach their summer smocks,
The cuckoo then, on every tree,
Mocks married men, for thus sings he:
Cuckoo,
Cuckoo, cuckoo, — O word of fear!
Unpleasing to a married ear.

III.

Winter. When icicles hang by the wall,
And Dick the shepherd blows his nail,[50]
And Tom bears logs into the hall,
And milk comes frozen home in pail;

[49] Gerarde in his Herbal, 1597, says, that the *flos cuculi cardamine*, &c., are called "in English *cuckoo flowers*, in Norfolk Canterbury bells, and at Namptwich, in Cheshire, *Ladie-smocks*." In Lyte's Herbal, 1578, it is remarked, that *cowslips* are, in French of some called *coqua* prime vere, and brayes de *coqua*. *Herbe à coqu* was one of the old French names for the *cowslip*, which it seems probable is the flower here meant.

[50] A similar expression occurs in one of South's Sermons: "Se

When blood is nipp'd, and ways be foul,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
To-who,
To-whit, to-who, a merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.[51]

IV.

When all aloud the wind doth blow,
And coughing drowns the parson's saw,
And birds sit brooding in the snow,
And Marian's nose looks red and raw;
When roasted crabs[52] hiss in the bowl,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
To-who,
To-whit, to-who, a merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

Arm. The words of Mercury are harsh after the songs of Apollo. You, that way; we, this way.
[*Exeunt.*

that the king, for any thing that he has to do in these matters, may sit and *blow his nails;* for use them otherwise he cannot." H.

[51] To *keel*, or *kele*, is to *cool*. Latterly it seems to have been applied particularly to the *cooling* of boiling liquor. To *keel* the pot is to *cool* it by stirring the pottage with the ladle to prevent the *boiling over*.

[52] The *crab-apple*, which used to be roasted and put hissing hot into a bowl of ale, previously enriched with toast, and spice, and sugar. How much this was relished in old times, may be guessed by those who appreciate the virtues of apple-toddy. Warner thus speaks of a shepherd:

"And with the sun doth folde againe;
Then, jogging home betime,
He *turnes a crab*, or tunes a round,
Or sings some merrie ryme." H.

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